

THE SCOTISH MUSICAL MUSEUM;

CONSISTING OF UPWARDS

OF SIX HUNDRED SONGS,

WITH

PROPER BASSES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED

BY JAMES JOHNSON;

AND NOW ACCOMPANIED WITH

COPIOUS NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LYRIC
POETRY AND MUSIC OF SCOTLAND,

BY THE LATE WILLIAM STENHOUSE.

WITH SOME

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME III.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH;
AND THOMAS CADELL, LONDON.

M.DCCC.XXXIX.

THE SCOTS
Gaelic & English
Musical Museum
IN SIX VOLUMES.

Consisting of Six hundred Scots Songs
with proper Bases for the

PIANO FORTE &c.
Humbly Dedicated
To the Society

— O F —
Antiquaries of Scotland
BY JAMES JOHNSON

In this Publication the original simplicity of our
Ancient National Airs is retained unincumbered
with useless Accompaniments & graces depriving the
hearers of the sweet simplicity of their native melodies.

Volume III. Pt. 7

Butterworth.

Script.

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T. PRESTON N^o 97 Strand LONDON, M^{rs} FADYEN GLASGOW, & at all the principal
Music Sellers.

III

P R E F A C E .

NOW that the Editor gives this third Volume of The Scots Musical Museum to the Public he hopes it will not be found unworthy of the Volumes already Published. — As this is not one of those many Publications which are hourly ushered into the World merely to catch the eye of Fashion in her frenzy of a day, the Editor has little to hope or fear from the herd of readers. Consciousness of the well known merit of our Scottish Music, and the national fondness of a Scotch-man for the productions of his own country, are at once the Editor's motive and apology for this Undertaking; and where any of the Pieces in the Collection may perhaps be found wanting at the Critical Bar of the First, he appeals to the honest prejudices of the Last.

Edin^r February 2^d 1790

Entered in Stationer's Hall.

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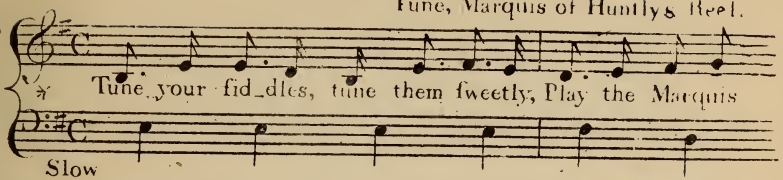
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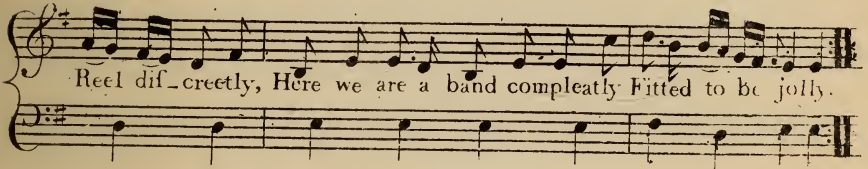
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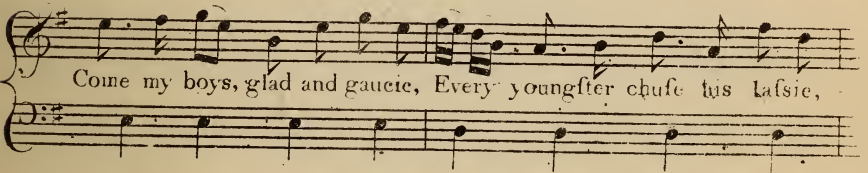
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Tune your fid_dles, tune them sweetly, Play the Marquis

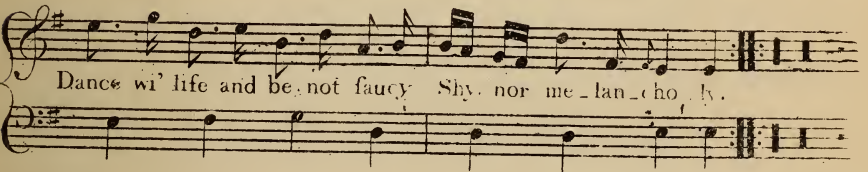
Slow



Reel dis_crectly, Here we are a band compleatly Fitted to be jolly.



Come my boys, glad and gaudie, Every youngster chuse his ladsie,



Dance wi' life and be not faucy Shy. nor me_lan_cho_ly.

Lay aside your fowre grimaces,
Clouded brows and drumly faces,
Look about and see their Graces,
How they smile delighted!
Now's the season to be merry,
Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry,
Time enough to turn carni'tary
When we're old and doited.
Now's the season &c.

Angels guard their gallant boy,
Make him long his father's joy,
Sturdy like the Heir of Troy,
Stout and brisk and healthy:
Pallas grant him every blessing
Wit and fize and strength encreasing,
Plutus, what's in thy possesing,
Make him rich and wealthy.
Pallas grant &c.

Butler put about the claret
Thro' us all divide and share it,
Gordon-Castle well can spare it
It has claret plenty.
Wine's the true inspiring liquor
Drafty drink may please the Vicar,
When he grasps the foaming bicker
Vicars are not dainty.
Wine's the true &c.

Youth solace him with thy pleasure
In refin'd and worthy measure,
Merit gain him choicest treasure
From the Royal Donor.
Famous may he be in story,
Full of days and full of glory,
To the grave when old and hoary
May he go with honour.
Famous may &c.

We'll extol our noble master
Sprung from many a brave ancestor
Lord preserve him from disaster,
So we pray in duty.
Prosper too our pretty Dutches
Safe from all distressful touches,
Keep her out of Pluto's clutches;
Long in health and beauty.
Prosper too our &c.

Gordons join our hearty praises
Honest tho' in homely phrases
Love our cheerful spirits raises
Lofty as the lark is;
Echoes waft our wishes daily
Thro' the grove and thro' the alley,
Sound o'er every hill and valley
Blessing on our Marquis.
Echoes waft &c.

Gladsmuir.

202

As o-ver Gladf-muir's blood stain'd field, Sco-

-tia,, Im-pe-ri-al God-defs flew; Her lif-ted

pear and ra-diant shield Con-spi-cuous bla-zing

to the view. Her vi-sage lately cloud-ed with def-

-pair, Now re-a-sum'd its first ma-jes-tic air.

Such seen as oft in battle warm
 She glow'd through many a martial age;
 Or mild to breathe the civil charm
 In pious plans and counsel sage:
 For, o'er the mingling glories of her face
 A manly greatness heighten'd female grace.
 Loud as the trumpet rolls its sound,
 Her voice the Pow'r celestial rais'd;
 While her victorious sons around
 In silent joy and wonder gaz'd:
 The sacred muses heard th' immortal lay,
 And thus to earth the notes of fame convey.

'Tis done! my sons, 'tis nobly done.
 Victorious over tyrant pow'r;
 How quick the race of fame was run!
 The work of ages in one hour:
 Slow creeps th' oppressive weight of slavish reigns,
 One glorious moment rose, and burst your chains.
 But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,
 A prey to each insulting foe;
 I sought the grove and gloomy vale,
 To vent in solitude my woe:
 Now to my hand the balance fair restor'd;
 Once more I wield on high th' imperial sword.
 What arm has this deliverance wrought?
 'Tis he! the gallant youth appears;
 O warm in fields, and cool in thought!
 Beyond the slow advance of years!
 Haste, let me, rescu'd now from future harms,
 Strain close the filial virtue in my arms.
 Early I nurs'd this royal youth,
 Ah! ill detain'd on foreign shores;
 I fill'd his mind with love of truth,
 With fortitude and wisdom's stores:
 For when a noble action is decreed,
 Heav'n forms the Hero for the destin'd deed.
 Nor could the soft seducing charms
 Of mild Hesperia's blooming soil,
 E'er quench his noble thirst of arms,
 Of generous deeds and honest toil:
 Fir'd with the warmth a country's love imparts,
 He fled their weakness, but admir'd their arts.
 With him I plough'd the stormy main;
 My breath inspir'd the auspicious gale,
 Reserv'd for Gladsmuir's glorious plain,
 Through dangers wing'd his daring sail:
 Where, firm'd with inborn worth he durst oppose
 His single valour to an host of foes.
 He came! he spoke! and all around,
 As swift as heav'n's quick darted flame,
 Shepherds turn'd warriors at the sound,
 And every bosom beat for fame:
 They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,
 And at his side the willing heroes rise.
 Rouse England! rouse, fame's noblest son,
 In all thy ancient splendor shine;
 If I the glorious work begun,
 O let the crowning palm be thine:
 I bring a Prince, for such is heav'n's decree,
 Who overcomes but to forgive and free.
 So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,
 While plenty crowns the smiling plain;
 And industry, fair child of peace,
 Shall in each crowded city reign:
 So shall these happy realms for ever prove
 The sweets of Union, Liberty, and Love.

Gill Morice.

203 Gill Morice was an earle's fon, His name it wax - ed
 Slow 6 6 6 6
 wide, It was na for his great riches, Nor yet his mickle pride;
 6 6 6
 But it was for a la - dy gay, That liv'd on Carron side.
 6 6 5 6

Where will I get a bonny boy,
 That will win hofe and fhoon;
 That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
 And bid his lady cum.
 Ye maun rin this errant, Willie,
 And ye may rin wi' pride;
 When other boys gae on their feet,
 On horseback ye fall ride.

Oh no! oh no! my master dear!
 I dare na for my life;
 I'll gae gae to the bauld baron's
 For to tryft furth his wife.
 My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
 My dear Willie, he said,
 How can ye strive against the stream,
 For I fall be obey'd.

But, oh my master dear, he cry'd,
 In green wood ye're your lain;
 Gi' o'er sic thoughts, I wou'd ye red,
 For fear ye shoud be ta'en.
 Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
 Bid her come here wi' speed;
 If ye refuse my high command,
 I'll gar thy body bleed.

Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
 'Tis a' goud but the hem;
 Bid her cum to the good green wood,
 And bring nane but her lain;
 And there it is, a silken fark;
 Her ain hand sew'd the sleeve;
 And bid her cum to Gill Morice;
 Speer nae bauld baron's leave.

I will gae your black errand,
 Tho' it be to thy cost;
 Sen ye by me will nae be warn'd,
 In it ye fall find frost.
 The baron he's a man of might,
 He ne'er could 'bide a taunt,
 As ye will see before it's night,
 How fina' ye'll hae to vaunt.

Now, sen I maun your errand rin,
 Sae fair against my will,
 I'll make a vow, and keep it true,
 It shal be done for ill.
 And when he came to broken brigg,
 He bent his bow and swam;
 And when he came to grafs growing,
 Set down his feet and ran. &c. &c. &c.

I love my Love in secret.

204

My Sandy gied to me a ring, Was a' be-fet wi' diamonds fine; But I gied him a far better thing, I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring. My Sandy O, my Sandy O, My bony, bony Sandy O; Tho' the love that I owe to thee I dare na show, Yet I love my love in secret my Sandy O.

My Sandy brak a pieceo' gowd,
While down his cheeks the faut tears rowd;
He took a hauf and gied it to me,
And I'll keep it till the hour I die.
My Sandy O &c.

Same Tune.

THE smiling plains profusely gay,
Are dres'd in all the pride of May,
The birds on ev'ry spray above,
To rapture, wake the vocal grove.

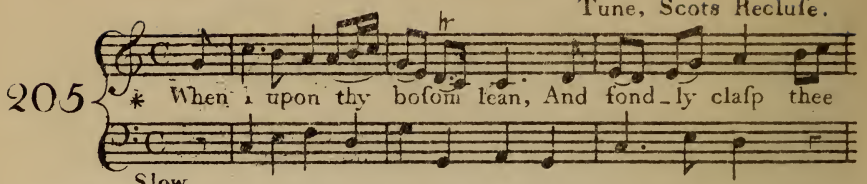
But ah Miranda without thee,
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me.
All lonely in the secret shade;
I mourn thy absence, charming maid.

O soft as love! as honour fair,
Serenely sweet as vernal air,
Come to my arms for you alone,
Can all my absence past atone.
O come! and to my bleeding heart,
The sov'reign balm of love impart;
Thy presence lasting joy shall bring.
And give the year eternal spring.

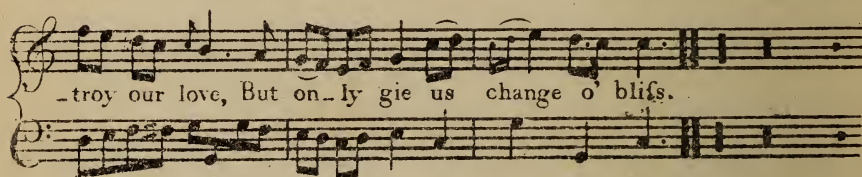
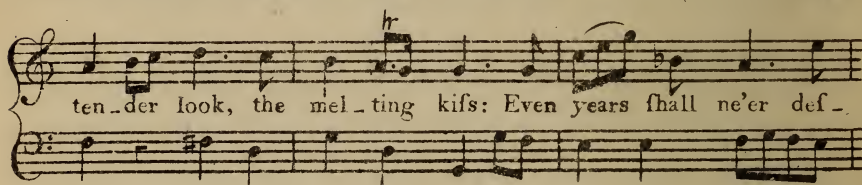
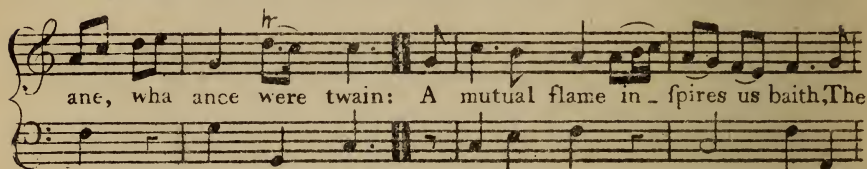
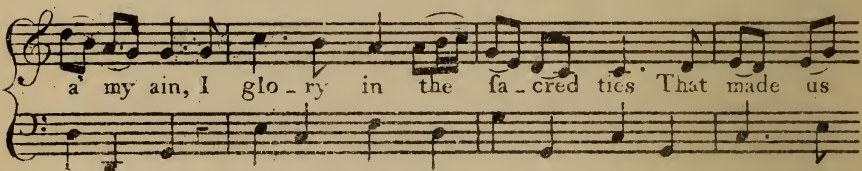
When I upon thy bosom lean.

Tune, Scots Recluse.

205



Slow



Hae I a wish? it's a' for thee;

I ken thy wish is me to please;

Our moments pass fae smooth away

That numbers on us look and gaze,

Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,

Nor envy's sel finds aught to blame;

And ay when weary cares arise,

Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,

And if that aught disturb my dear,

I'll bid her laugh her cares away,

And beg her not to drape a tear:

Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain;

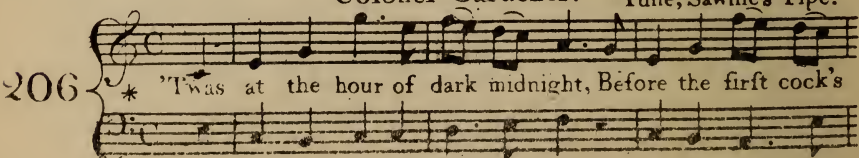
United still her heart and mine;

They're like the woodbine round the tree,

That's twind till death shall them disjoin.

Colonel Gardener. Tune, Sawney's Pipe.

206



Continued.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of four systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef staff for the voice and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The music is in a common time signature (C) and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are: crow_ing, When west_land winds shook Stirling's towers, With hol_low mur_murs blowing; When Fan_ny fair, all woe be_gone, Sad on her bed was ly_ing, And from the ruin'd towers she heard The boding screech owl cry_ing.

crow_ing, When west_land winds shook Stirling's towers, With
hol_low mur_murs blowing; When Fan_ny fair, all woe be_
_gone, Sad on her bed was ly_ing, And from the ruin'd
towers she heard The boding screech owl cry_ing.

O dismal night! she said, and wept,
O night presaging sorrow,
O dismal night! she said, and wept,
But more I dread to-morrow.
For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
Each host to Preston bending;
At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
With deadly hate contending.

Even in the visions of the night,
I saw fell death wide sweeping;
And all the matrons of the land,
And all the virgins, weeping.
And now she heard the mazy gates
Harsh on their hinges turning;
And now through all the castle heard
The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast, she started from her bed,
The fatal tidings-dreading;
O speak, she cry'd, my father's slain!
I see, I see him bleeding!

A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
At morn, fair maid, I left him;
Even at the thresh-hold of his gate,
The foe of life bereft him.

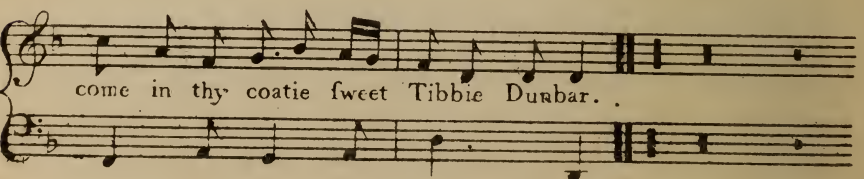
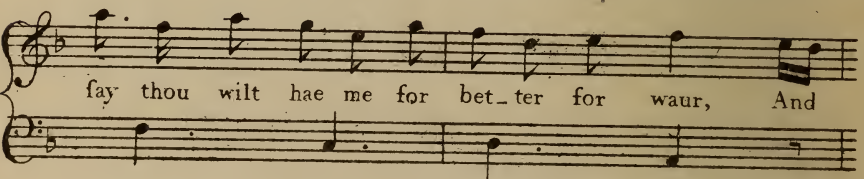
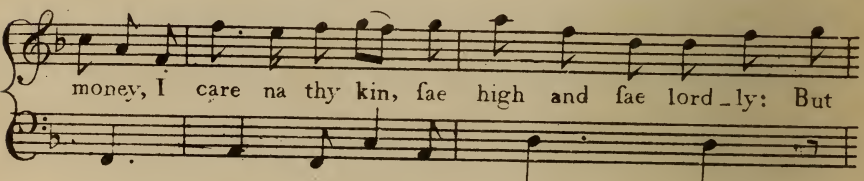
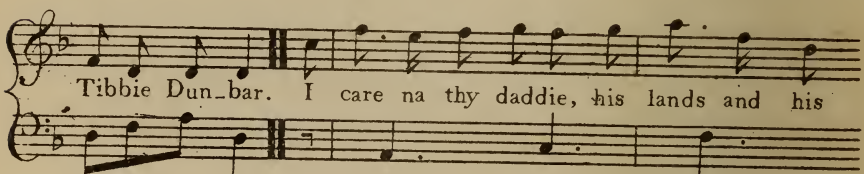
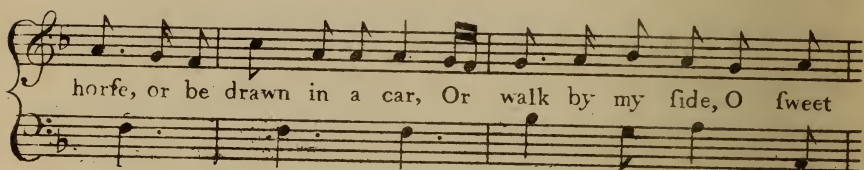
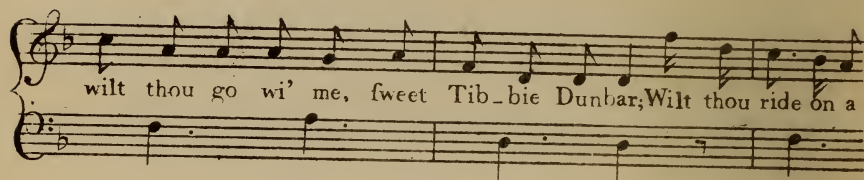
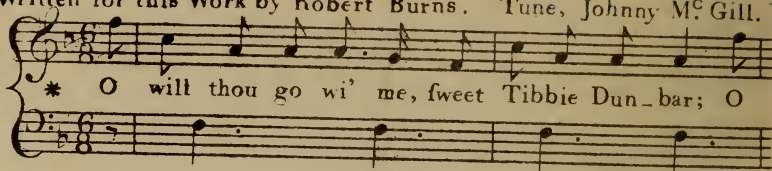
Bold, in the battle's front, he fell,
With many a wound deformed:
A braver Knight, nor better man,
This fair life ne'er adorned. (maid
While thus he spoke, the grief-struck
A deadly swoon invaded;
Lost was the lustre of her eyes,
And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
And sad was our complaining;
But oh! for thee, my native land,
What woes are still remaining!
But why complain, the hero's soul
Is high in heaven shining:
May providence defend our isle
From all our foes designing.

Tibbie Dunbar.

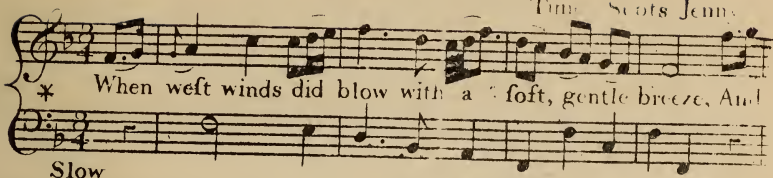
Written for this Work by Robert Burns. Tune, Johnny M^c Gill.

207

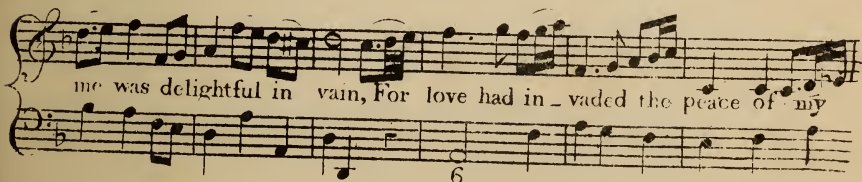
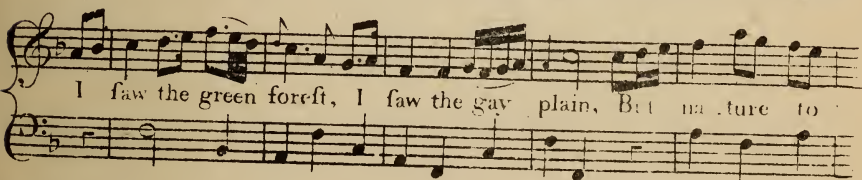
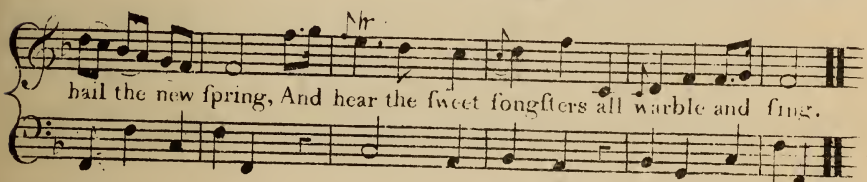
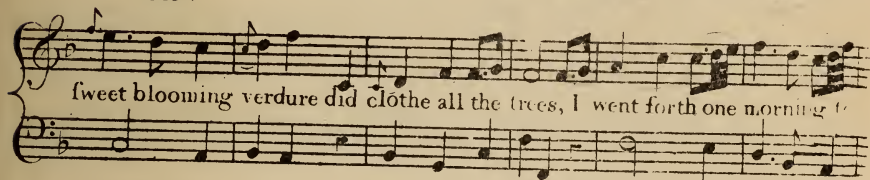


Time Scots Jenny

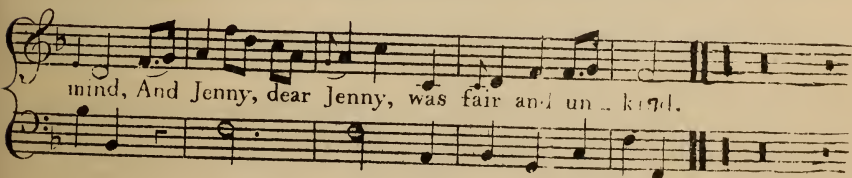
208



Slow



6



Ye Powers, who reside in the regions above,
Deprive me of life, or inspire her with love.
Make Jenny's fair bosom to feel for my pain,
That I may sweet peace and contentment regain.
Then in a retreat with my dear I would dwell;
Contentment should guard us in some humble cell;
Remote, we'll live happy, tho' simple our fare;
Our health all our wealth, and to love all our care.

My Harry was a Gallant gay.

Tune, Highlander's Lament.

209

* My Harry was a gallant gay, Fu' stately strade he on the plain; But

Slow

Chorus

now he's banish'd far awa, I'll never see him back a-gain. O for him

back again, O for him back a-gain, I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land For

Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.

O for him &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain.
Then I might see the joyfu' fight,
My Highlan Harry back again.

O for him &c.

The Highland Character.

210

In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old Rome, from the

3 No. 6 means no Thoro' bass

teath cover'd mountains of Scotia we come, Where the Romans endeavour'd our

country to gain, but our Ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

Chorus

Such our love of liberty, our country and our laws, That like our Ancestors of
old, we stand by freedoms cause, We'll bravely fight like heroes bold for
honour and applause; And de-fy the French with all their art to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our finews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race;
Our loud sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.
Such our love &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
Are swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.
Such our love &c.

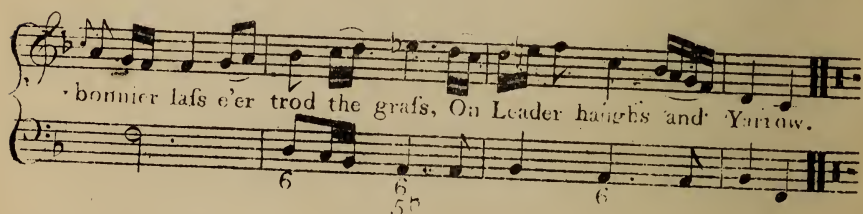
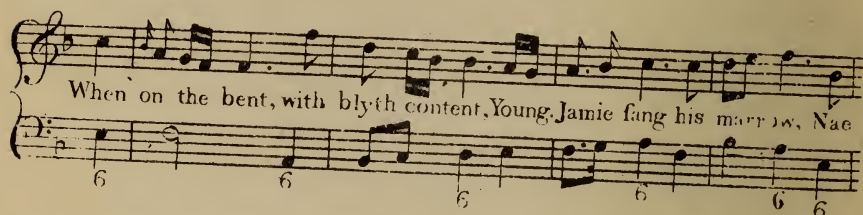
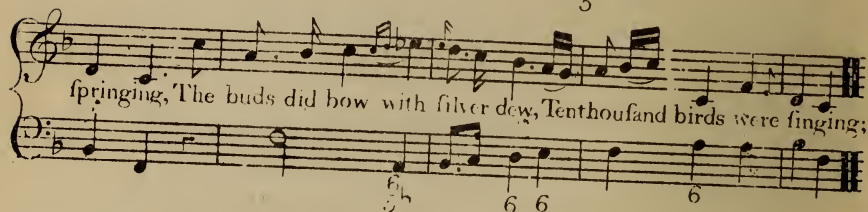
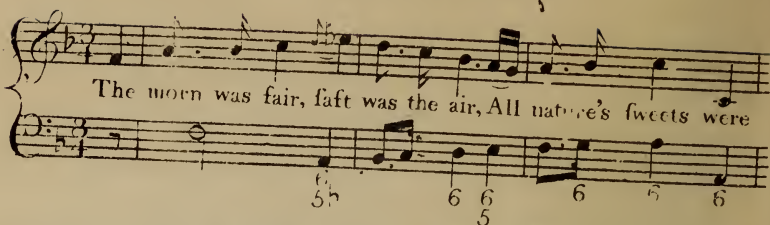
As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.
Such our love &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail and they sued for a truce.
Such our love &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase;
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true and our beauties prove kind.
Chor^s Then we'll defend our liberty, our country and our laws,
And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedoms cause,
That they like our Ancestors bold, for honour and applause,
May defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

Leader haughs and Yarrow.

211



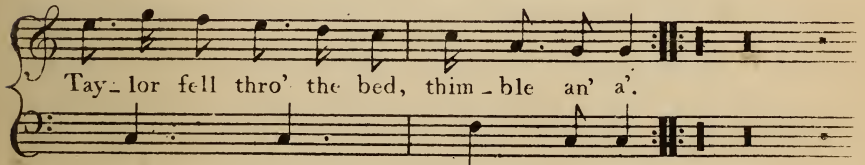
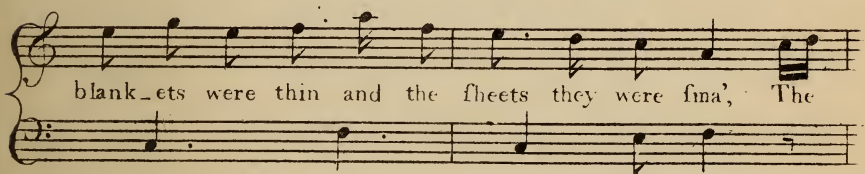
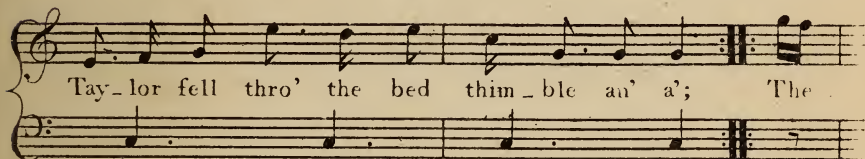
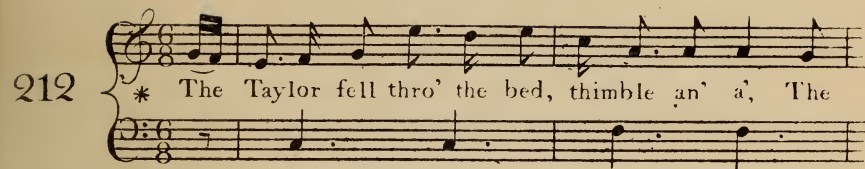
How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace
 In heavenly beauty's planted;
 Her smiling een, and comely mein,
 That nae perfection wanted;
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
 But bless my bonny marrow:
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

My wand'ring ghastly will ne'er get rest,
 And day and night affright ye;
 But if ye're kind, wi' joyful mind
 I'll tarry to delight ye;
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,
 From all things joy shall borrow:
 Thus none shall be more blest than we,
 On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
 Of ev'ry charm enchanting,
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if love be wanting.
 O bonny lass! have but the grace
 To think ere ye gae further,
 Your joy maun flit, if you commit
 The crying sin of murder.

O sweetest Sue 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best of blisses,
 Thou art my trim, and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossom;
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

212



The sleepy bit lafsie she dreaded nae ill,
 The sleepy bit lafsie she dreaded nae ill;
 The weather was cauld and the lafsie lay still,
 She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill.

Gie me the groat again, cany young man,
 Gie me the groat again, cany young man;
 The day it is short and the night it is lang,
 The dearest filler that ever I wan.

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
 There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
 To see the bit Taylor come skippin again.

Ay waukin, O.

213

* Sim-mer's a pleafant time, Flowers of ev'ry colour; The

Slow

water rins o'er the heugh, And I long for my true lover! Ay waukin, O,

Waukin still and weary: Sleep I can get nane, For thinking on my Dearie.

When I fleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm irie;
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my Dearie.
Ay waukin &c.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are fleepin:
I think on my bony lad
And I bleer my een wi' greetin.
Ay waukin &c.

The Breaft knots.

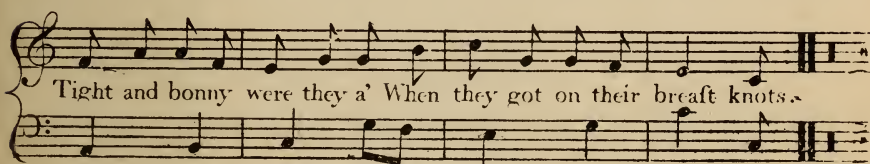
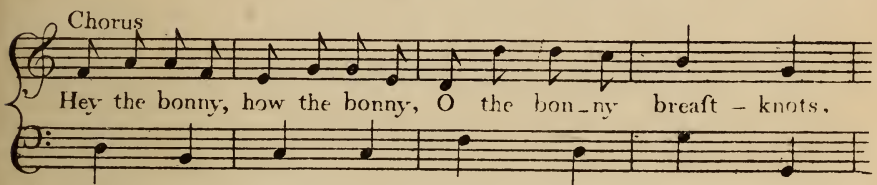
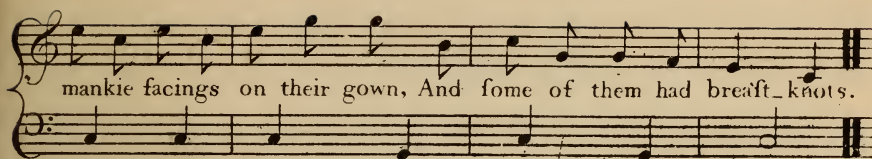
214

* Hey the bonny, hey the bonny, O the bonny breaft knots;

Brisk

Tight and bonny were they a', When they got on their breaft knots. There

was a bridal in this town, And till't the lafs-es a' were boun', With



And there was mony a lusty lad,
As ever handled grape and gaud,
I wat their manhood well they shaw'd,
At ruffling of the breast-knot.

Hey the bonny &c.

At nine o' clock they did conven,
Some clad in blue, some clad in green,
Wi' glancing buckles in their sheen,
And flowers upon their waist-coat.

Hey the bonny &c.

The bride by this time was right fain,
When that she saw sae light a train,
She pray'd the day might keep frae rain,
For spoiling of their breast knots.

Hey the bonny &c.

Forth came the wives a' wi' a phrase,
And wish'd the lassie happy days,
And muckle thought they of her claiths,
And specially the breast-knots.

Hey the bonny &c.

Forth spake the mither, fan she saw,
The bride and maidens a' fae bra',
Wi' cackling clouts, black be their fa',
They have made a bonny cast o't.

Hey the bonny &c.

Next down their breakfast it was set,
Some barley lippies of milk meat,
It leiped them it was sae het,
As soon as they did taste o't.

Hey the bonny &c.

Till some frae them the spoons they threw,
And swore that they had burnt their mou,
And some into their cutty blew,
I wat their will they mist not.

Hey the bonny &c.

When ilka ane had claw'd their plate,
The piper lad he looked blate
Altho' they said that he should eat,
I trow he lost the best o't.

Hey the bonny &c.

Syne forth they got a' wi' a loup,
O'er creels and deals and a' did coup,
The piper said, wi' them d - I scoup,
He'd make a hungry feast o't.

Hey the bonny &c.

Syne off they got a' wi' a fling,
Each lass unto her lad did cling,
And a' cry'd for a different spring,
The bride she fought the breast-knot.

Hey the bonny &c.

Fan they ty'd up their marriage band,
At the bridegroom's they neist did land,
Forth came auld Madge wi' her split ma,
And bread and cheese a hifi o't. (wn

Hey the bonny &c.

She took a quarter and a third,
On the bride's head she gae a gird
Till fairs flew athort the yird,
And parted round the rest o't.

Hey the bonny &c.

The bride then by the hand they took
Twice, thrice they led her round y crook,
Some said goodwife well nat ye brook,
And some great count they cast not.

Hey the bonny &c.

All ran to kilns, and barns in ranks,
Some sat on deals, & some on planks,
The piper lad stood on his flanks,
And dirled up the breast knot.

Hey the bonny &c.

Beware o' bonie Ann.

215

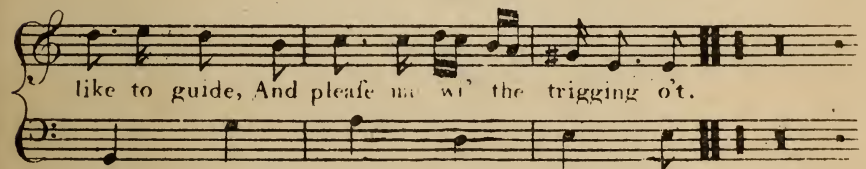
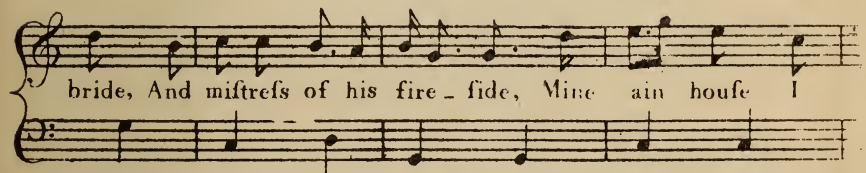
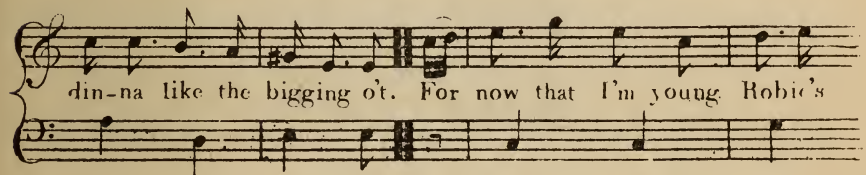
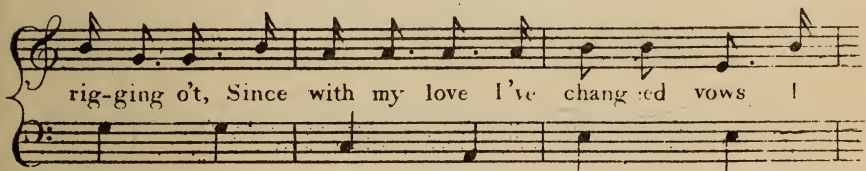
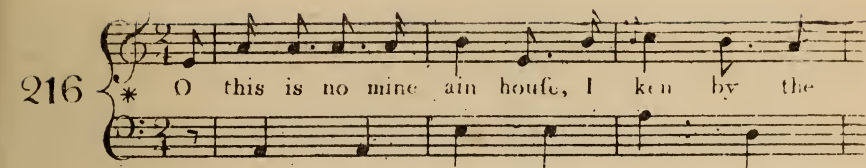
The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score includes repeat signs at the end of the third and fifth systems.

* Ye gallants bright I red you right, Be-ware o'
 Slow
 bonie Ann; Her come-ly face fae fu' o' grace, Your
 heart she will tre-pan. Her een fae bright, like stars by
 night, Her skin is like the fwan; Sae jimp-ly lac'd her
 gen-ty waift, That sweet-ly ye might span.

Youth, grace and love attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van:
 In a' their charms and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonie Ann.
 The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But loove enslaves the man:
 Ye gallants braw, I red you a',
 Beware o' bonie Ann.

This is no mine ain houle

216



Then farewell to my father's houle,

I gang where love invites me;

The strictest duty this allows,

When love with honour meets me,

When Hymen moulds me into ane,

My Robie's nearer than my kin,

And to refuse him were a sin,

Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain houle,

True love shall be at hand ay,

To make me still a prudent spouse,

And let my man command ay;

Avoiding ilka cause of strife,

The common pest of married life

That makes ane wearied of his wife,

And breaks the kindly band ay.

My Wife's a wanton, wee thing.

217 *Lively*

My wife's a wanton, wee thing, My wife's a wanton

wee thing, My wife's a wanton wee thing, She win-na be

guid-ed by me. She play'd the loon or she was married, She

play'd the loon or she was married, She play'd the loon or she was

married, She'll do it again or she die.

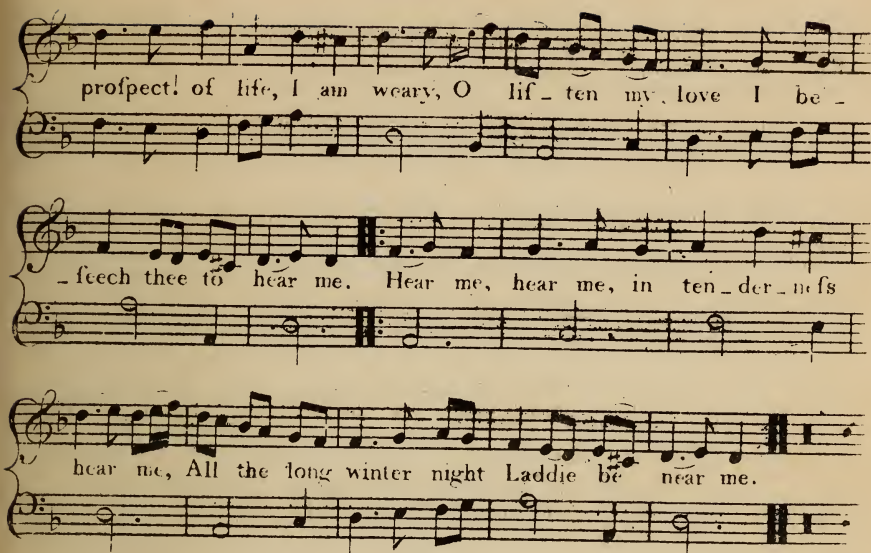
She sell'd her coat and she drank it,
 She sell'd her coat and she drank it,
 She row'd herself in a blanket,
 She winna be guided for me.
 She mind't na when I forbade her,
 She mind't na when I forbade her,
 I took a rung and I claw'd her,
 And a braw gude bairn was she.

Laddie lie near me.

218 *

Hark the loud tempest shakes Earth to its center, How

mad were the talk on a journey to venture, How dismal's my



prospect! of life, I am weary, O lif-ten my love I be-
 - fcech thee to hear me. Hear me, hear me, in ten-der-ness
 hear me, All the long winter night Laddie be near me.

Nights tho' protracted, tho' piercing the weather,
 Yet summer was endless, when we were together;
 Now since thy absence I feel most severely
 Joy is extinguish'd and being is dreary.

Dreary, dreary painful and dreary

All the long winter night Laddie be near me.

Seize the sweet moments while yet they invite thee,
 Pleasures here flighted, hereafter may flight thee,
 Distance and time may no longer endear thee,
 Come, my dear youth while thy presence can cheer me.
 Cheer me, cheer me heaven knows it would cheer me
 All the long winter night Laddie be near me.

What is my fault my foul's darling acquaint me,
 Let jealous fury no longer torment thee,
 Judge for thy self how, I love and revere thee,
 Heaven and thy heart from suspicion will clear me.

Clear me, clear me justice must clear me

All the long winter night Laddie lie near me. D

Old Words.

LANG hae we parted been,

Lalsie my dearie;

Now we are met again,

Lalsie lie near me.

Cho^s Near me, near me,

Lalsie lie near me

Lang haft thou been thy lane

Lalsie lie near me.

A' that I hae endur'd,

Lalsie, my dearie.

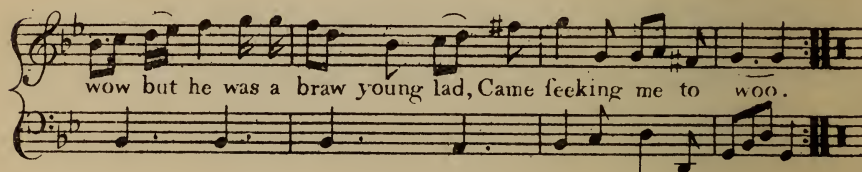
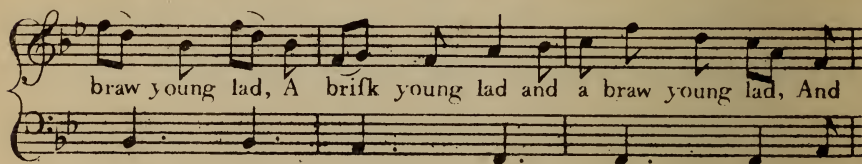
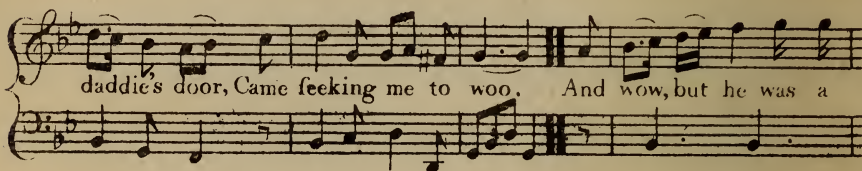
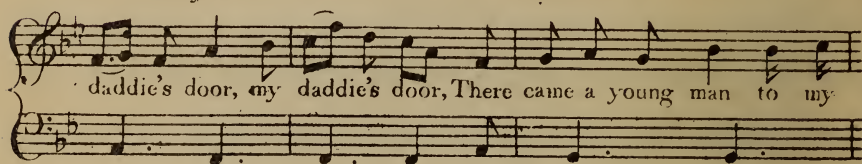
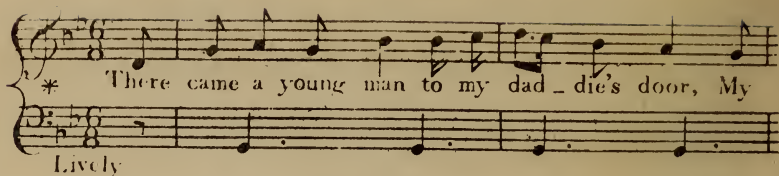
Here in thy arms is cur'd,

Lalsie lie near me.

Cho^s Near me, &c.

The brisk young Lad.

219.



But I was bakin when he came,
When he came, when he came;
I took him in and gae him a scone,
To thow his frozen mou?
And wow but, &c.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,
Before the door, before the door,
There lay a duck-dub before the door,
And there fell he I trow.
And wow but, &c.

I fet him in aside the bink,
I gae him bread, and ale to drink,
And he'er a blyth styme wad he blink,
Until his wame was fou.
And wow but, &c.

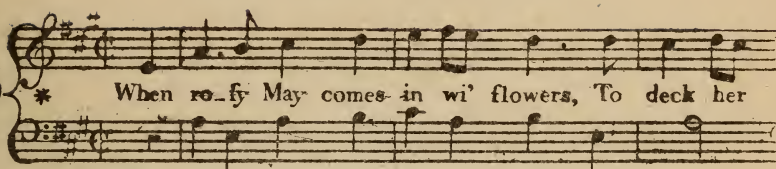
Out came the goodman, and high he shouted,
Out came the goodwife, and low she louted,
And a' the town-neighbours were gather'd -
And there lay he I trow. (about it,
And wow but, &c.

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldrie wooer,
Ye four-looking, cauldrie wooer,
I straichtway shou'd him th the door,
Saying, come nae mair to woo.
And wow but, &c.

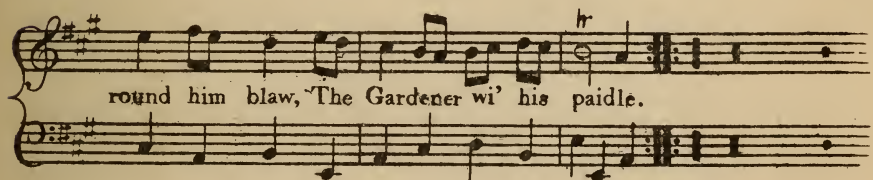
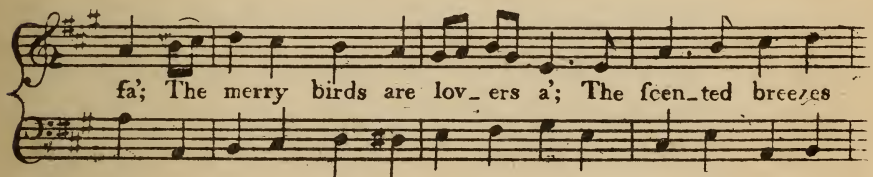
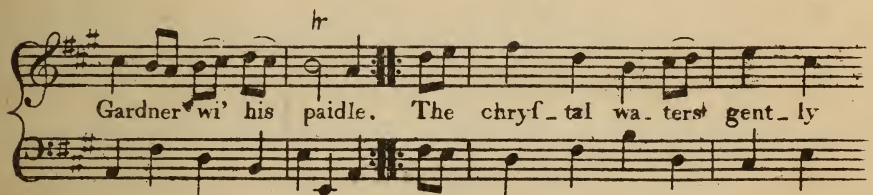
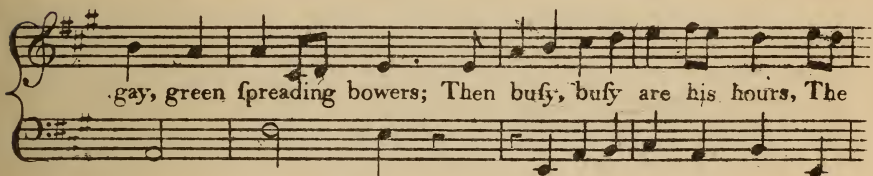
Then out came I, and sneer'd and siml'd,
Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguill'd,
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyl'd
We'll nae nae mair of you.
And wow but, &c.

The Gardener wi' his Paidle.

220



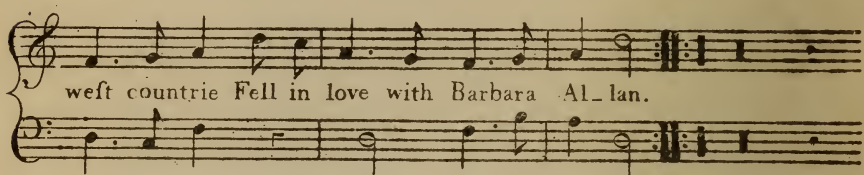
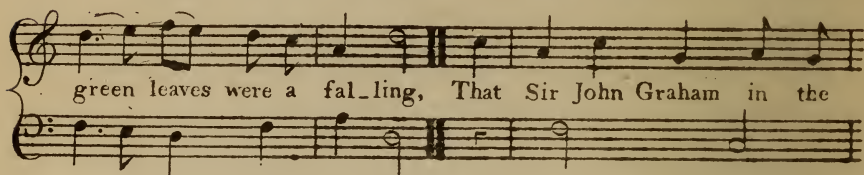
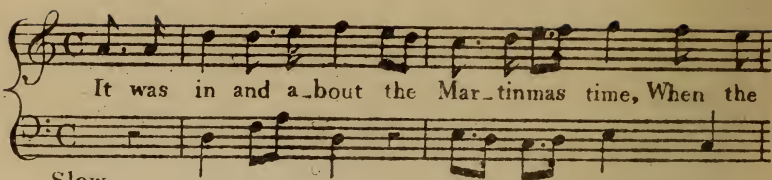
Slowish



When purple morning starts the hare
 To steal upon her early fare;
 Then thro' the dews he maun repair,
 The Gardener wi' his paidle.
 When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws of Nature's rest;
 He flies to her arms he lo'es the best,
 The Gardener wi' his paidle.

Bonny Barbara Allan.

221



He sent his man down thro' the town,
To the place where she was dwelling;
O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtin by,
Young man, I think youre dying.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.

O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

O dianna ye mind, young man, said she,
When ye the cups was fillin'.

That ye made the healths gae round and
And flighted Barbara Allan. (round, I'll die for him to-morrow.

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was with him dealing,
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him;
And sighing, said, she cou'd not stay,
Since death of life had rest him.

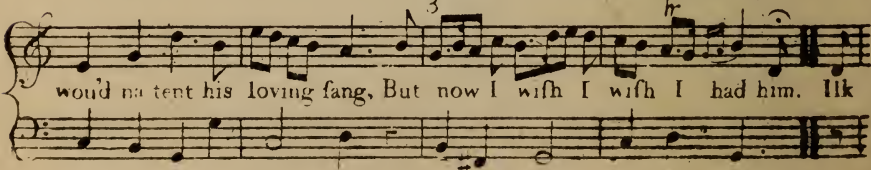
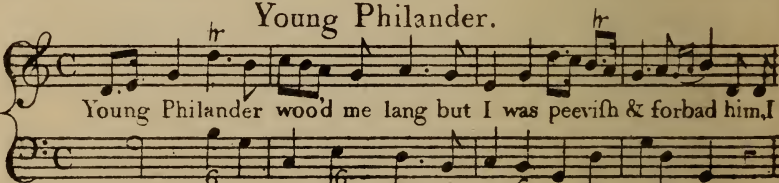
She had nae gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the deid-bell knelling,
And ev'ry jow that the deid-bell geid,
It cry'd, woe to Barbara Allan!

O mother, mother, mak my bed,
O make it fast and narrow;

Since my love died for me to-day,

Young Philander.

222



morning when I view my glaſs, Then I perceive my beauty going, When the
 wrinkles ſeize the face, Then we may bid a dieu to wooing. My
 beauty aſes ſo much admir'd, I find it fading faſt, and flying; My
 cheeks which coral like appear'd, Grow pale the broken blood-decaying;

Ah! we may ſee ourſelves to be
 Like ſummer fruit that is unſhaken;
 When ripe, they ſoon fall down and die, I, by his fond expreſſions, thought (ing
 And by corruption quickly taken. That in his love he'd ne'er prove chang
 Uſe then your time, ye virgins fair, But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 Employ your day before 'tis evil; And, paſt my hope, he's gane a ranging.
 Fifteen is a ſeaſon rare,
 But five an twenty is the devil. Dear maidens, then, take my advice,
 Juſt when ripe, conſent unto 't, And let na coyness prove your ruin:
 Hug nae mair your lanely pillow; For if ye be o'er fooliſh nice,
 Women are like other fruit, Your ſuiters will give over wooing
 They loſe their reliſh when too mellow. Then maidens auld you nam'd will be,
 And in that fretful rank be number'd.
 If opportunity be loſt, As lang as life; and when ye die,
 You'll find it hard to be regained; With leading apes be ever cumber'd
 Which now I may tell to my coſt, A puniſhment, and hated band,
 Tho' but myſel nane can be blamed. With which we cannot be contented.
 If then your fortune you reſpect, Then be not wiſe behind the hand,
 Take the occaſion when it offers; That the miſtake may be prevented.

On a bank of Flowers.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

223

* On a bank of flowers in a sum-mer day, For
 summer lightly drest, The youthful blooming Nel-ly lay, With
 love and sleep op- - preft. When Willie wand'ring thro' the
 wood, Who for her favour oft had sud; He gaz'd, he wish'd, he
 fear'd, he blush'd, And trembled where he stood.

Her clos'd eyes like weapons sheath'd
 Were seal'd in soft repose;
 Her lips, still as the fragrant breath'd
 It richer dy'd the rose.

The springing lilies sweetly preft,
 Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace;
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace:

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake
 On fear-inspired wings,
 So Nelly starting, half-awake,
 Away affrighted springs:
 But Willy follow'd, — as he should,
 He overtook her in the wood;
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 Forgiving all and good.

The day returns, my bottom burns,

Written for this Work by Robert Burns. Tune, Seventh of November.

224

* The day returns, my bosom burns, The bliss-ful

day we twa did meet, Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd, Ne'er

summer, fun was half sae sweet. Then a' the pride that loads the

tide, And crosses o'er the sultry line; Than kingly robes, than

crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me more it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,

Or nature aught of pleasure give;

While joys above, my mind can move,

For thee and thee alone I live!

When that grim foe of life below

Comes in between to make us part;

The iron hand that breaks our band.

It breaks my bliss - it breaks my heart!

My love she's but a Lafsie yet.

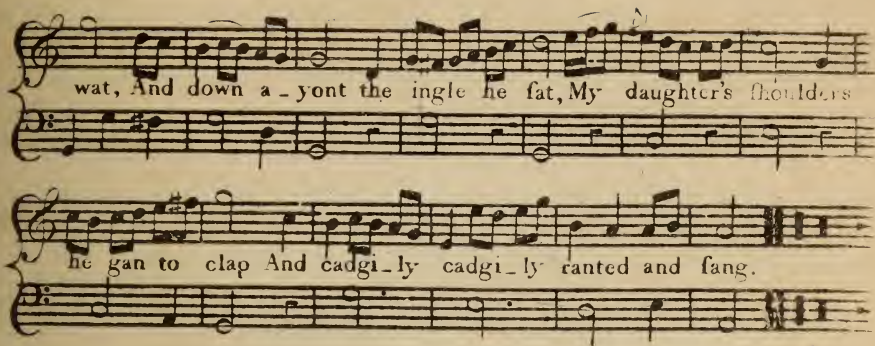
225

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet:
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
But here I never mist it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't:
The minifter kist the fidler's wife,
He could na preach for thinkin o't.

The Gaberlunzie-man.

226



O vow! quo' he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this country,
 How blyth and merry wad I be!
 And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir slee twa together were say'ng,
 When wooing they were fae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an ye were as black
 As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa wi' me thou shoud gang.
 And O! quo' she, an I were as white,
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
 I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
 And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
 They raise a wee before the cock,
 And wilily they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure pat on her claife;
 Syne to the servants bed she gaes,
 To speer for the silly poor man.

(lay,
 She gaed to the bed where the beggar
 The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hands, cry'd, Walladay!
 For some of our gear will be gane.
 Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
 But nought was stown that could be mist,
 She dunc'd her lane, cry'd praise be blest!
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn,
 Gae butt the house, lafs, and wauken my
 And bid her come quickly ben. (bairn,

The servant gade where the daughter lay.
 The sheets was cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife did say,
 She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these traytors again;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a foot,
 The wife was woud and out o' her wit;
 She could na gang, nor yet could she sit.
 But ay she curs'd and ay she baund.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see
 The twa with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang:
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them both,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
 Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith.
 My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Ill-fardly wad she crook her mon,
 Sick a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the gaberlunzie-man.
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' nae learn'd the beggars tongue.
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
 And spindles & whorles for them wha need.
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 To carry the gaberlunzie on.
 I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

227

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of staves. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'hr' (hairpins) and 'f' (forte).

* 'Twas past ane o' clock in a cauld frosty morning, When cankert No-

- vember blaws over the plain, I heard the kirk bell re-peat the loud warning, As,

restless, I sought for sweet slumber in vain: Then up I a-rose, the silver moon

shining bright; Mountains & vallics appearing ail hoary white, Forth I would

go a-mid the pale, silent night, To seek the fair one, the cause of my pain.

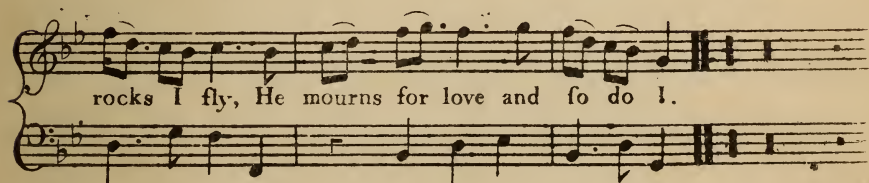
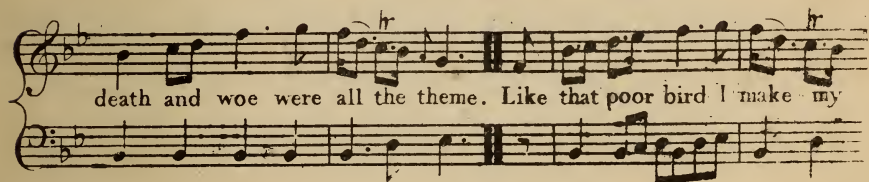
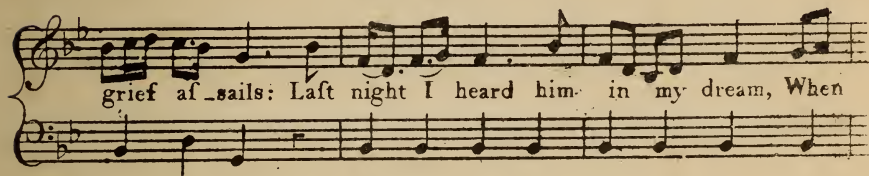
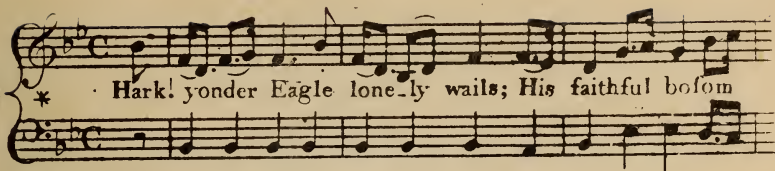
Sae gently I staw to my lovely Maid's chamber,
 And rapp'd at her window, low down on my knee;
 Begging that she would awauk from sweet slumber,
 Awauk from sweet slumber and pity me.
 For, that a stranger to a' pleasure, peace and rest,
 Love into madness had fired my tortur'd breast,
 And that I should be of a' men the maist unblest,
 Unless she would pity my sad miserie!

My true-love arose and whispered to me,
 (The moon looked in, and envy'd my love's charms;)
 "An innocent maiden, ah, would you undo me!"
 I made no reply, but leapt into her arms:
 Bright Phebus peep'd over the hills and found me there;
 As he has done, now, seven lang years and mair:
 A faithfuller, constanter, kinder, more loving Pair,
 His sweet-chearing beam nor enlightens nor warms.

The black Eagle:

237

228



'Twas mighty love that tam'd his breast, Dark as his feathers was the fate
'Tis tender grief that breaks his rest. That robb'd him of his darling Mate,
He droops his wings, he hangs his head, Dimm'd is the lustre of his eye,
Since she he fondly lov'd was dead. That wont to gaze the sun-bright sky.
With Delia's breath my joy expir'd, To him is now for ever lost
'Twas Delia's smiles my fancy fir'd; The heartfelt bliss he once could boast.
Like that poor Bird, I pine, and prove Thy sorrows, hapless bird, display
Nought can supply the place of love. An image of my soul's dismay.

Jamie come try me.

229 * Jamie come try me, Jamie come try me, If thou would

Very Slow

win my love Jamie come try me. If thou should ask my love,

Could I de-ny thee? If thou would win my love Jamie come try me.

If thou should kifs me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie come try me.
Jamie come &c.

Maggie's Tocher.

230 The meal was dear thort fyne, Thermaut & 'a' the gither, And

Maggie was juft in her prime, When Willie made courtship till her.

Twa pistols charg'd be-guefs, To gie the cour-ting shot, And

fyne came ben the lafs, Wi' fwats drawn frae the butt, He

first speer'd at the guidman, And s'neat Giles the mither, An
ye wad gi's a bit land, We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye shall hae,
I'll gi' you her by the hand:
But I'll part wi' my wife by my fay,
Or I part wi' my land.

Your tocher it fall be good,
There's nane fall hae its maik,
The las' bound in her snood,
And Crummie wha kens her stake:
With an auld bedden o' claiths,
Was left me by my mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, guidman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modesty,
Gin ye'll not quat your land:
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gawn the gither;
A house is but and ben,
And Crummie will want her fother.
The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their mither;
We have nouth' pat nor pan,
But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough
For that you need nae fear,
Twa good stiltis to the pleugh,
And ye your sell maun steer:
Ye shall hae twa good pocks
That anes were o' the tweel,
The t'ane to had the grots,
The ither to had the meal;
With an auld kist made of wands,

And that fall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may had your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,
We hae but borrowed gear,
The horse that I ride on
is Sandy Wilfon's mare:
The faddle's nane of my ain,
And thae's but borrow'd boots,
And when that I gae hame,
I maun tak to my koots:
The cloak is Georgy Watt's,
That gars me look sae croufi:
Come fill us a cogue of swats,
We'll make nae mair toom rufe.

I like you weel, young lad,
For telling me sae plain,
I married when little I had
O' gear that was my-ain:
But sin that things are sae,
The bride she maun come furth,
Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,
It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
Fy cry on Giles the mither:
Content am I, quo' she,
E'ngar the hissie come hither.
The bride she gade till her bed,
The bridegroom he came till her;
The fidler crap in at the fit,
And they cuddl'd it a' the gither.

My bony Mary.

231 * Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a

fil-ver taf-sie; That I may drink be-fore I go A

fer-vice to my bo-nie lassie. The boat rocks at the Pier o'

Leith, Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, The ship rides by the

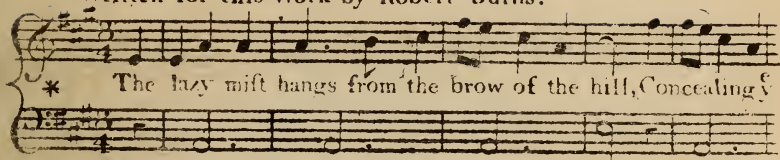
Ber-wick-law, And I maun leave my bo-ny Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are ranked ready,
 The shouts o' war are heard a far,
 The battle closes deep and bloody:
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
 It's leaving thee, my bony Mary!

The lazy mist.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

232



course of the dark winding rill; How languid the scenes, late so

sprightly, appear, As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year. The

forests are leafless, the meadows are brown, And all the gay

foppery of summer is flown: Apart let me wander, apart let me

muse, How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain;

How little of life's scanty span may remain;

What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn;

What ties, cruel Fate, in my bosom has torn.

How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!

And downward, how weaken'd how darken'd, how pain'd!

Life is not worth having with all it can give,

For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

The Captain's Lady.

233 * O mount and go, Mount and make you ready, O

mount and go, And be the Captain's Lady. When the drums do beat,

And the cannons rattle, Thou shalt sit in state, And see thy love in

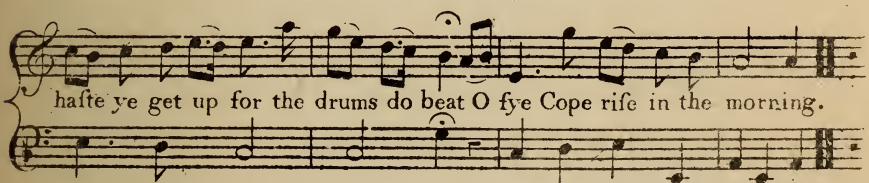
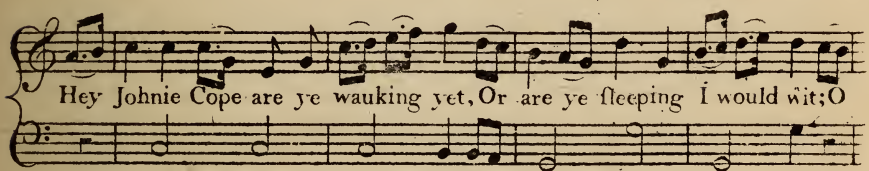
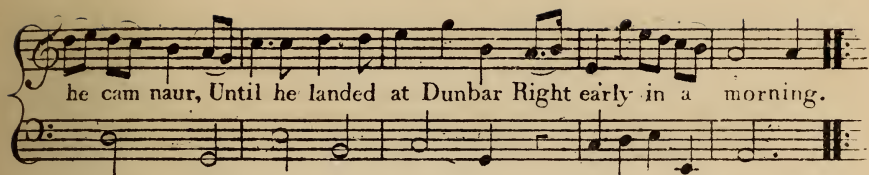
battle. When the drums do beat, And the cannons rattle, Thou shalt

fit in state, And see thy love in battle. Cho^s. O mount & go &c.

When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go
And in love enjoy it.
Cho^s. O Mount &c.

Johnie Cope.

234 * Sir John Cope trode the north right far, Yet ne'er a re-bel



He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
Come fight me Charlie an ye daur;
If it be not by the chance of war
I'll give you a merry morning.

Hey Johnie Cope &c.

On the morrow when he did rise,
He look'd between him and the skies;
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,
Which fear'd him in the morning

Hey Johnie Cope &c.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon
He drew his sword the scabbard from—
"So Heaven restore to me my own,
"I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning."

Hey Johnie Cope &c.

O then he flew into Dunbar,
Crying for a man of war; (tar,
He thought to have pass'd for a rustic
And gotten awa in the morning,

Hey Johnie Cope &c.

Cope swore with many a bloody word
That he would fight them gun and sword,
But he fled frae his nest like an ill scar'd
And Johnie he took wing in y morning (bird,

Hey Johnie Cope &c.

Sir Johnie into Berwick rade,
Just as the devil had been his guide;
Gien him the warld he would na stay'd
To foughten the boys in the morning.

Hey Johnie Cope &c.

It was upon an afternoon,
Sir Johnie march'd to Preston town
He says, my lads come lean you down,
And we'll fight the boys in the morning.

Hey Johnie Cope &c.

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John,
O what's become of all your men.
In faith says he, I dinna ken,
I left them a' this morning.

Hey Johnie Cope &c.

But when he saw the Highland lads
Wi' tartan trews and white cockauds,
Wi' swords & guns & rungs & gauds,
O Johnie he took wing in the morning.

Hey Johnie Cope &c.

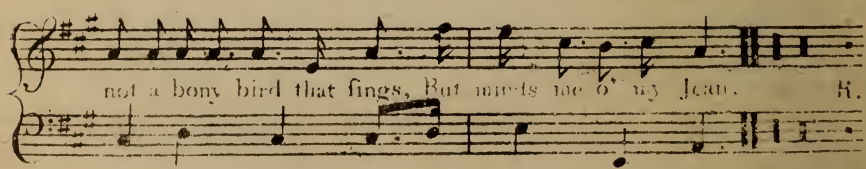
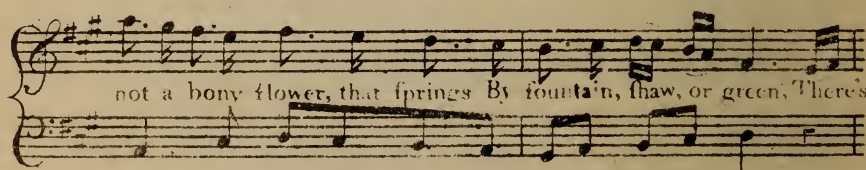
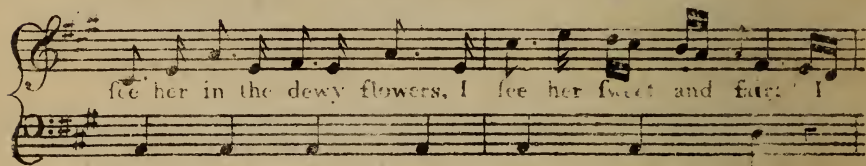
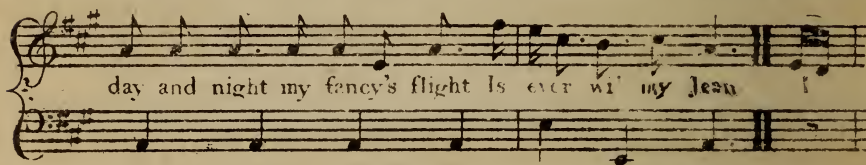
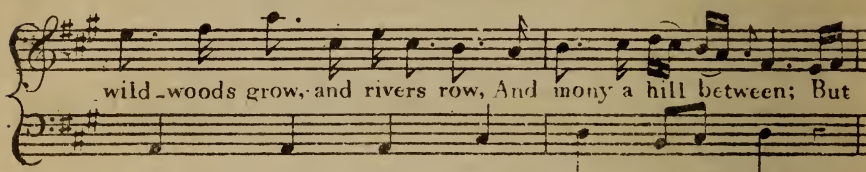
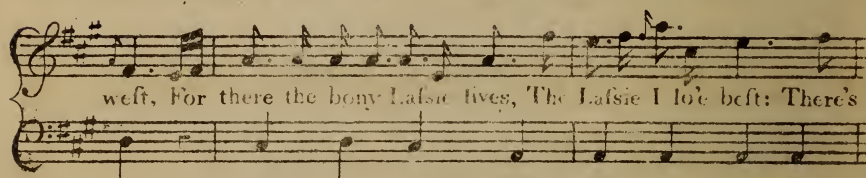
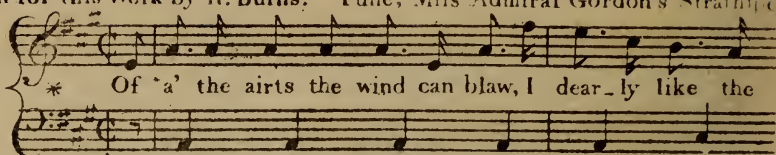
Says Lord Mark Car ye are na blate;
To bring us the new's o' your ain defeat;
I think you deserve the back o' the gate;
Get out o' my fight this morning.

Hey Johnie Cope &c.

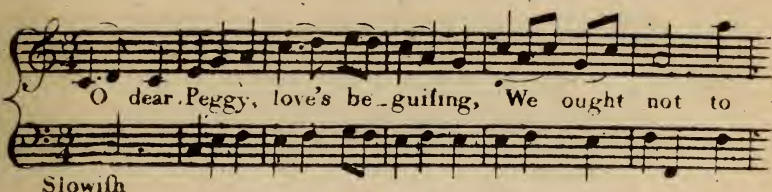
I Love my Jean.

Written for this Work by R: Burns. Tune, Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathpey.

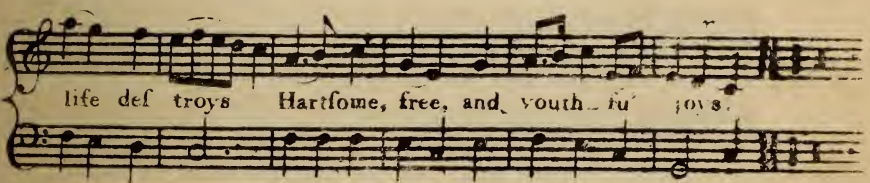
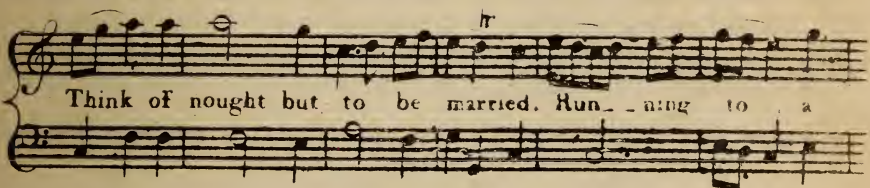
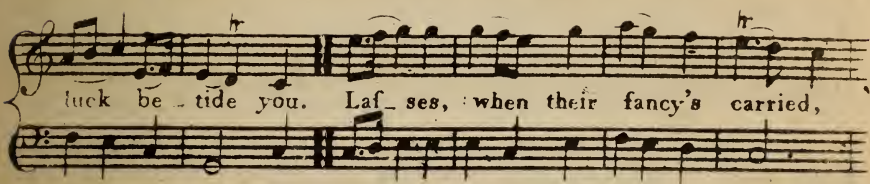
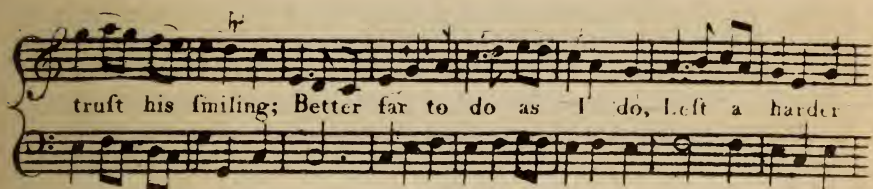
235



236



Slowish



Old Word .

O dear minny, what shall I do?
 O dear minny, what shall I do?
 O dear minny, what shall I do?
 Daft thing, doylt thing, do as I do.

If I be black, I canna be lo'ed;
 If I be fair, I canna be gude;
 If I be lordly, the lads will look by me;
 O dear minny, what shall I do?

Cho.^s O dear minny &c.

The linkin laddie.

237 *Waes me that e'er I made your bed! Waes me that eer I saw ye, For*

Slowish

now I've lost my maiden head, And I ken na how they ca' ye! My

name's weel kend in my ain countrie, They ca' me the linkin laddie: An

ye had na been as willing as I, Shame fa' them wad e'er hae bade ye

Alloa House.

238 *The spring time returns, and cloths the green plains, And*

Al-lo-a shines, more cheartful and gay; The lark tunes his throat & the

neighbouring swains Sing merri-ly round me where-e-ver I stray.

Continued.

But Sandy no more re_turns to my view; No spring time: me
chears no mu_sic can charm; He's gone! and I fear me, for e-ver a
- dieu, A- dieu ev'ry pleasure this bosom can warm!

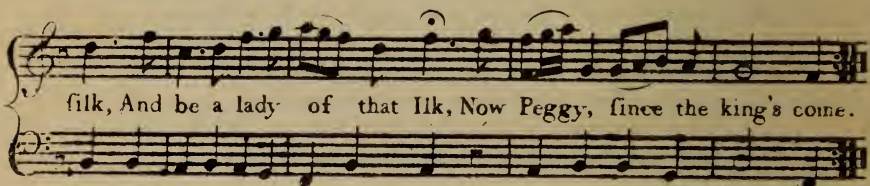
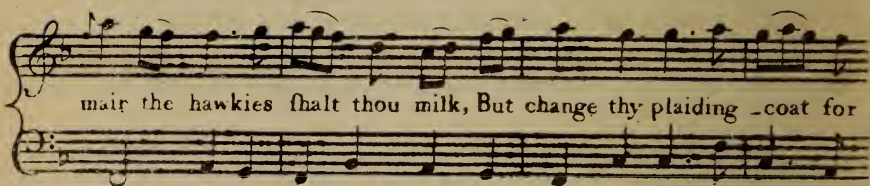
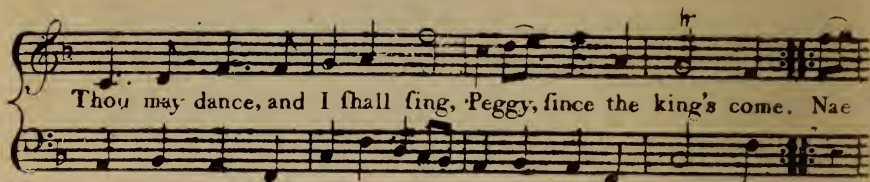
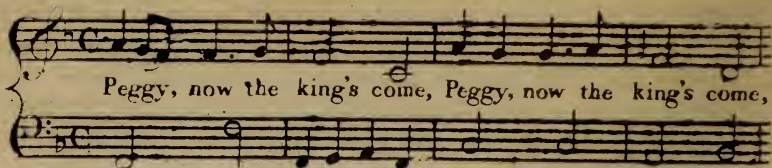
O Alloa Houfe! how much art thou chang'd.
How silent, how dull to me is each grove!
Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
Alas! where to please me my Sandy once stroy'd!
Here Sandy I heard the tales that you told;
Here listened too fond, whenever you sing;
Am I grown less fair, then, that you are turn'd cold,
Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue.

So spoke the fair maid; when sorrow's keen pain,
And shame, her last falt'ring accents suppress'd;
For fate at that moment brought back her dear swain,
Who heard, and, with rapture, his Nelly address'd.
My Nelly, my fair, I come, O my love,
No pow'r shall thee tear again from my arms,
And, Nelly! no more thy fond shepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

She heard; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame;
And will you, my love! be true, she reply'd!
And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same!
Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride!
O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind;
Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true:
Then adieu! to all sorrow; what foul is so blind,
As not to live happy for ever with you.

Tune, Carle, an' the king come.

239



Old Words.

Chorus

CARL an the king come,
 Carl an the king come;
 Thou shalt dance and I will sing,
 Carl an the king come.

An somebodie were come again,
 Then somebodie maun cross the main,
 And every man shall hae his ain,
 Carl an the king come.

Cho.^s Carl an &c.

I trow we swapp'd for the warfe,
 We gae the boot and better horfe;
 And that we'll tell them at the cross,
 Carl an the king come.

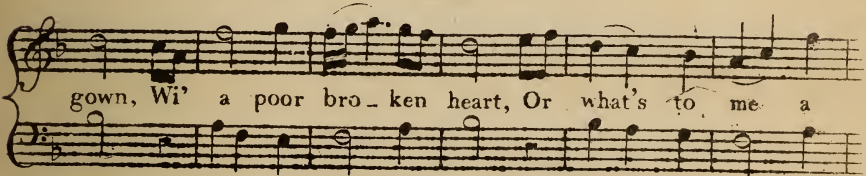
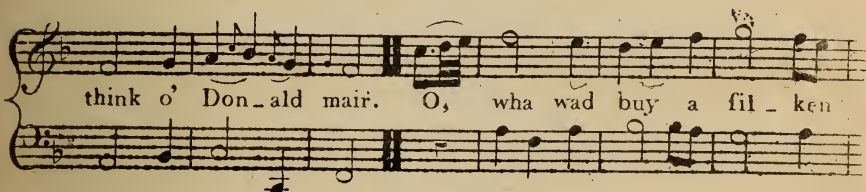
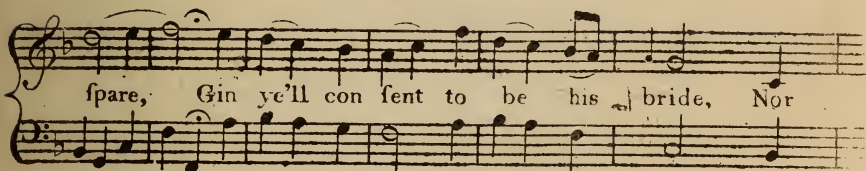
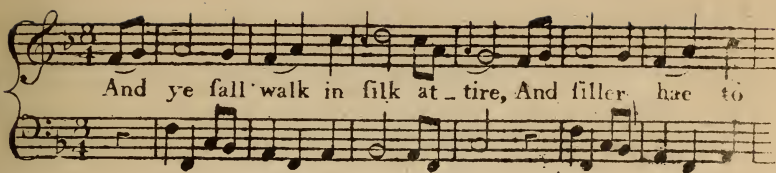
Cho.^s Carl an &c.

Coggie an the king come,
 Coggie an the king come,
 I'll be fou and thou'll be toom,
 Coggie an the king come.

Cho.^s Coggie an &c.

The Siller Crown.

240



The mind whafe every wish is pure
 Far dearer is to me,
 And e'er I'm forc'd to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and die:
 For I hae pledged my virgin troth
 Brave Donalds fate to share,
 And he has gi'en to me his heart
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
 He, gratefu' took the gift;
 Cou'd I but think, to seek it back
 It wou'd be war than theft.
 For langest life, can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me,
 And e'er I'm forced to break my troth
 I'll lay me down and die.

St Kilda Song.

241

By the stream so cool and clear, And thro' the caves where
 breezes lan-guish, Sooth-ing still my ten-der an-guish,
 Hoping still to find my lover, I have wander'd far and
 near, O where shall I the youth discover.

Slow with Expression

Sleeps he in your breezy shade,
 Ye rocks with moss and ivy waving,
 On some bank where wild waves laving,
 Murmur through the twisted willow;
 On that bank, O were I laid,
 How soft should be my lover's pillow!

242

The Mill Mill O.

Be-neath a green shade I fand a fair maid, Was
 sleeping found and still! O; A' lowan wi' love my fan-cy did

Slow

rove A-round, her wi' good will O: Her bosom I prest; but
 sunk in her rest, She stir'dna my joy to spill O: While kindly she
 slept, close to her I crept, And kiss'd & kiss'd her my fill O.

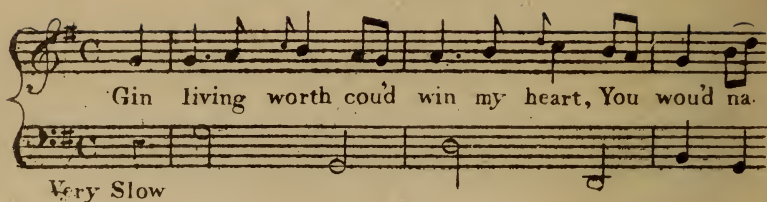
Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
 To employ my courage and skill O,
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
 For the wind blew fair on the billow,
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising fame
 Tald me with a voice right shrill O,
 My las, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
 I ferlying speir'd how she fell O,
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell O.
 But love gave command, I took her by the hand,
 And bade a' her fears expel O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Wha had done her the deed mysel O.

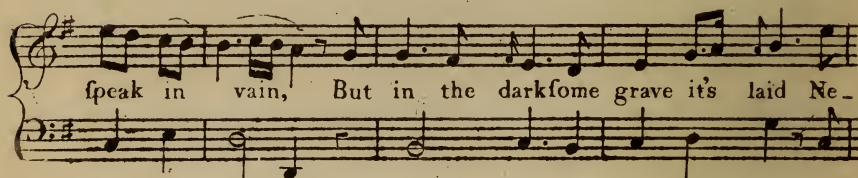
My bonny sweet las, on the gowany grafs,
 Beneath the Shilling-hill O,
 If I did offence, I'll make ye amends
 Before I leave Peggy's mill O.
 O the mill, mill O, and the kill, kill O,
 And the coggin of the wheel O;
 The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
 And round with a sodger reel O.

The Waefu Heart.

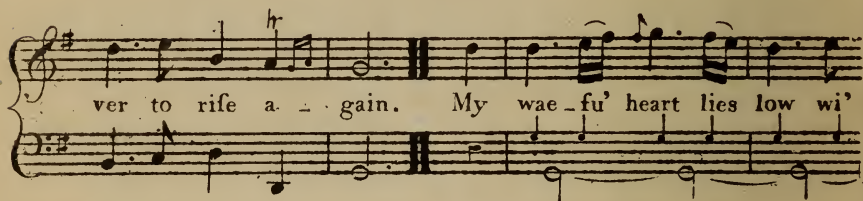
243



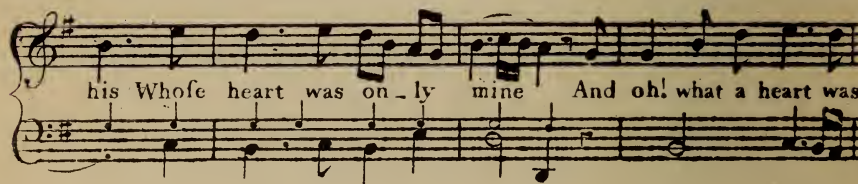
Gin living worth could win my heart, You would na-



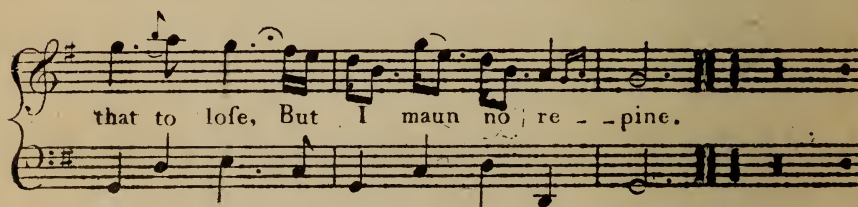
speak in vain, But in the darksome grave it's laid Ne-



ver to rise a - gain. My wae-fu' heart lies low wi'



his Whose heart was on - ly mine And oh! what a heart was



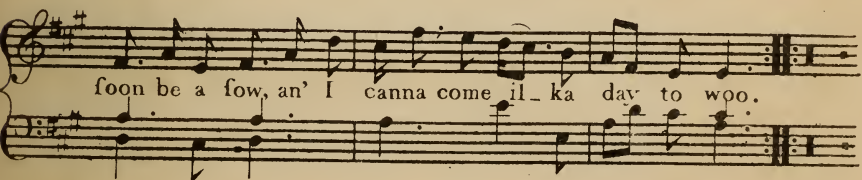
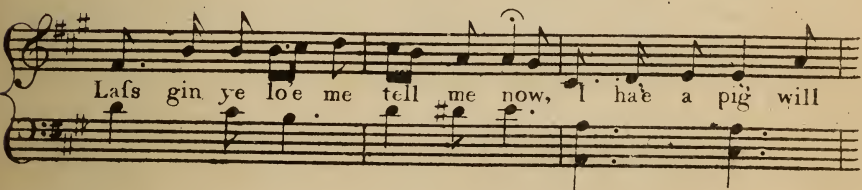
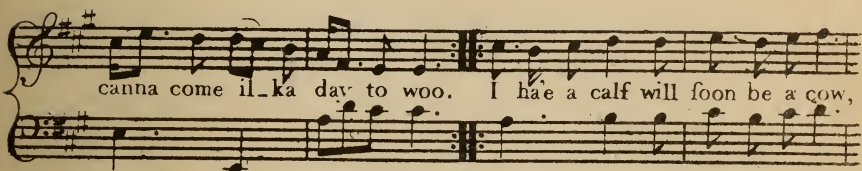
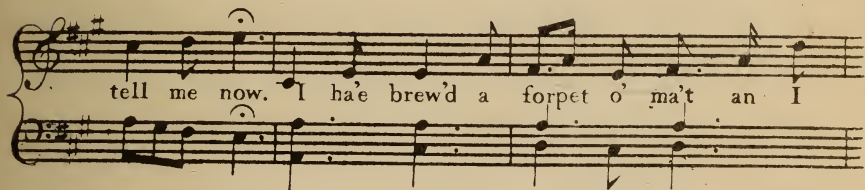
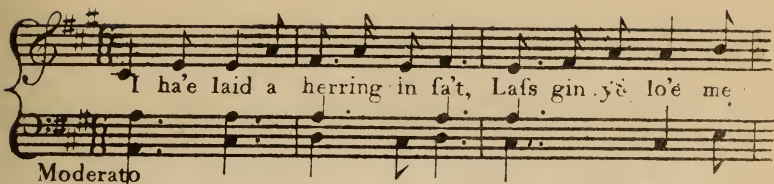
that to lose, But I maun no re - pine.

Yet oh! gin heav'n in mercy soon
 Would grant the boon I crave,
 And tak this life now naething worth
 Sin Jamie's in his grave.
 And see his gentle spirit come
 To show me on my way,
 Surpris'd nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wondring at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear
 And oh! wi' what gude will
 I follow, wharfoe'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to fill.
 She said, and soon a deadlie pale
 Her faded cheek possest,
 Her wae-fu' heart forgot to beat
 Her sorrows funk to rest.

Lafs gin ye lo'e me, tell me now.

244



| | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| I've a house on yonder muir, | I've a hen wi' a happy leg, |
| Lafs gin ye lo'e me tell me now, | Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now. |
| Three sparrows may dance upon the floor, | Which ilka day lays me an egg, |
| And I canna come ilka day to woo; | And I canna come ilka day to woo. |
| I ha'e a butt and I ha'e a benn, | I ha'e a kebbock upon my shelf, |
| Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now; | Lafs gin ye lo'e me tak me now, |
| I ha'e three chickens and a fat hen, | I downa eat it a' my felf, |
| And I canna come ony mair to woo. | And I winna come ony mair to woo. |

The Lover's address to Rose bud. By a Lady.

245 * Sweet nursling of the tears of morning, By Zephyr's balmy
Slow
kiss - es prest, O soon thy par - ent stem adorning, Thou shalt
spread thy fra - grant breast. Yet not too soon be fond of shining,
Beauty's days are bright but few, This hour in prime, the
next de - clining, Its charms will pall u - pon the view.

Emma! fair flow'r all hearts now warming, Love will teach thee when resigning,
She must yield to Fate's decree, On that breast thy blushing pride,
Soon like her, thou shalt be charming, How thy modest head declining,
Soon she'll fade and pass like thee. May deck her beauties, yet not hide.
As thou art the fairest blossom, If some hand too boldly daring
Thy blest lot shall envy move; There disturbs thy blest repose,
Go breath thy sweets on Emma's bosom, Be not of thy vengeance sparing,
Seat of innocence and love. Sheath thy prickles in my foes.

Cease, cease my dear friend to explore.

246 * Cease; cease my dear friend to ex - plore From whence and how
Slow

piercing my smart, Let the charms of the nymph I a_dore Ex-
 -cuse and in_terpret my heart. Then how much I admire you shall
 prove, When like me you are taught to ad_mire, And imagine how
 boundless my love, When you number the charms that in_spire.

Than sunshine more dear to my sight,
 To my life more essential than air,
 To my soul she is perfect delight,
 To my sense all that's pleasing and fair,
 The swains who her beauty behold
 With transport applaud ev'ry charm,
 And swear that the breast must be cold
 Which a beam so intense cannot warm.

Ah! say will she slightly forego,
 A conquest, tho' humble, yet sure;
 Will she leave a poor shepherd to woe,
 Who for her ev'ry bliss, would procure.
 Alas! too prefiging my fears,
 Too jealous my soul of it's bliss,
 Methinks she already appears,
 To foresee, and elude my address.

Does my boldness offend my dear maid,
 Is my fondness loquacious, and free,
 Are my visits too frequently paid,
 Or my converse unworthy of thee.

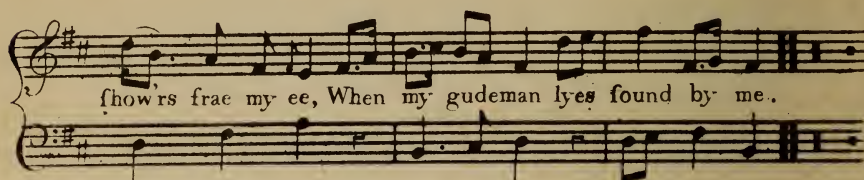
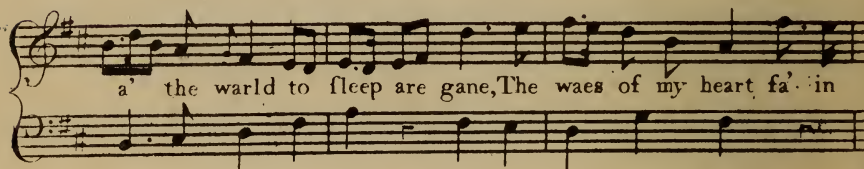
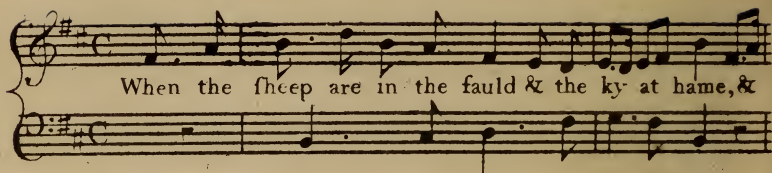
(breast,
 Yet when grief was too big for my
 And labour'd in sighs to complain,
 It's struggles I oft have suppress'd,
 And silence impos'd on my pain.

And oft while, by tenderness caught
 To my charmer's retirement I flew^(h)
 I reproach'd the fond absence of thought
 And in blushing confusion, withdrew.
 My speech, tho' too little refin'd,
 Tho' simple and awkward my mien,
 Yet still shouldst thou deign to be kind.
 What a wonderful change might be seen.

Ah! Strephon how vain thy desire,
 Thy numbers and music how vain,
 While merit and fortune conspire,
 The smiles of the nymph to obtain.
 Yet cease to upbraid the soft choice,
 Tho' it ne'er should determine for thee,
 If thy heart in her joy may rejoice.
 Unhappy thou never canst be

Auld Robin Gray.

247



Young Jamie lood me well and he fought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething beside,

To make that crown a pound my Jamie gade to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa a week but only twa,

When my mother she fell sick and the cow was stown awa,
My father brake his arm and my Jamie at the sea,

And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father coudna work and my mother coudna spin,

I toild day and night but their bread I coudna win,

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith and wi' tears in his ee,

Said Jenny for their sakes O marry me.

My heart it said nay I look'd for Jamie back,

But the wind it blew high and the ship it was a wrack,

The ship it was a wrack why didna Jenny die,

And why do I live to say waes me.

Auld Robin argued fair tho' my mother didna speak,

She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,

So they gied him my hand tho' my heart was in the sea,

And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,

When sitting fae mournfully at the door,

I saw my Jamies wreath for I coudna think it he,

Till he said I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet and mickle did we say,

We took but ae kifs and we tore ourselves away,

I with I were dead but I'm no like to die,

And why do I live to say waes me.

I gang like a ghaist and I carenae to spin,

I darena think on Jamie for that wad be a sin,

But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,

For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.

Leith Wynd.

Jenny.

248

Were I a - fsur'd you'd con - stant prove, You

Slowly

should nae mair complain; The ea - sy maid be - set wi' love, Few

words will quickly gain: For I must own, now since you're free, This

too fond heart of mine Has lang, a black - sole

true to thee, Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now; ah! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline;
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;
 Is Jenny then fae kind.
 O let me briz thee to my heart,
 And round my arms entwine:
 Delightfu' thought! we'll never part,
 Come, press thy mouth to mine.

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

249 * First when Maggy was my care, Heaven, I thought, was in her air;

Now we're mar-ried, spier nae mair, But Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek and Meg was mild, Sweet and harmless as a child;

Wiser men than me's beguild, so Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love and how we gree;
I carena by how few may see,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots meat,
Disht up in her winding-sheet;
I could write—but Meg maun see't,
Whistle o'er the lave o't. X

Tak your auld cloak about ye.

250 In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost & snaw on

Slow 6 # 6

il-ka hill, And Boreas with his blasts fae bauld, Was

6

Continued.

threat'ning a' our ky to kill. Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,

She said to me right hastily, Get up good - man save

Cromie's life, And tak your auld cloak a - bout ye.

My Cromie is a usefu' cow,
And she is come of a good kyne;
Oft has she wet the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that she should tyme;
Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,
I think the world is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hurrkten in the ase.
I'll have a new cloak about me.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its scanty worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year;
Let's spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To have a new cloak about me.

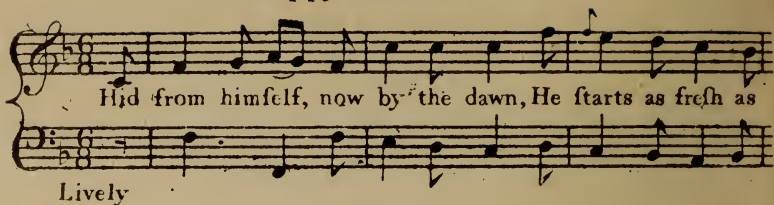
Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa
Of lads and bonny lasses ten;
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trows they cost but half a crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou the man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about ye.

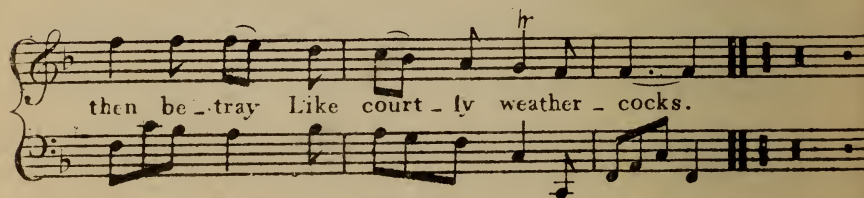
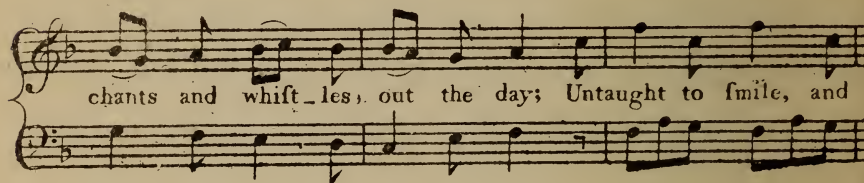
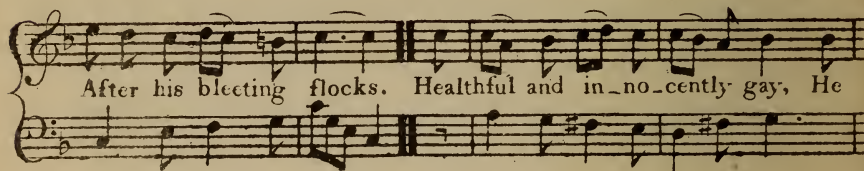
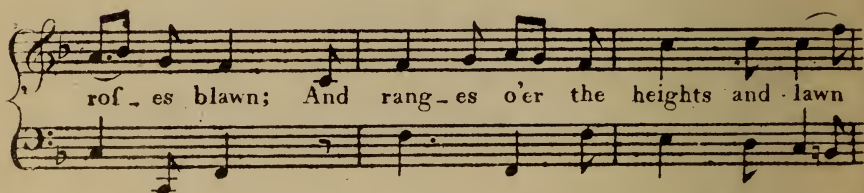
Bell my wife, she loves na strife,
But she wad guide me, if she can;
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman:
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave off where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

Happy Clown.

251



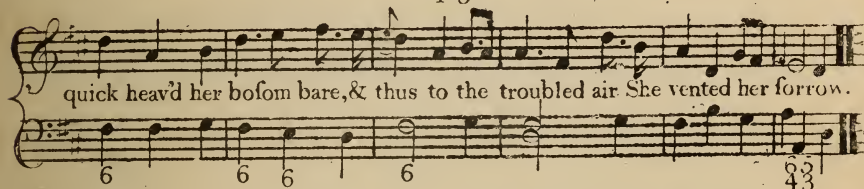
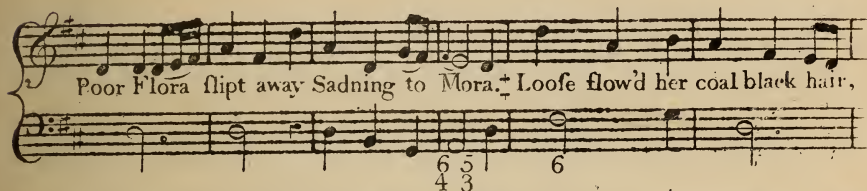
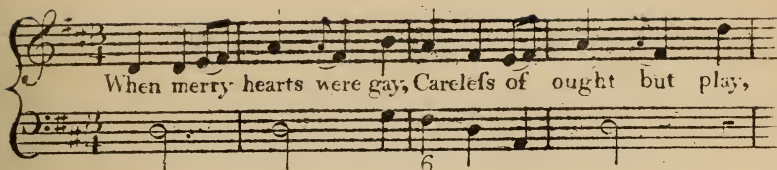
Lively



Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth and love with joy agree,
 Unfulfilled with a crime:

Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In proping of their pride and state:
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

252



'Loud howls the northern blast,
'Bleak is the dreary waste;
'Haste thee O Donald haste
'Haste to thy Flora.

'Twice twelve long months are o'er,
'Since in a foreign shore,
'You promis'd to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

"Where now is Donald dear,
(Maids cry with taunting sneer
"Say is he still sincere
"To his lov'd Flora. —
'Parents upbraid my moan,
'Each heart is turn'd to stone —
'Ah Flora, thou'rt now alone
"Friendless in Mora!

'Come then, oh come away,
'Donall no longer stay —
'Where can my rover stray
'From his dear Flora. —
'Ah sure he ne'er could be
'False to his vows and me —
'O Heaven! & is not yonder he
'Bounding in Mora!

'Never O wretched fair!
(Sigh'd the sad messenger.)
'Never shall Donall fair
'Meet his lov'd Flora.

A small valley in Athole, so named by the two lovers.

'Cold, cold beyond the main,
'Donald thy love lies slain; —
'He sent me to soothe thy pain
'Weeping in Mora.

'Well fought our gallant men
'Headed by brave Burgoyne,
'Our heroes were thrice led on
"To British glory. —
'But ah! tho' our foes did flee,
'Sad was the loss to thee,
'While ev'ry fresh victory
'Drown'd us in sorrow.

'Here take this trusty blade,
(Donald expiring said,) —
'Give it to y n dear maid
"Weeping in Mora. —
'Tell her oh Allan tell,
'Donald thus bravely fell,
'And that in his last farewell
"He thought on his Flora."

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then striking her bosom bare
Sigh'd out poor Flora!
Oh Donald! oh woful day!
Was all the fond heart could say
At length the sound died away
Feebly in Mora.

By the delicious warmth of thy mouth.

Patie Sings

253

By the de_licious warmth of thy mouth, And rowing

Slow

eyes that smiling tell the truth I guess my laf_fie, that, as

well as I, You're made for love; and Why should you de_ny.

Peggy Sings

But ken ye, lad, gin we confers o'er soon, Ye think us cheap, & fyne the

womg's done: The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power, Like

un_ripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

NB. The 2^d Measure must be repeated for Patie's last verse

Patie Sings

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine; and fae may ye:
Red cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I ha'e thol'd and wou'd a lang haff-year.

Peggy finging, falls into Patie's arms.

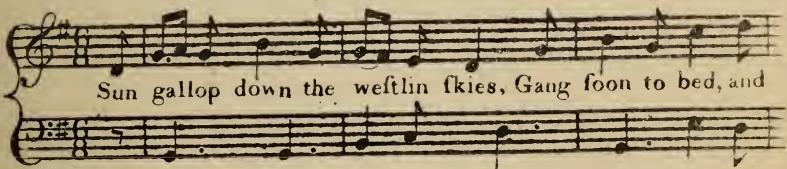
Then dinna pu me, gently thus I fa'
 Into my Patie's arms, for good and a':
 But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
 And mint nae farer till we've got the grace.

Patie (with his left hand about her waist.)

O charming armfu' hence ye cares away,
 I'll kifs my treasure a' the live-lang day;
 A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
 Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

254

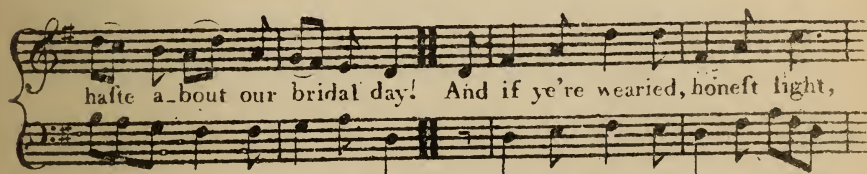


Sun gallop down the westlin skies, Gang soon to bed, and

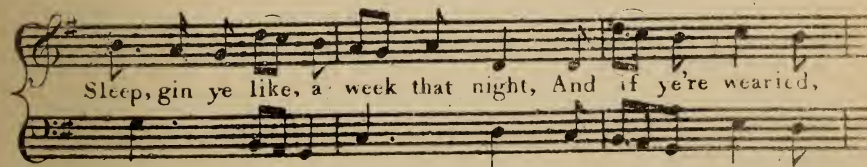
Briskly



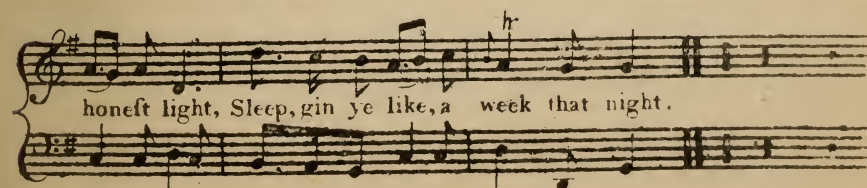
quickly rise, O lash your steeds post time a-way, And



haste a-bout our bridal day! And if ye're wearied, honest light,



Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night, And if ye're wearied,

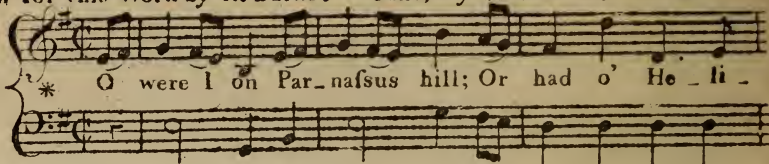


honest light, Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

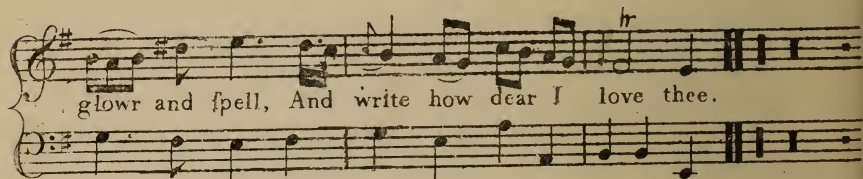
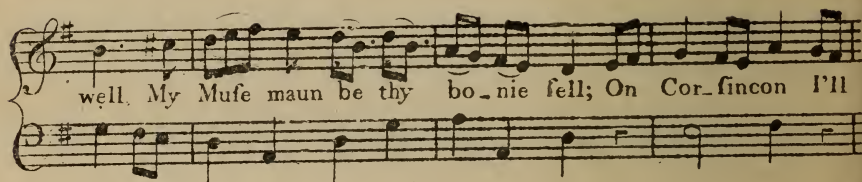
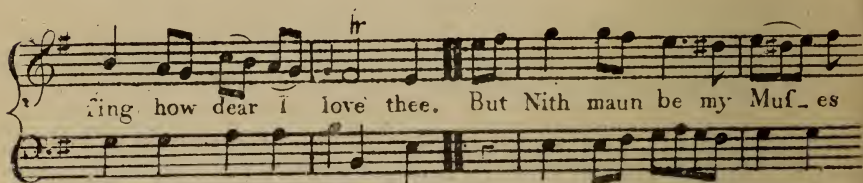
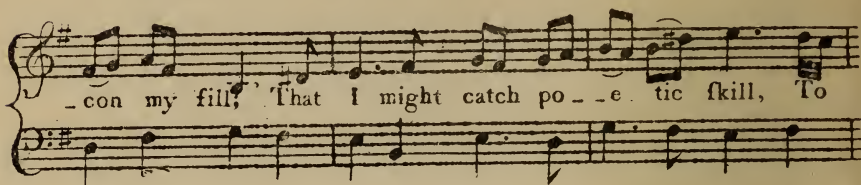
O, were I on Parnassus Hill,

Written for this Work by R: Burns. Tune, My love is lost to me.

255



Slow



Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay! By night, by day, a field, at hame,
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day, The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame
 I coudna sing, I coudna say, And ay I muse and sing thy name,
 How much, how dear, I love thee. I only live to love thee.
 I see thee, dancing o'er the green, Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
 Thy waist fae jimp, thy limbs fae clean, Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een - Till my last, weary sand was run;
 By Heaven and Earth I love thee. Till then and then I love thee.

256 Ullin, Carril and Ryno, Voices of the days of old, let me

Plaintive

hear you while yet it is dark, to please and awake my soul. I hear you

not ye sons of song; in what hall of the Clouds is your Rest; do you

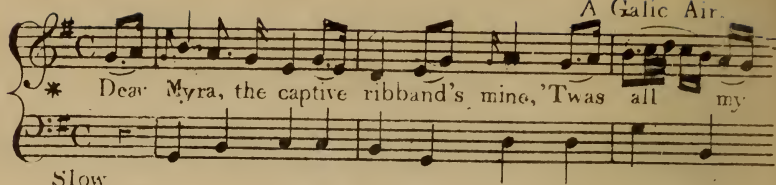
touch the shadowy Harp, Robed with morning mist, when the rising

Sun comes forth from his greenheaded waves from his greenheaded waves.

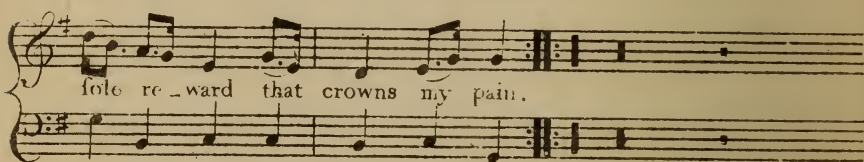
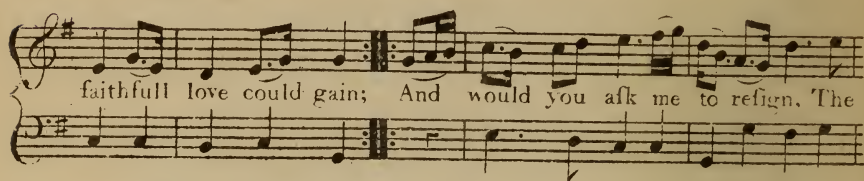
The Captive Ribband.

A Galic Air.

257



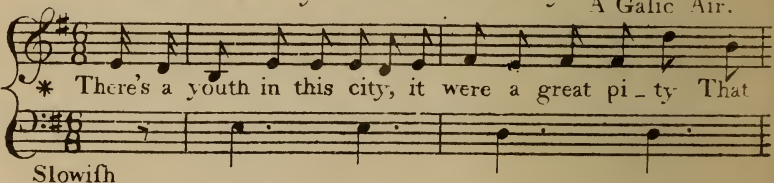
Slow



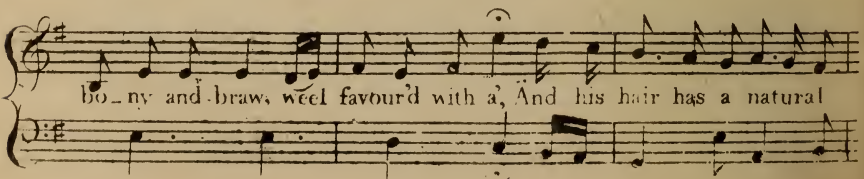
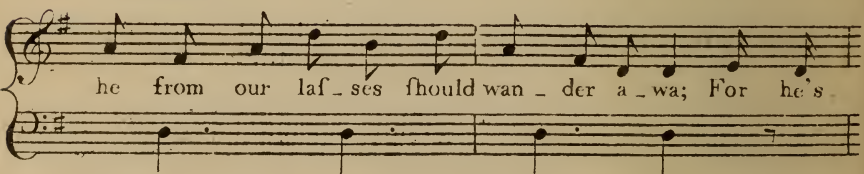
Go bid the hero who has run And share the fate I would impose
Thro' fields of death to gather fame, On thee, wert thou my captive too.
Go bid him lay his laurels down
And all his well earn'd praise disclaim. It shall upon my bosom live,
Or clasp me in a close embrace;
The Ribband shall its freedom lose, And at its fortune if you grieve—
Lose all the bliss it had with you, Retrieve its doom and take its place.

There's a youth in this City. A Galic Air.

258



Slowish



Continued.

buckle and a'. His coat is the hue of his bon-net fae blue; His

fecket is white as the new driven snaw; His hose they are blae, & his

shoon like the flae, And his clear fil-ler buc-kles they

dazzle us a'. His coat is the hue of his bon-net fae blue; His

fecket is white as the new driven snaw; His hose they are blae and his

shoon like the flae. And his clear filler buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;
 Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw;
 But chiefly the filler, that gars him gang till her,
 The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.
 There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a haen him;
 And Susie whae daddy was laird o' the Ha;
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy -
 But th' laddie's dear fel he lo'es dearest of a'.

My heart's in the Highlands,

Tune, *Faillte na mionig.*

259

* My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My

Slow

heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer; A chasing the wild deer, and

following the roe, My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go. Fare-

-well to the Highlands, farewell to the north, The birth place of

Valour, the country of Worth, Wherever I wander, wherever I

rove, The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green vallies below;
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe;
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

John Anderson my Jo.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

260

Lively

John Ander-son my jo, John, When we were first Ac-

-quent; Your locks were like the ra-ven, Your bony brow was

brent; But now your brow is bēld, John, Your

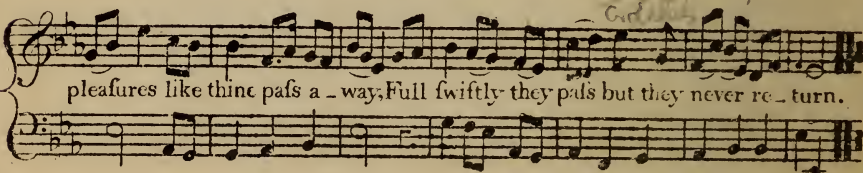
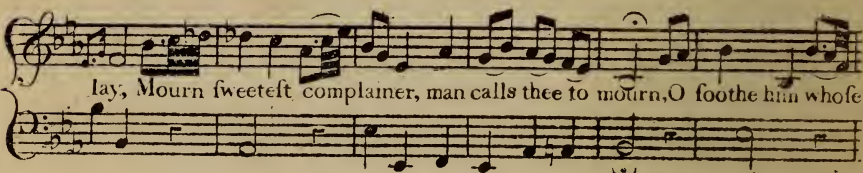
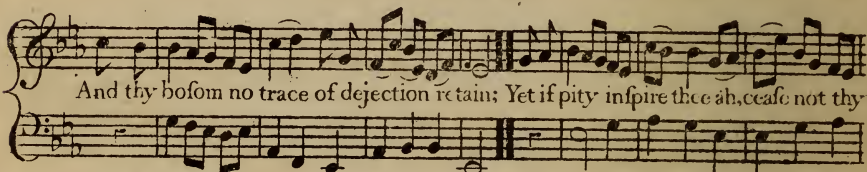
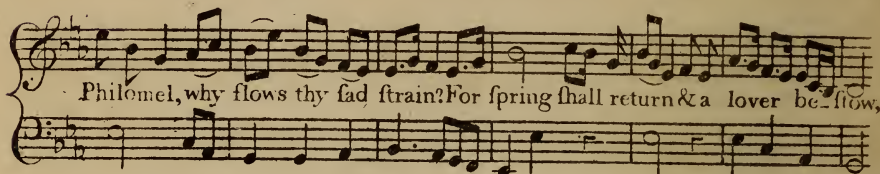
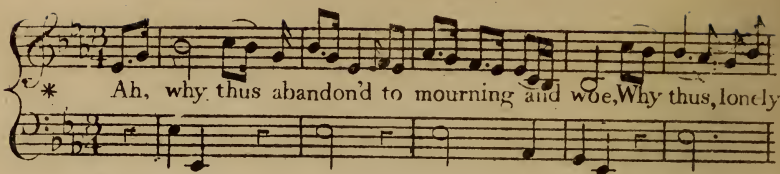
locks are like the snaw; But blefs-ings on your

frosty pow, John Ander-son my Jo.

John Ander-son my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill the gither;
 And mony a canty day John,
 We've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 And hand in hand we'll go;
 And sleep the gither at the foot,
 John Ander-son my Jo.

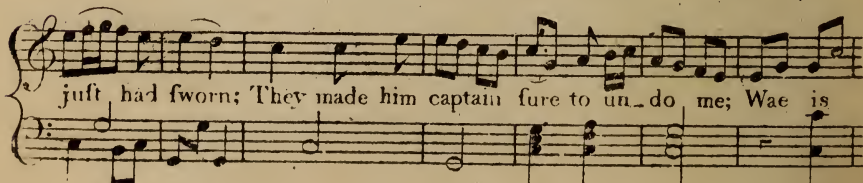
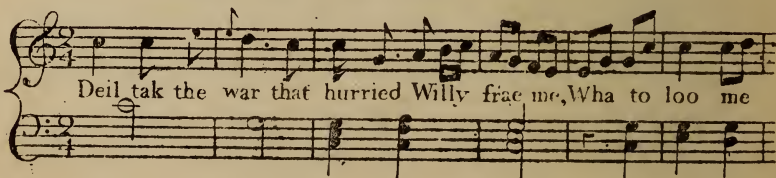
Ah, why thus Abandon'd &c.

261



Deil tak the Wars.

262



me, he'll ne'er re- turn! A thousand loons abroad will fight him, He frae
 thousands ne'er will run; Day & night I did in- vite him, To stay safe from
 sword or gun; I us'd alluring graces With muckle kind embraces, Now fighting now
 crying, then tears dropping fall; And had he my soft arms prefer'd to war's a-
 -larms, My love grown mad without the man of Gad I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking,

'Snares they said would catch the men;

And on my head a huge comode fat cocking,

Which made me shew as tall again:

For a new gown I paid muckle money,

Which with golden flowers did shine:

My love well might think me gay and bonny.

Nae Scots lads was e'er so fine.

My petticoat I spotted,

Fringe too with thread I knotted,

Lac'd shoes and filken hose garter'd o'er the knee;

But oh! the fatal thought,

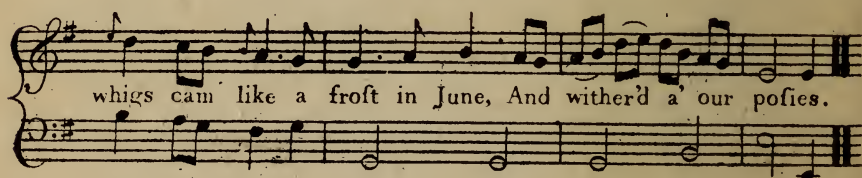
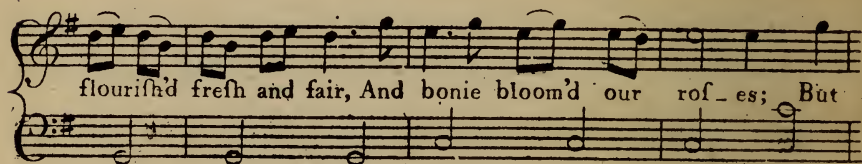
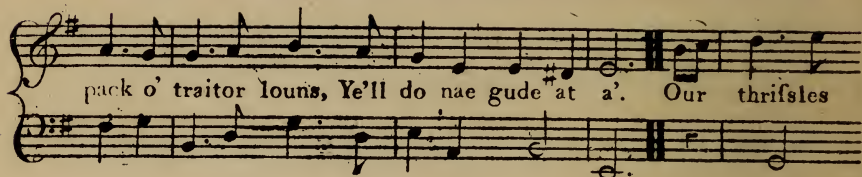
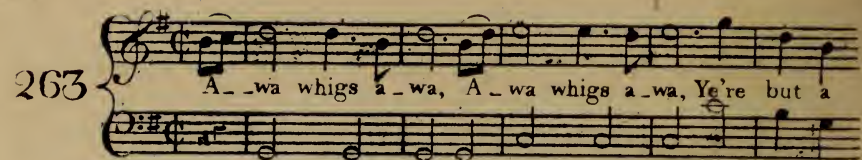
To Willy these are nought,

Wha rid to towns, and rifled wi' dragoons.

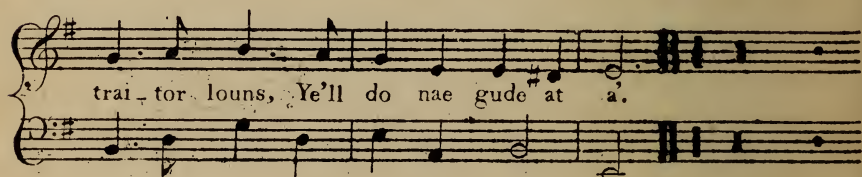
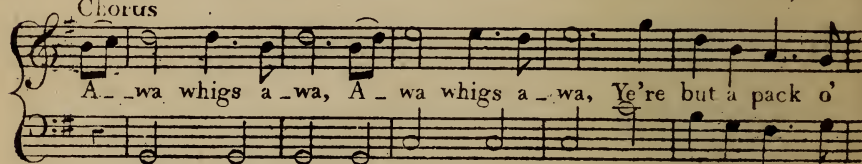
When he, silly loon, might hae plunder'd me.

Awa whigs awa.

263



Chorus



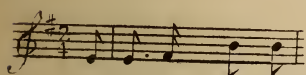
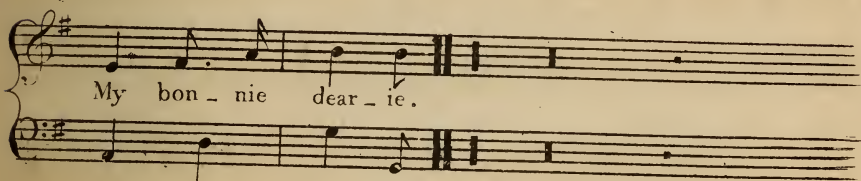
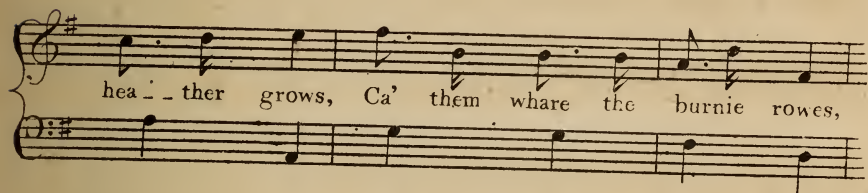
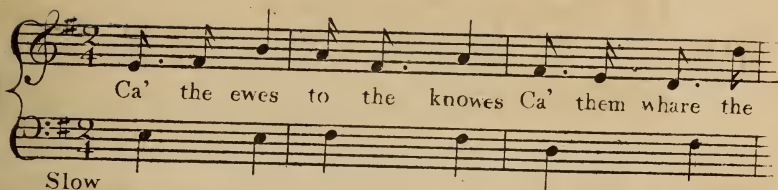
Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust;
 Deil blin' them wi' the floure o't,
 And write their names in his black beuk
 Wha gae the whigs the power o't!
 Cho.^s Awa whigs &c.

And we hae done wi' thriving.
 Cho.^s Awa whigs &c.

Our sad decay in church and state
 Surpases my descriving:
 The whigs cam o'er us for a curse,

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap,
 But we may see him wauken:
 Gude help the day when royal heads
 'Arc hunted like a maukin.
 Cho.^s Awa whigs &c.

264



As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd-lad,
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
An he ca'd me his dearie.
Cho.^s Ca' the ewes &c.

Ye fall get gowns and ribbons meet
Caul-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye fall be my dearie.
Cho.^s Ca' the ewes &c.

Will ye gang down the water-side
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly.
Cho.^s Ca' the ewes &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd-lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I fall be your dearie.
Cho.^s Ca' the ewes &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd-lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And nae body to see me.
Cho.^s Ca' the ewes &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hue;
Till clay-cauld death fall blin' my e'e.
Ye fall be my dearie,
Cho.^s Ca' the ewes &c.

Highland Song.

265

Se do mholla mholla mholla fe do mholla ní mí gu

Andante

brach Er mo ríara is thu mo Luafa. ameafg na' hifil agus naifil s'thú

fí mhac au Dun-uafil smac an Tuanic úr ghás a bar. D.C.

Translation.

Thy praise I'll ever celebrate.
Truly thou art my Lover either among the
lowly or high, thou art the true son of the
Gentleman, and also the Farmer's son when the
Harvest comes on.

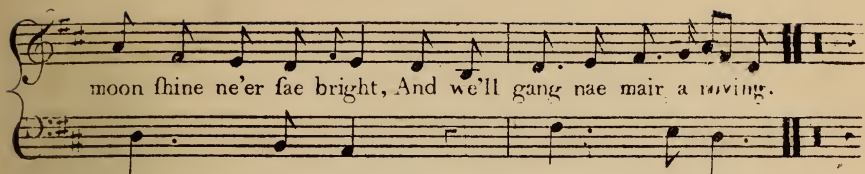
The Jolly Beggar.

266

* There was a Jolly beggar, and a begging he was bound, And

he took up his quarters in to a land'art town, And we'll gang nae mair a

roving Sae late into the night, And we'll gang nae mair a roving, Let the



He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean straw and hay,
And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Up raife the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar standin i' the floor.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
O hooly, hooly wi' me, Sir, ye'll waken our goodman.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he spake,
Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Is there ony dogs into this town, Maiden, tell me true;
And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my dow.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

They'll rive a' my mealpocks, and do me meikle wrang.
O dool for the doing o't, are ye the poor man.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Then she took up the mealpocks and flang them o'er the wa',
The d _ l gae wi' the mealpocks, my maidenhead and a'.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the Laird of Brodie;
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four-and-twenty hunder mark to pay the nurice-fee.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the hill.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'.

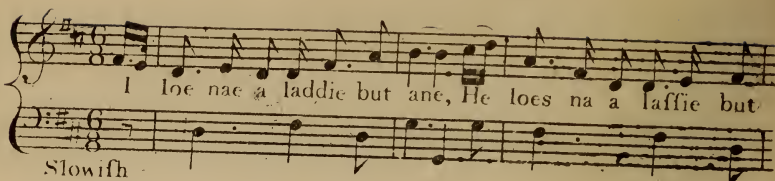
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder height,
O'ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight.

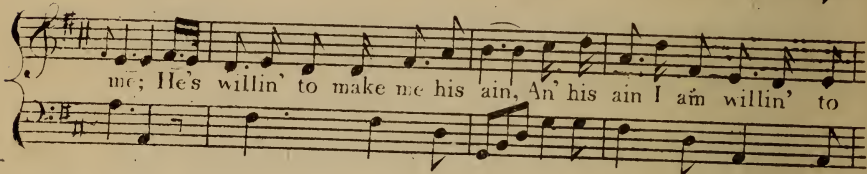
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

I loe na a Laddie but ane.

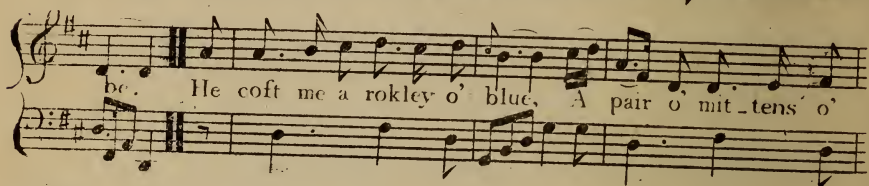
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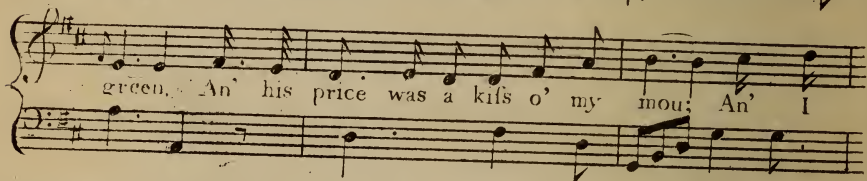
Slowish



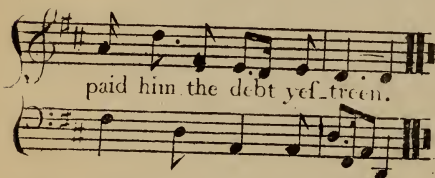
me; He's willin' to make me his ain, An' his ain I am willin' to



be. He coft me a rokley o' blue, A pair o' mit-tens o'



green, An' his price was a kifs o' my mou; An' I



paid him the debt yef-treen.

My mither's ay makin' a phrase,
"That I'm lucky young to be wed;
But lang'ere she countit my days,
O' me she was brought to bed:
Sae mither, just settle your tongue,
An' dinna be flytin' fae bauld;
For we can do the thing when we're young,
That we canna do weel when we're auld.

Saine Tune.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land, and their lordlie degree;
I carena for ought but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordlie to me:
His words mair than sugar are sweet!
His sense drives ilk fear far awa!
I listen poor fool! and I greet
Yet oh, how sweet are the tears as they fa!

"Dear lalsie," he cries wi' a jeer,
"Neer heed what the auld anes will say;
"Tho' we've little to brag o'—neer fear,
"What's gowd to a heart that is wae.
"Our laird has baith honours and wealth;
"Yet feel! how he's dwinin' wi' care:
"Now we, tho' we've naithing but health,
"Are cantie and leil evermair.

"O Menie! the heart that is true,
"Has something mair costlie than gear;
"Ilk e'en, it has naithing to rue;
"Ilk morn, it has naithing to fear:
"Ye warldlings! gae, hoard up your store,
"And tremble for fear ought ye tyne:
"Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar & door:
"While thus in my arms I lock mine!"

He ends wi' a kifs and a smile—
Waes me! can I tak it amiss,
When a lad sae unpractis'd in guile
Smiles saftly, and ends wi' a kifs!
Ye lalses wha loo to torment
Your lemans wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks—for I've gi'en my consent
And this night I'll tak Jamie for life.

I'll mak you be fain to follow me.

268 * As late by a fodge I chanced to pass, I heard him a courtin a

Lively

bony young lads; My hin-ny, my life, my dearest, quo he, I'll

mak you be fain to fol-low me. Gin I should fol-low you a

poor fodge lad, Ilk ane o' my cummers wad think I was mad; For

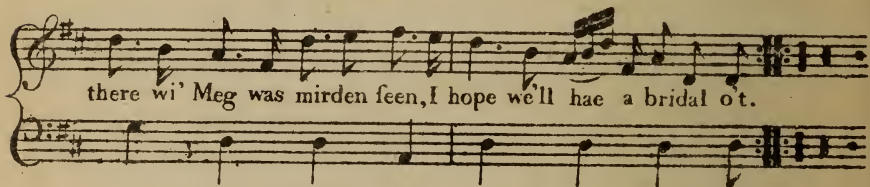
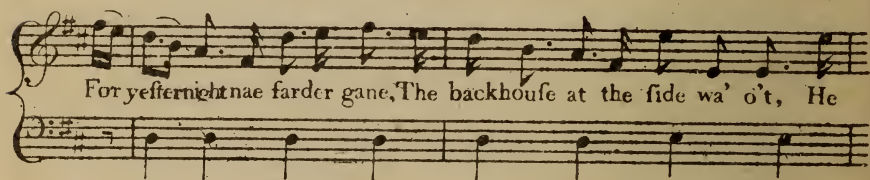
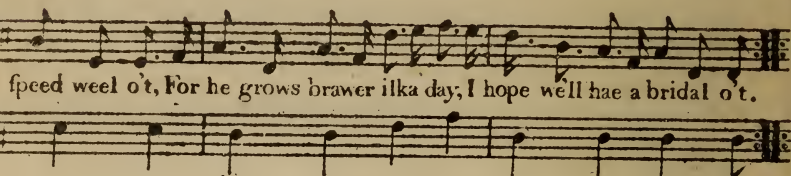
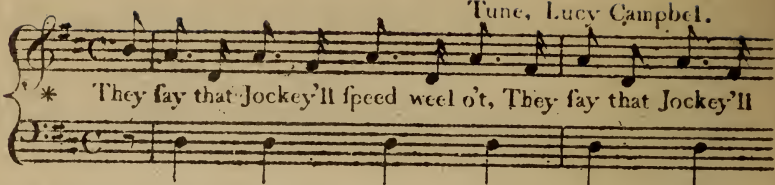
battles I never shall lang to see, I'll never be fain to follow thee.

To follow me, I think ye may be glad,
 Apart o' my supper, a part o' my bed,
 A part o' my bed, wherever it be,
 I'll mak you be fain to follow me.
 Come try my knapsack on your back,
 Along the king's high-gate we'll pack;
 Between Saint Johnston and bony Dundee,
 I'll mak you be fain to follow me.

The Bridal o't.

Tune, Lucy Campbell.

269



An we had but a bridal o't,

An we had but a bridal o't,

We'd leave the rest unto gude luck

Altho' there should betide ill o't:

For bridal days are merry times

And young folks like the coming o't,

And Scribblers they bang up their rhymes

And Pipers they the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,

The lasses like a bridal o't,

Their brows maun be in rank and file

Altho' that they should guide ill o't:

The boddom o' the kist is then

Turn'd up unto the inmost o't,

The end that held the keeks sae clean

Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,

The bangster at the threshing o't,

Afore it comes is fidgin fain

And ilka day's a clashing o't;

He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,

His linder for anither o't,

And e'er he want to clear his shot,

His fark'll pay the tither o't.

The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,

The Pipers and the Fiddlers o't,

Can smell a bridal unco' far

And like to be the middlers o't:

Fan thick and threefald they convene

Ilk ane envies the tither o't;

And wishes nane but him alane

May ever see anither o't.

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,

For dancing they gae to the green,

And aiblins to the beating o't:

He dances best that dances fast,

And louns at ilka reefing o't.

And claps his hands frae hough to hough

And furls about the feezings o't.

Merry hae I been teethin a heckle

Tune, Boddich na' mbrigs, or Lord Breadalbine's March.

270

* O merry hae I been teethin a heckle, An merry hae I been.

Slow

Snap in a spoon: O mer-ry hae I been clout in a ket-tle, An'

kiss in my Katie when a' was done. O, A' the lang day I

ca' at my hammer, An a' the lang day I whistle and sing O, A' the lang

night I cuddle my kimmer, An a' the lang night as happy's a king

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins:

O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:

Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,

And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!

Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,

An' come to my arms and kiss me again!

Druken or sober here's to thee, Katie!

And blest be the day I did it again.

A Mother's lament for the death of her son.

Written for this Work by R Burns. Tune, Finlayston House

271

Slow

Fate gaye the word, the ar-row sped, And pierc'd my
 Darling's heart: And with him all the joys are fled Life
 can to me im-part. By cru-el hands the sap-ling
 drops, In duft dif-ho-nord laid: So fell the pride of
 all my hopes, My a-ge's fu-ture shade.

The mother linnet in the brake
 Bewails her ravish'd young;
 So I, for my lost Darling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long.
 Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
 Now, fond, I bare my breast,
 O, do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love at rest!

272

e'er was seen, But now he makes our hearts 'fu' fard, He

takes the field wi' his White Cockade. O he's a ranting, ro-ving

lad, He is a brisk an' a bonny lad, Be-tide what may,

will be wed, And follow the boy wi' the . White Cockade.

I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow,
My gude gray mare and hawkit cow;
To buy mysel a tartan plaid,
To follow the boy wi' the White Cockade.
Cho.^s O he's a ranting, roving lad,

282 Oran gaoil, a gallic song translated by a Lady.

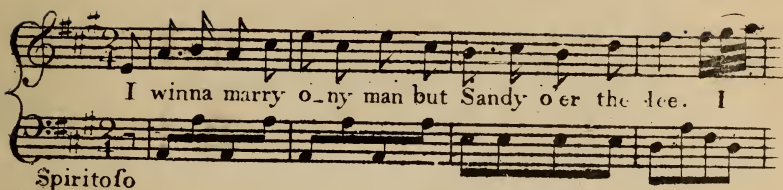
273

* As on an eminence I stood a musing, A heaven - ly
 form broke forth on my sight; She darted a look from her
 two lovely diamonds, Than vanishing left me o'erwhelm'd with de -
 light. O! on my faithful faithful, faithful, on my faithful
 bosom re - cline, Those sparkling, black eyes that make conquest of
 thousands, In - sensible he, would not wish to be thine!

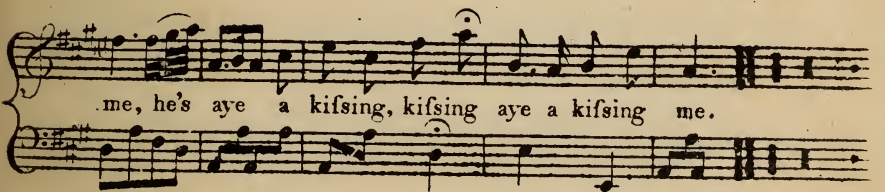
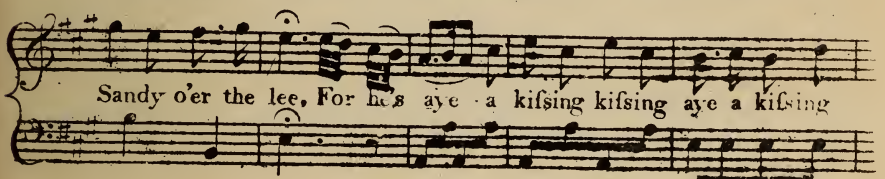
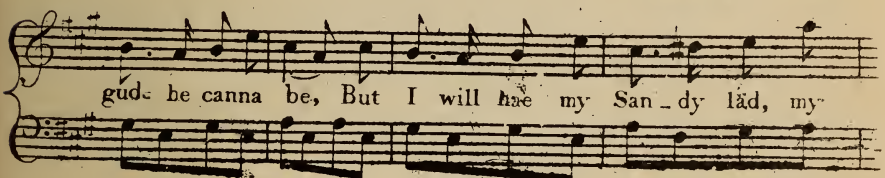
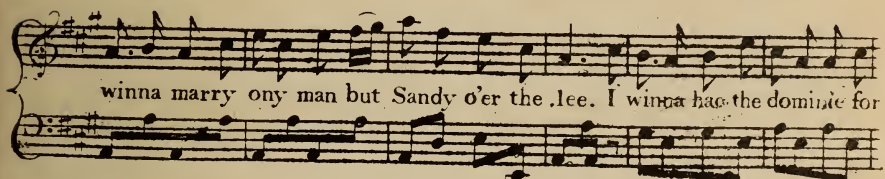
Aw'd by her mien and heavenly-like motion,
 I follow'd the goddess who ravish'd my eye;
 I would - but Oh, Heavens! could I but describe her,
 Thousands like me would adore her and die!
 O! on my faithful &c.

Her complexion is like to the delicate snow;
 Lilies and roses compar'd with her skin,
 Soon lose their hue and sink back in confusion,
 Unable to bear the bright rays of the sun.
 O! on my faithful &c.

274



Spiritofo

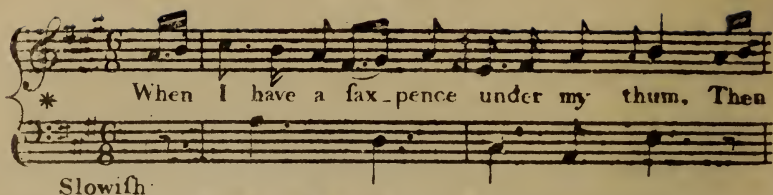


I will not have the minister for all his godly looks,
 Nor yet will I the lawyer have, for all his wily crooks:
 I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I the miller,
 But I will have my Sandy lad, without one penny filler
 For he's aye a kising kising &c.

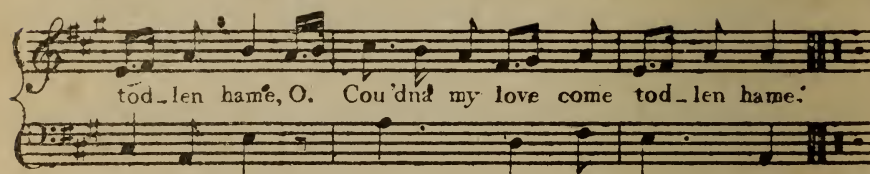
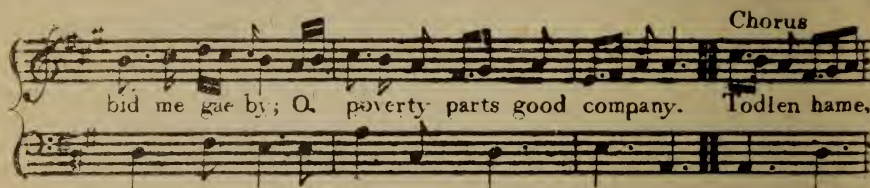
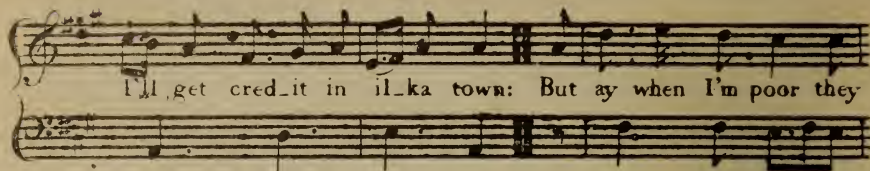
I will not have the foldier lad for he gangs to the war,
 I will not have the failor lad because he smells of tar,
 I will not have the lord nor laird for all their mickle gear,
 But I will have my Sandy lad my Sandy o'er the moor.
 For he's aye a kising kising &c.

Todlen Hame.

275



Slowly



Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good fale,
She gies us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if her tippony chance to be sma',
We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint stoups at our bed-feet;
And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry:
What think you of my wee kimmer and I.

Todlen butt and todlen ben,
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou;
When sober fae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
That it's a blyth fight to the bairns and me,

Todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

The Braes o' Ballochmyle.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

273

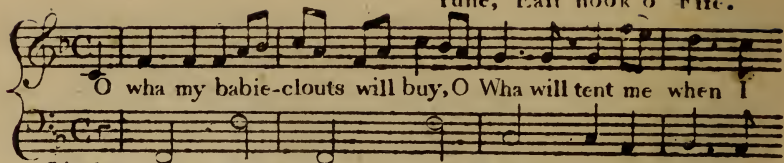
* The Catrine woods were yellow seen, The flowers decay'd on
 Catrine lee, Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green, Put nature
 sickend on the e'e. Thro' faded groves Ma'-ri-a sang, Her
 - fel in beau - ty's bloom the while, And ay the wild wood
 echoes rang, Fare-weel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here alas! for me nae mair;
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle.

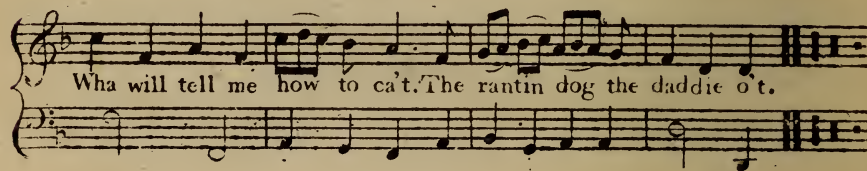
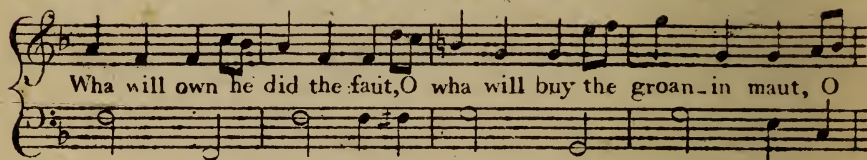
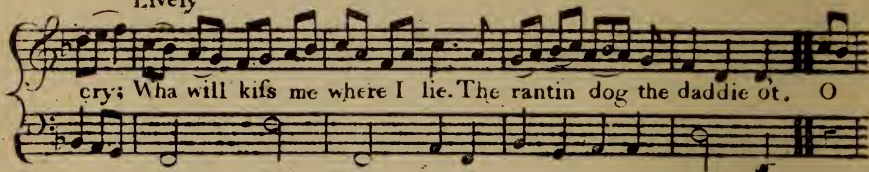
The rantin dog the Daddie o't.

Tune, East' nook o' Fife.

277

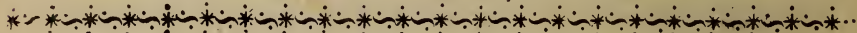


Lively



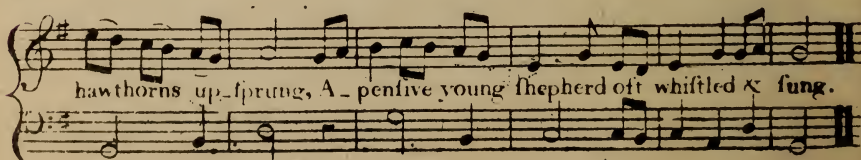
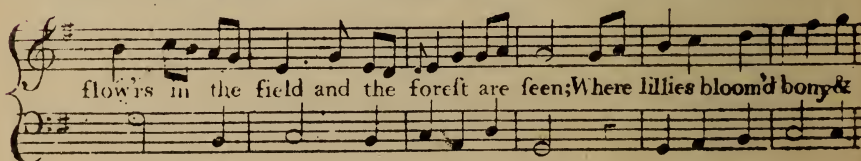
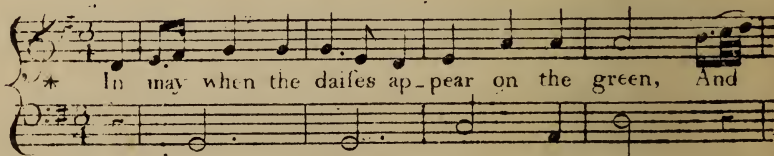
Then I moun't the Creepie-chair,
 Wha will sit beside me there,
 He me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,
 The rantin dog the Daddie o't.

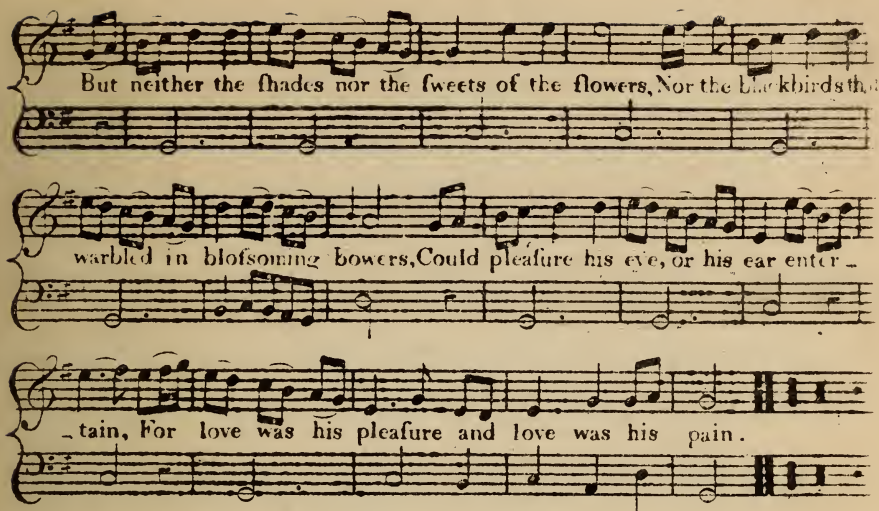
Wha will crack to me my lane;
 Wha will mak me fidgin fain;
 Wha will kifs me o'er again,
 The rantin dog the Daddie o't. Z



The Shepherd's Preference.

278





The shepherd thus sung, while his flocks all around,
Drew nearer and nearer and sigh'd to the sound;
Around, as in chains, lay the beasts of the wood,
With pity disarm'd, with music subdu'd.
Young Jessy is fair as the spring's early flower,
And Mary sings sweet as the bird, in her bower:
But Peggy is fairer and sweeter than they
With looks like the morning with smiles like the day.

In the flower of her youth in the bloom of eighteen,
Of virtue the goddess, of beauty the queen,
One hour in her presence, an age far excells,
Amid courts, where ambition with misery dwells;
How fair to the shepherd the new springing flowers,
When may and when morning lead on the gay hours,
But Peggy is brighter and fairer than they,
She's fair as the morning and lovely as may.

How sweet to the shepherd the wild woodland sound,
When larks sing above him, and lambs bleat around;
But Peggy far sweeter can speak and can sing
Than the notes of the warblers that welcome the spring.
When in beauty she moves by the brook of the plain,
You would call her a Venus new sprung from the main,
When she sings and the woods with their echoes reply,
You would think that an angel was warbling on high.

How sprightly the swains, in her presence appear
All the charms she improves that embellish the ear,
She heightens each pleasure, she softens each woe,
She is all of celestial! we fancy below.
Ye Pow'rs that preside over mortal estate,
Whose nod governs nature, whose pleasure is fate,
O grant me, O grant me the heaven of her charms,
May I live in her presence and die in her arms.

My Mary dear, departed shade.

Written for this Work by R: Burns. Tune, Captⁿ Cook's death &c.

279 * Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray, That lov'st to
greet the ear-ly morn, A-gain thou usher'st in the day My
Mary from my soul was torn. O Mary! dear departed Shade. Where
is thy place of blissful rest? Seest thou thy Lov-er
lowly laid? Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,

Can I forget the hallow'd grove
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity cannot efface (past;

Those records dear of transports -
Thy image at our last embrace,

Ah, little thought we 'twas our last! Time but th' impression stronger makes,
streams their channels deeper wear

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore, My Mary, dear departed Shade!

O'erhung with wild-woods thickening Where is thy place of blissful rest?

The fragrant birch & hawthorn hoar (green; Seest thou thy Lover lowly laid?

Twine'd amorous round the raptur'd scene; Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
(breast.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,

The birds sang love on every spray,

Till too, too soon the glowing west

Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

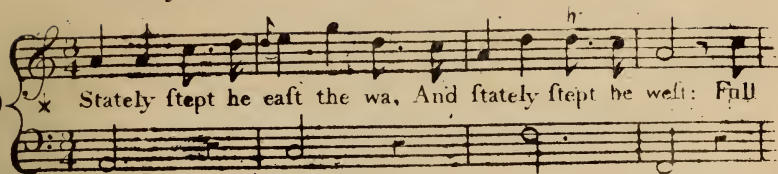
Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes

And fondly broods with miser-care;

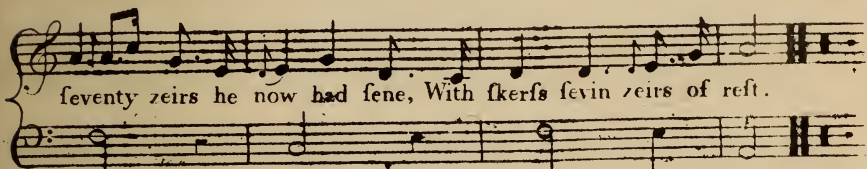
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
streams their channels deeper wear

Hardy knute: Or, The Battle of Largs.

280



• Very Slow



He livit quhen Britons breach of faith The King of Norfe in summer tyde,
Wroucht Scotland meikle wae; Puft up with powir and micht,
And ay his sword tauld to their skaith, Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
He was their deidly fae. With mony a hardy knicht.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
With halls and towirs a hicht,
And guidly chambers fair to see
Quhair he lodgit mony a knight,

His dame fae peirless anes and fair,
For chaff and bewtie deimt;
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Saif Elenor the queen.

Full thirtein fons to him scho bare,
All men of valour stout;
In bludy ficht with sword in hand
Nyne lost their lives bot doubt;

Four zit remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land:
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.

Great luve they bare to Fairly-fair,
Their sister fast and deir;
Her girdle shawd her middle gimp,
And gowden glift her hair.

Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred,
Waefou to zung and auld,
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
As story ever tauld!

The tydings to our gude Scots king
Came, as he sat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in braif aray,
Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

"To horse, to horse, my royal Liège,
Zours faes stand on the strand,
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
The King of Norfe commands."

"Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray
Our gude King raise and cry'd,
"A trustier beast in all the land
A Scots king nevir sey'd.

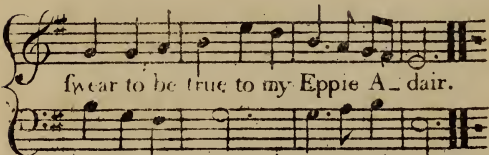
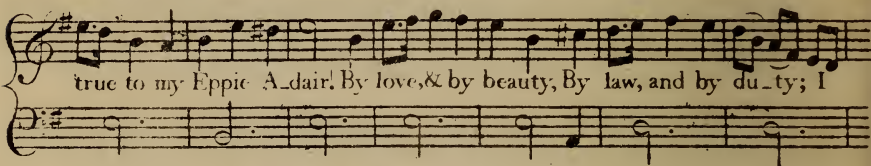
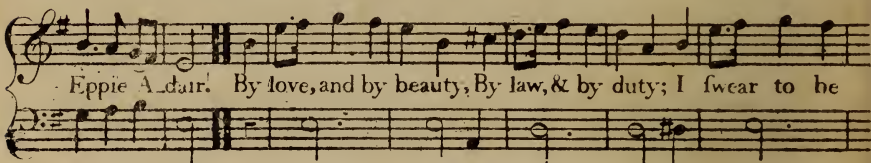
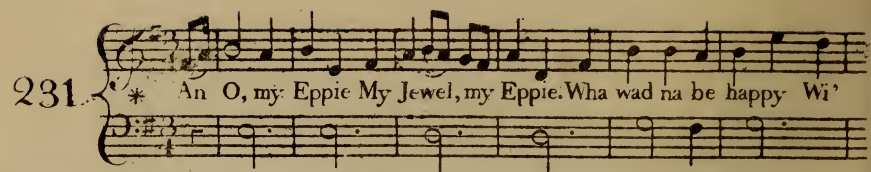
Go, little page, tell Hardy knute,
That lives on hill fae hie,
To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
And haft and follow me."

The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his masters arm:
"Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardy -
And rid your King frae harm." (kiks.

Then reid reid grew his dark-brown che-
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont.
In dangers great, to do. &c.

Eppie Adair.

231

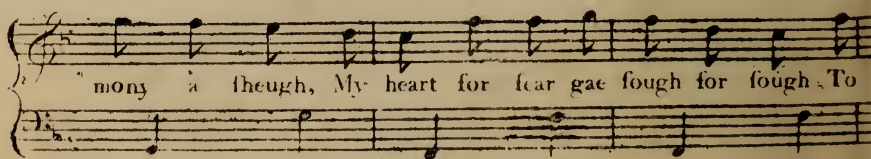
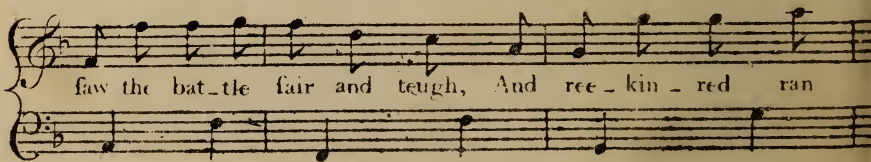
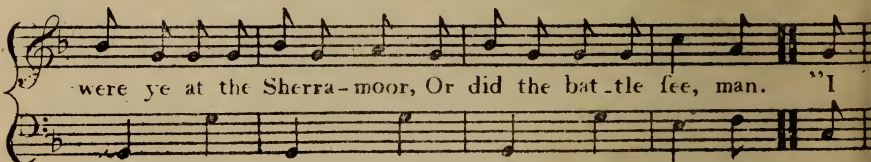
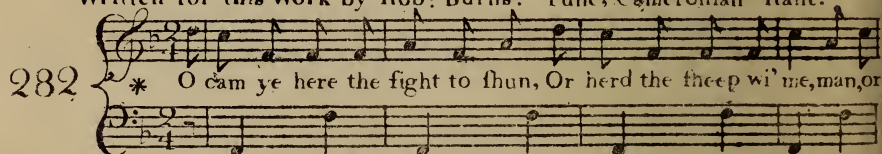


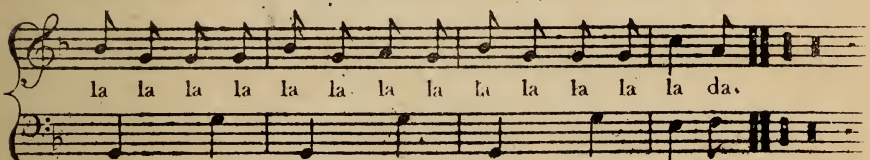
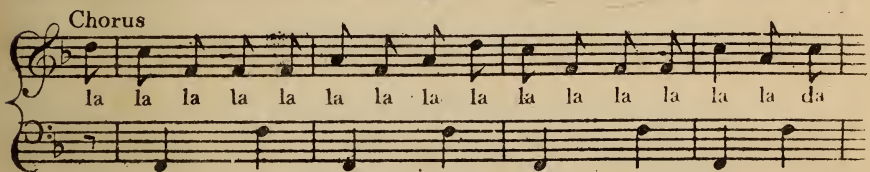
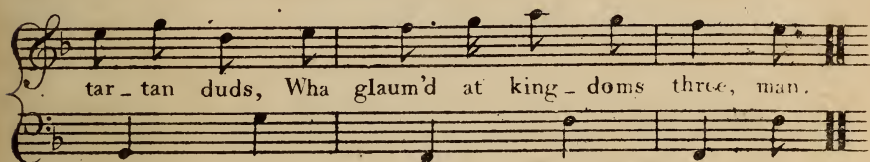
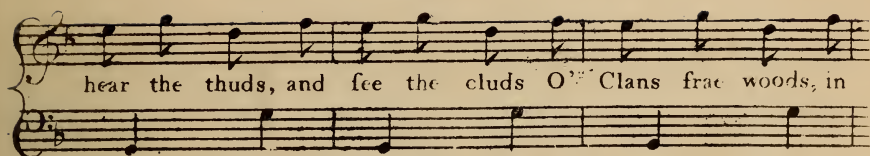
A' pleasure, exile me,
Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair!

The Battle of Sherra-moor.

Written for this Work by Robt Burns. Tune, Cameronian Rant.

232





The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds
To meet them were na flaw, man,
They rush'd, and push'd & blude outgush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa' man:
The great, Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles,
They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles
They hack'd & hash'd while braid swords cla-
And thro' they dash'd, & hew'd & smash'd. (sh'd,
Till fey men did awa, man.

Cho^s la la la, &c.

But had ye seen the philibegs
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
And covenant Trueblues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When baginets o'erpower'd the charge,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge;
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath
They fled like frightened dows, man?

Cho^s la la la, &c.

O how deil Tam can that be true,
The chace gaed frae the north, man;
I saw mysel, they did pursue

The horse-men back to Forth, man
And at Dunblane in my ain sight

They took the brig wi'a their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight
But, curst lot! the gates were shut (ghat,
And mony a huntit, poor Red-coat
For fear amais't did wae, man.

Cho^s la-la la, &c.

My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swoor she saw some rebels run

To Perth and to Dundee, man:
Their left-hand General had nae skill,
Thè Angus lads had nae gude witt,
That day their neebour's blude to spilt;
For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they fear'd at blows
And hameward fast did flee, man.

Cho^s la la la, &c.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Among the Highland clans, man;
I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,

Or in his en'mies' hands, man:
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang & some for richt
And mony bade the warld gude night
Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell
How Tones fell and Whigs to hell
Flew off in frighted bands, man.

Cho^s la la la, &c.

Sandy and Jockie.

283

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of seven systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and bar lines. There are some markings below the bass staff, including the number '6' and a sharp sign '#', which likely refer to specific notes or chords.

Twa bony lads were San - dy and Jock - ie;

Jockie was lo'ed but Sandy un - luc - ky, Jockie was

Eard baith of hills and of val - lies, But San - dy was

nought but the king o' gude fellows, Jockie lo'ed Madgie, for

Madgie had money, And Sandie lo'ed Mary, for Mary was

bony: Ane wedded for Love, Ane wedded for treasure, So

Jockie had filler, And Sandy had pleasure.

The Bonie Banks of Ayr.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

234

The gloomy night is gathering fast, Loud roars the wild, in-

Slow

- constant blast, Yon murky cloud is foul with rain, I see it

driving o'er the plain; The hunter now has left the moor, The scattered

coveys meet secure, The hunter now has left the moor, the scattered coveys

meet secure, while here I wander prest with care, Along the lonely banks of Ayr

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

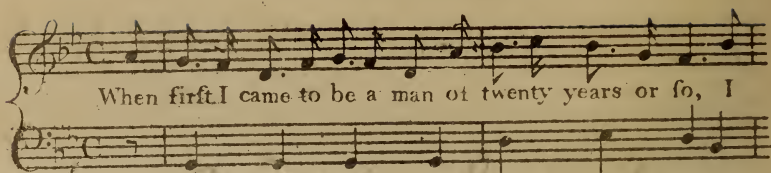
'Tis not the furling billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:

But round my heart the ties are bound
That heart transpiered with many a wound
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear, (and
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

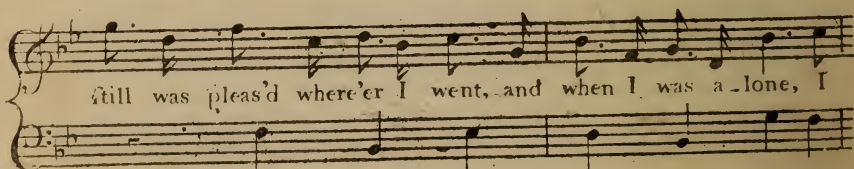
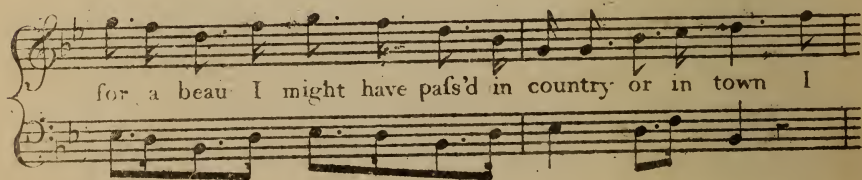
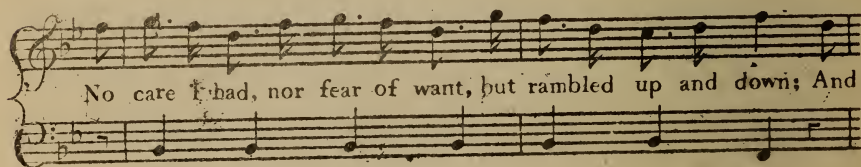
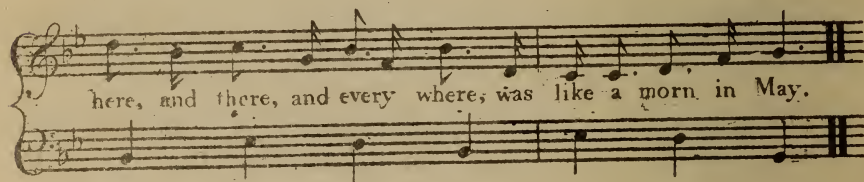
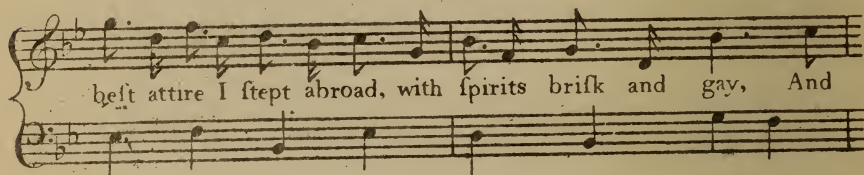
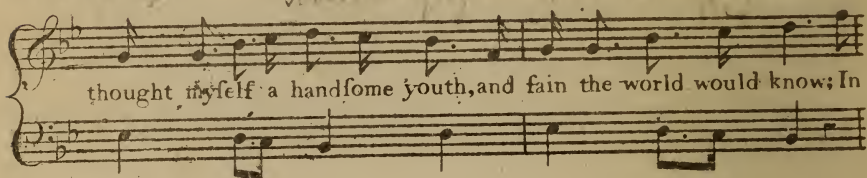
Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr!

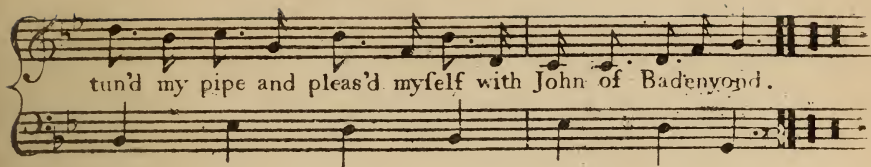
John o' Badenyond.

235



Slow





Now in the days of youthful prime a mistress I must find,
 For love, they say, gives one an air, and ev'n improves the mind,
 On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind fortune fix'd my eyes;
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart, and she became my choice:
 To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r, I offer'd many a vow,
 And danc'd, and sung, and sigh'd and swore, as other lovers do:
 But when at last I breath'd my flame, I found her cold as stone;
 I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe, to John of Badenyond.

When love had thus my heart beguild, with foolish hopes and vain,
 To friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laugh'd at lover's pain;
 A friend I got by lucky chance, 'twas something like divine,
 An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift was mine:
 And now whatever might betide a happy man was I,
 In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply:
 A strait soon came, my friend I try'd, he laugh'd and spurn'd my moan
 I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myself with John of Badenyond.

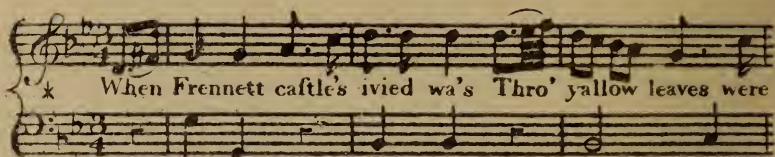
I thought I should be wiser next, and would a patriot turn,
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes, and cry up Parson Horne;
 Their noble spirit I admir'd and prais'd their manly zeal,
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen maintain'd the public weal:
 But e'er a month, or two was past, I found myself betray'd;
 'Twas Self and Party after all, for all the stir they made;
 At last I saw these factious knaves insult the very throne,
 I curs'd them a', and tun'd my pipe, to John of Badenyond.

What next to do I mus'd a while, still hoping to succeed,
 I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely try'd to read;
 I bought and borrow'd every where, and studied night and day;
 Nor mist what Dean or Doctor wrote, that happened in my way:
 Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth;
 And carefully thro' many a page, I hunted after truth;
 A thousand various schemes I try'd and yet was pleas'd with none,
 I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe to John of Badenyond.

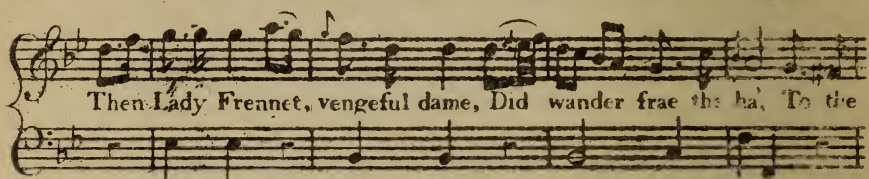
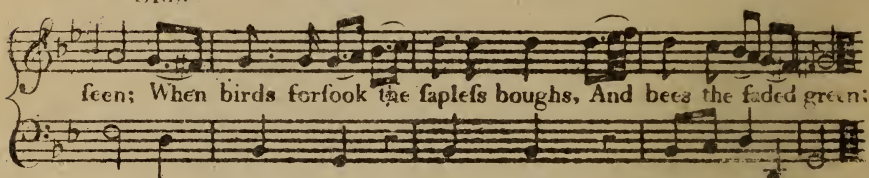
And now ye youngsters every where, who want to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness below;
 What you may fancy pleasure here is but an empty name,
 For girls, and friends, and books, and so, you'll find them all the same.
 Then be advis'd, and warning take from such a man as me,
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal, nor one of high degree:
 You'll find displeasure every where; then do as I have done,
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with John of Badenyond.

Frennett Hall.

286



Slow



Her page, the swiftest of her train,
 Had clumb a lofty tree,
 Whase branches to the angry blast
 Were sighing mournfullie:
 He turn'd his een towards the path
 That near the castle lay,
 Where good lord John and Rothemay
 Were rideing down the brae.

Swift darts the eagle from the sky,
 When prey beneath is seen;
 As quickly he forgot his hold,
 And perch'd upon the green:
 O hie thee, hie thee! lady gay,
 Frae this dark wood awa:-
 Some visitors of gallant mein
 Are halting to the ha'.

Then round she rowed her silken plaid,
 Her feet she did na spare,
 Until she left the forest skirts
 A sang bow-shot and mair.
 O where, O where, my good lord John,
 O tell me where you ride?
 Within my castle-wall this night
 I hope you mean to bide.

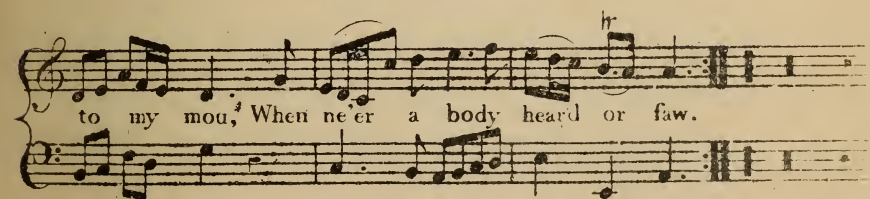
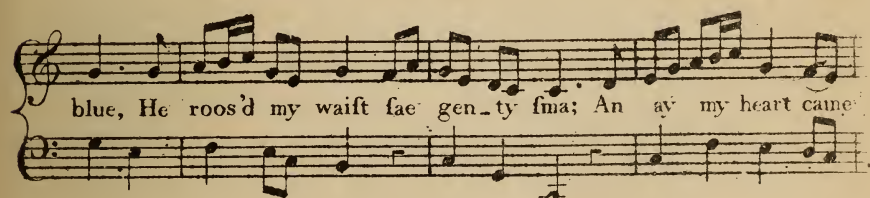
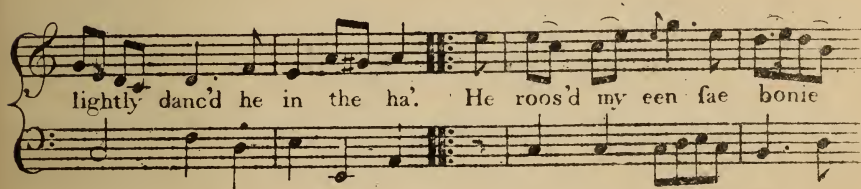
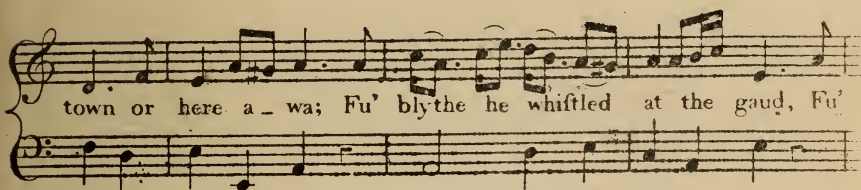
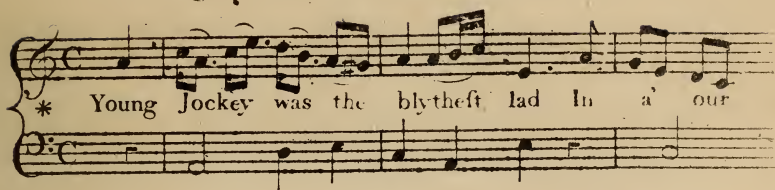
Kind nobles, will ye but alight,
 In yonder bower to stay;
 Soft ease shall teach you to forget
 The hardness of the way.
 Forbear entreaty, gentle dame,
 How can we here remain?
 Full well you ken your husband dear
 Was by our father slain.

The thoughts of which with fell revenge
 Your angry bosom swell:
 Enraged you've sworn that blood for blood
 Should this black passion quell.
 O fear not, fear not, good lord John,
 That I will you betray,
 Or sue requittal for a debt
 Which nature cannot pay.

Bear witness, a' ye powers on high,
 Ye lights that gin to shine,
 This night shall prove the sacred cord
 That knits your faith and mine.
 The lady flee with honeyed words
 Entic'd thir youths to stay:
 But morning sun nere shone upon
 Lord John nor Rothemay.

Young Jockey was the blytheft lad.

237



My Jockey toils upon the plain

Thro' wind and weat, thro' frost and snaw;

And o'er the lee I leuk fu' fain

When Jockey's owfen hameward-ca'.

An ay the night comes round again.

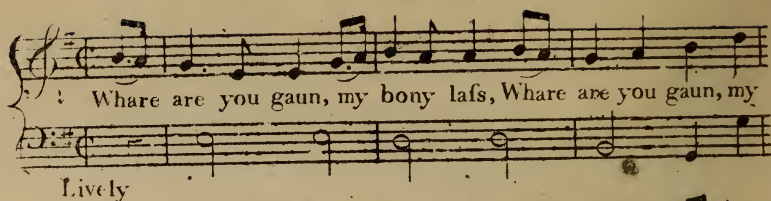
When in his arms he taks me a;

An ay he vows he'll be my ain

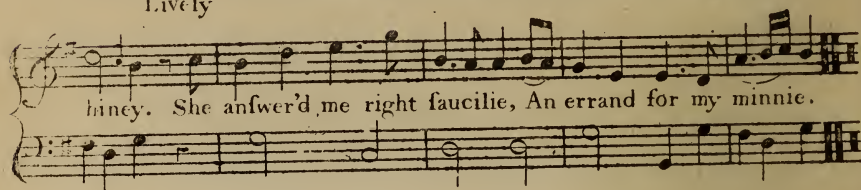
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

A waukrife Minnie.

288



Lively



O whare live ye, my bony las,
O whare live ye, my hiney.
By yon burn-side, gin ye maun ken,
In a wee house wi' my minnie.

But I foor up the glen at e'en,
To see my bony lasie;
And lang before the grey morn cam,
She was na hauf fae faucey.

O weary fa' the waukrife cock,
And the foumart lay his crawin!

He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep
A wee blink or the dawin.

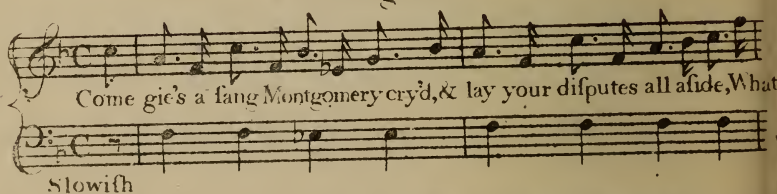
An angry wife I wat she raise,
And o'er the bed she brought her;
And wi' a meikle hazel rung
She made her a weel pay'd dochter.

O fare thee weel, my bony las!
O fare thee weel, my hinnie!
Thou art a gay and a bony las,
But thou has a waukrife minnie.

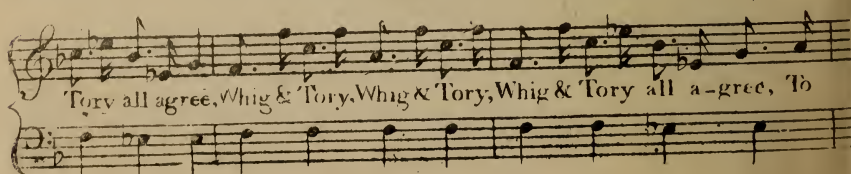
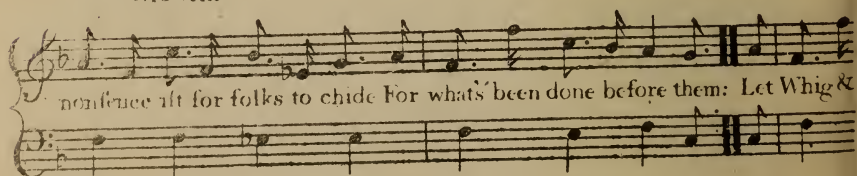


Tullochgorum.

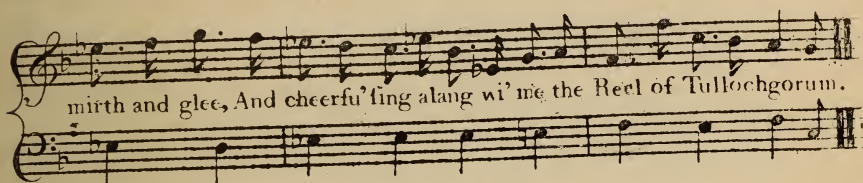
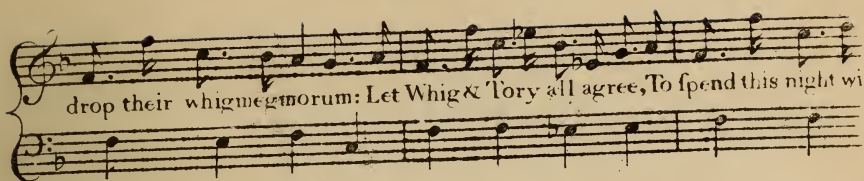
289



Slowly



Continued.



Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony fumph that keeps up spite,

In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',

To make a cheerfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry, we's be a',
As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw,
And dance, 'till we be like to fa',

The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be so great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,

I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys.

For half a hundred score o'em:
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie;
They're douff and dowie at the best,

Wi' a' their variorum:
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their Allegros, and a' the rest,
They cannot please a Scotish taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want, and double cefs;
And silly fauls themselves distress

Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
Sour and fulky, four and fulky;

Shall we fae four and fulky fit,

Like auld Philosophorum?

Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit,

At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest-hearted open friend,

And calm and quiet be his end,

Be a' that's good before him!

May peace and plenty be his lot,

Peace and plenty, peace and plenty;

May peace and plenty be his lot,

And dainties a' great store o'em!

May peace and plenty be his lot,

Unstain'd by any vicious blot;

And may he never want a groat

That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,

Who wants to be oppression's tool,

May envy gnaw his rotten soul,

And blackest fiends devour him.

May dool and sorrow be his chance,

Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,

May dool and sorrow be his chance,

And honest souls abhor him!

May dool and sorrow be his chance,

And a' the ills that come frae France

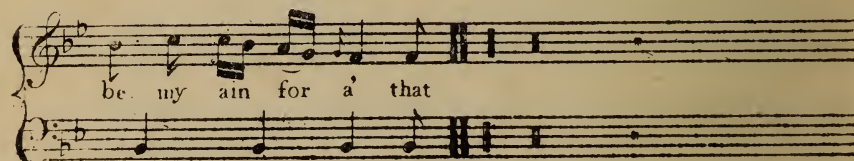
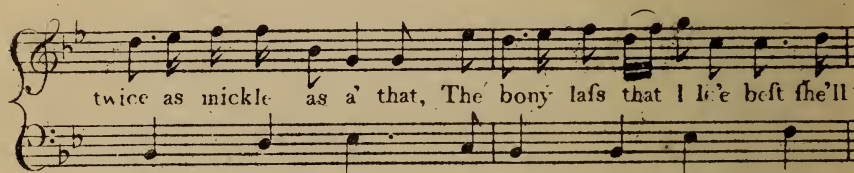
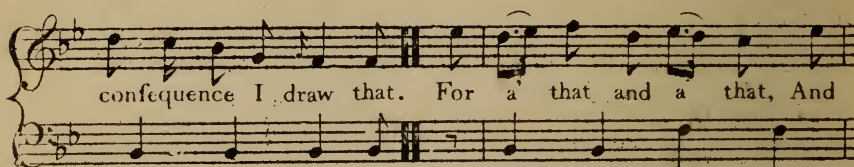
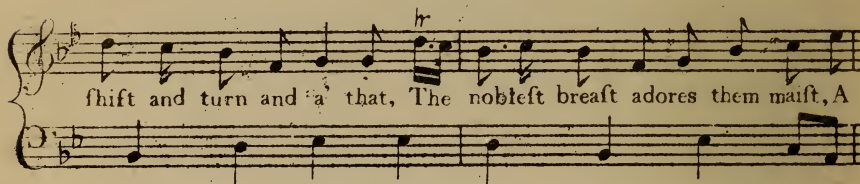
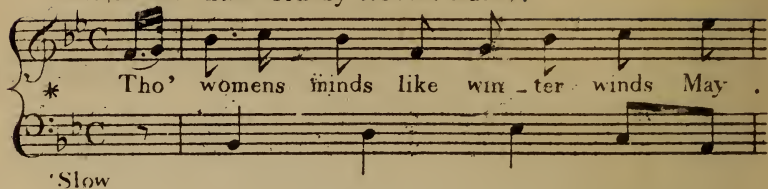
Whoe'er he be that winna dance

The reel of Tullochgorum.

For a' that an' a' that.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

290



Great love I bear to all the Fair,
Their humble slave an' a' that;
But lordly, Will, I hold it still,
A mortal sin to throw that.
For a' that &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
They've taen me in an' a' that,
But clear your decks and here's, The sex!
I like the jads for a' that!

In rapture sweet this hour we meet.
Wi' mutual love an' a' that;
But for, how lang the fle may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that &c.

For a' that an' a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that;
The bony lads that I lo'e best,
She'll be my ain for a' that.

Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

291

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, And Rob and Allan

ram to see; Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night, Ye

Chorus

wad na found in Christendie. We are na fou, We're nae that

fou, But just a drappie in our ee; The cock may crow the

day may daw, And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| Here are we met, three merry boys, | It is the moon, I ken her horn, |
| Three merry boys I trow are we; | That's blinkin in the lift fae hie; |
| And mony a night we've merry been, | She shines fae bright to wyle us hame, |
| And mony mae we hope to be! | But by my sooth she'll wait a wee! |
| Cho ^s We are na fou, &c. | Cho ^s We are na fou, &c. |

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loun is he!
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa,
 He is the king amang us three.
 Cho^s We are na fou, &c.

Killiecrankie.

292 * Whare hae ye been fae braw, lad! Whare hae ye been fae

brankie O! Whare hae ye been fae braw, lad? Cam ye by Killiecrankie O.

An ye had been whare I hae been, Ye wad na been fae cantie O; An

ye had seen what I hae seen, I' th' braes o Killiecrankie O?

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
At hame I faught my Auntie, O;
But I met the Devil and Dundee
On th' Braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
An' Clavers gat a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole Gled
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

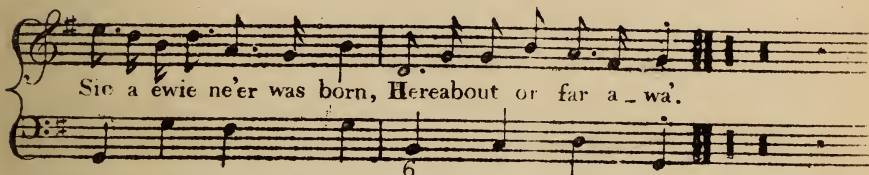
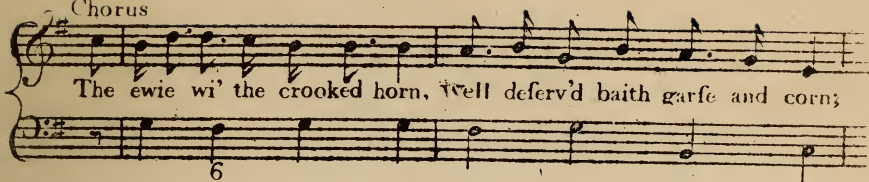
Z.

The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn.

293 O were I able to rehearse, My ewie's praise in proper verse, I'd

found it out as loud and fierce, As ev-er piper's drone could blaw.

Chorus



I neither needed tar nor keil,
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crooked horn it did as well,
To ken her by amo' them a'

The ewie, &c.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keep'd ay her ain jog trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweer to lead nor ca'.

The ewie, &c.

Cauld or hunger never dang her,
Wind or rain could never wrang her,
Once she lay a wook an' langer
Out aneath a wreath o' snaw.

The ewie, &c.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like
But tees'd about the barn yard wa'.

The ewie, &c.

A better nor a thriftier beast,
Nae honest man cou'd weel ha' wist,
For silly thing she never mist,
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.

The ewie, &c.

The first she had I gae to Jock,
To be to him a kind of stock,
And now the laddie has a flock,
Of mair nor thirty head te ca'.

The ewie, &c.

The neest I gae to Jean; and now,
The bairn's sae bra', has fauld sae fu',
That lads sae thick come her to woo,
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.

The ewie, &c.

I look'd ay at even for her,
For fear the fumart might devour her,
Or some meschanter had come o'er her,
If the beastie bade awa'.

The ewie, &c.

Yet monday last for a' my keeping,
I canna speak it without greeting,
A villain came when I was sleeping,
And staw my ewie, horn and a'.

The ewie, &c.

I fought her fair upo' the morn,
And down beneath a bufs of thorn
I got my ewie's crooked horn,
But ah! my ewie was awa'.

The ewie, &c.

But an' I had the lown that did it,
I've sworn and band'd as well as said it,
Tho' a' the world shoud forbid it,
I shoud gie his neck a throw.

The ewie, &c.

I never met wi' sick a turn
As this, since ever I was born,
My ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Paur silly ewie stown awa'.

The ewie, &c.

O had she died of crook or cauld,
As ewies die when they are auld,
It wad na been by mony fauld,
Sae fair a heart to nane o's a'.

The ewie, &c.

For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,
Frae her and hers sae aften shorn,
The loss of her we cou'd hae born,
Had fair frae death tane her awa'.

The ewie, &c.

But silly thing to lose her life,
Aneath a greedy villain's knife,
I'm really fear'd that our goodwife
Sall never win aboon't ava'.

The ewie, &c.

O all ye bards beneath Kinghorn,
Call up your muses let them mourn,
Our ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Is stown frae us and fild and a'.

The ewie, &c.

The blue-eyed Lassie.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

294

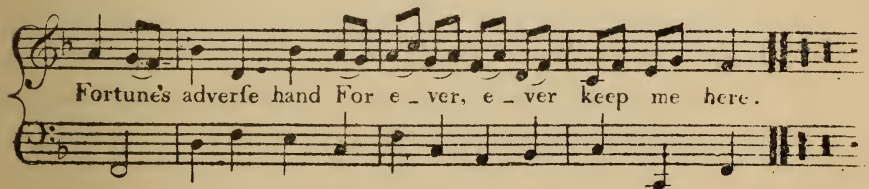
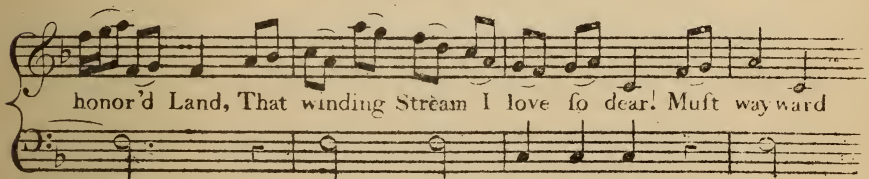
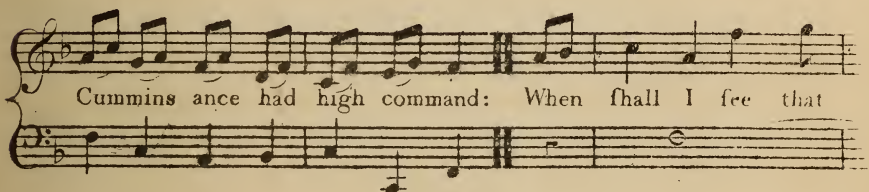
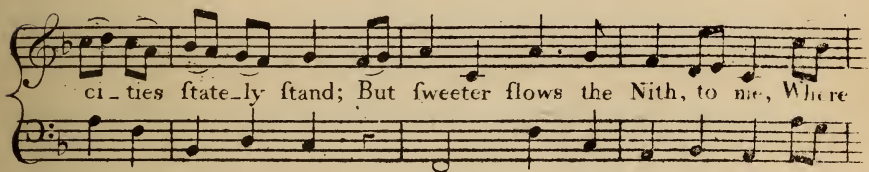
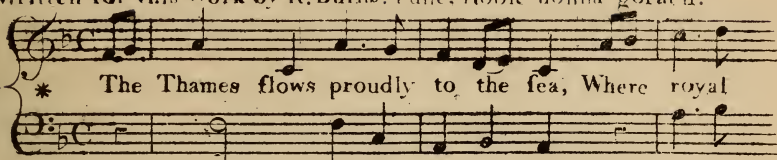
I gaed a waefu' gate, yestreen, A gate, I fear, I'll
dearly rue; I gat my death frae twa sweet een, Twa
lovely een o' bonie blue. 'Twas not her golden ring - lets
bright; Her lips like roses, wat wi' dew, Her heav'ing bosom,
li - ly-white, It was her een fae bonie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
She charm'd my soul I wist na how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een fae bonie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een fae bonie blue.

The Banks of Nith.

Written for this Work by R: Burns. Tune, Robie donna gorach.

295



How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where bounding hawthorns gayly bloom;
 And sweetly spread thy sloping dales
 Where lambkins wanton through the broom.
 Tho wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far from thy bonie banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days!

Tam Glen.

Written for this Work by Robert Burns.

296

* My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie, Some counsel unto me come

len, To anger them a' is a pity, But what will I do wi' Tam Glen.

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen:
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen.

But, if its' ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller, For thrice I drew ane without failing,
'Gude day to you brute," he comes ben: And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.
He drags and he blaws o' his filler,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen. The last Halloween I was waukin

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten;

My Minnie does constantly deceive me, His likenesses cam up the house stairkin,
And bids me beware o' young men; And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen. Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonie black hen,

My Daddie says, gin I'll forsake him, Gif ye will advise me to Marry
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten: The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

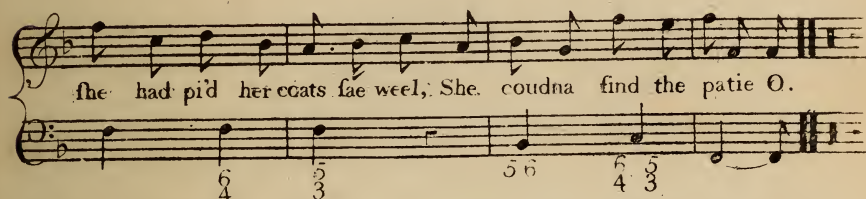
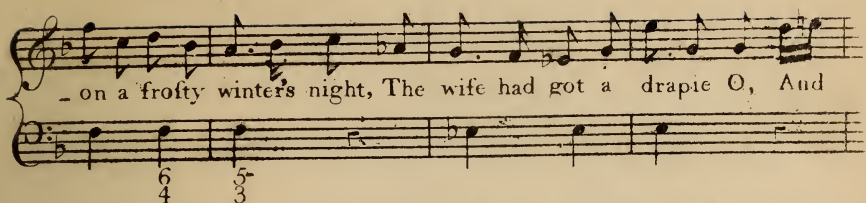
Drap o' capie o.

297

There liv'd a wife in our gate-end, She lo'ed a drap o' capie O, And

a' the gear that e'er she gat, She flit it in her gable O: Up-

Continued.



But she's awa' to her goodman,
 They ca'd him Tamie Lamie-O,
 Gae ben and fetch to me the can,
 That I may get a dramie-O.
 Tamie was an honest man,
 Himself he took a drapie-O,
 It was nae weel out o'er his craig,
 Till she was on his tapie-O.

Then Tamie took her aff the stane,
 And put hersin the pockie-O,
 And when she did begin to spur,
 He lent her ay a knockie-O.
 Away he went to the mill-dam,
 And there ga'e her a duckie-O,
 And ilka chiel that had a stick,
 Play'd thump upon her backie-O.

Ouoath she, the deil flee o'er your craig,
 Ye greedy drucken cooffie O!
 My wee drap drink, I had-nae mair,
 And I maun die o' drouthie O,
 She paid him weel, baith back and side,
 And ilka day that she up-rose,
 And fair she creish'd his backie-O,
 In naithing but her smockie-O,
 And made his skin baith blue and black,
 Sae soon as she look'd o'er the bed,
 And gar'd his shoulters crackie-O,
 She might behold the pockie-O.

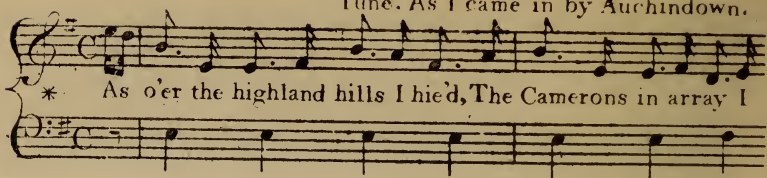
Then he's awa' to the malt barn,
 And he has ta'en a pockie-O,
 He put her in, baith head and tail,
 And cast her o'er his backie-O.
 The carling spurr'd wi' head and feet,
 The carle he was fae ackie-O,
 To ilka wa' that he came by,
 He gar'd her head play knackie-O.
 Now all ye men, baith far and near,
 That have a drunken tutie-O,
 Duck you your wives in time of year,
 And I'll lend you the pockie-O,
 The wife did live for nineteen years,
 And was fu' frank and cuthie-O,
 And ever since she got the duck,
 She never had the drouthie-O.

Goodman, I think you'll murder me,
 My brains you out will knockie-O,
 He gi'd her ay the other hitch,
 Lie still, you devil's buckie-O.
 Goodman, I'm like to make my burn,
 O let me out, dear Tamie-O;
 He let her down upon a stane,
 And bade her pie a damie-O.
 At last the carling chanc'd to die,
 And Tamie did her bury-O,
 And for the public benefit,
 He has gar'd print the curie-O.
 And this he did her motto make:
 Here lies an honest luckie O,
 Who never left the drinking trade,
 Until she got a duckie-O.

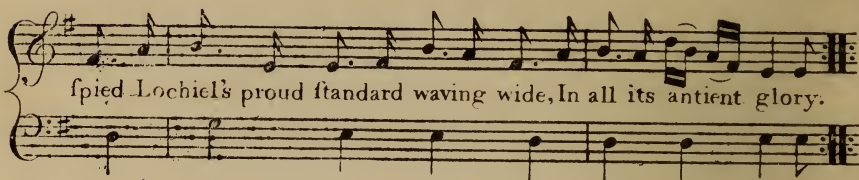
On the restoration of the forfeited Estates 1784.

Tune. As I came in by Auchindown.

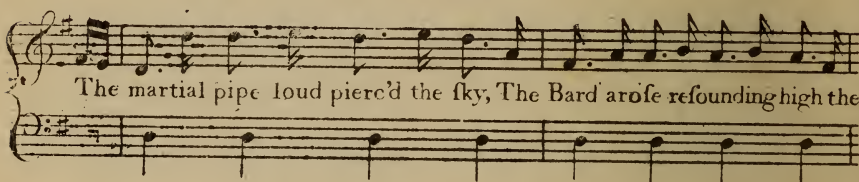
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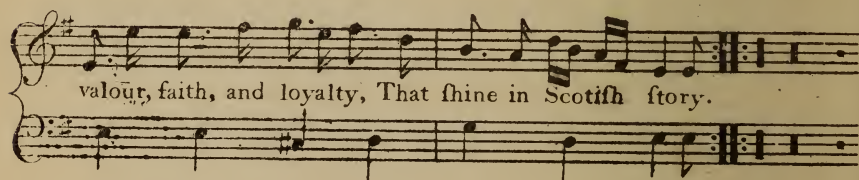
* As o'er the highland hills I hied, The Camerons in array I



spied Lochiel's proud standard waving wide, In all its antient glory.



The martial pipe loud pierc'd the sky, The Bard arose resounding high their



valour, faith, and loyalty, That shine in Scottish story.

No more the trumpet calls to arms,
Awaking battle's fierce alarms,
But every hero's bosom warms,
With songs of exultation,
While brave Lochiel at length regains,
Thro' toils of war his native plains,
And won by glorious wounds, attains,
His high paternal station.

Let now the voice of joy prevail,
And echoe wide from hill to vale;
Ye warlike Clans arise and hail,
Your laurell'd Chiefs returning.
O'er ev'ry mountain every isle,
Let peace in all her luster smile,
And discord ne'er her day defile,
With fullen shades of mourning.

McLeod, Mc Donald join the strain,
Mc Pherson, Fraser, and Mc Lean,
Thro' all your bounds, let gladness reign,
Both Prince and patriot praising,

Whose generous bounty richly pours,
The streams of plenty round your shores
To Scotia's hills their pride restores,
Her faded honours raising.

Let all the joyous banquet share,
Nor e'er let Gothic grandeur dare,
With scowling brow to overbear
A Vassal's rights invading
Let Freedom's conscious Sons disdain
To croud his fawning timed train,
Nor even own his haughty reign
Their dignity degrading.

Ye northern Chiefs, whose rage unbroke,
Has still repell'd the tyrants shock,
Who ne'er have bow'd beneath her yoke
With servile base prostration,
Let each now train his trusty band
'Gainst foreign Foes alone to stand
With undivided heart and hand
For freedom, King, and Nation.

The Campbells are comin.

299

The Campbells are comin O-ho, Oho! The Campbells are comin O-

-ho, Oho! The Campbells are comin to bonie Lochleven, The Campbells are

comin O-ho, Oho! Upon the Lomons I lay, I lay, Upon the Lomons I lay, I

lay, I locked down to bonie Lochleven And saw three bonie perches play

Chorus

The Campbells are comin O-ho, Oho! The Campbells are comin O-ho, Oho! The

Campbells are comin to bonie Lochleven, The Campbells are comin Oho, Oho!

Great Argyle he goes before,
He maks his cannons and guns to roar,
Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe and drum
The Campbells are comin Oho, Oho!
Cho^s The Campbells &c.

The Campbells they are a' in arms
Their loyal faith and truth to show,
Wi' banners rattling in the wind,
The Campbells are comin Oho, Oho.
Cho^s The Campbells &c.

Get up and bar the Door.

Recitative.

300

It fell a-bout the Martin-mass time, And a
 gay time it was then, O When our good-wife got
 puddings to make And she's boil'd them in the pan O.

The wind sae cauld blew south & north, And first they ate the white puddings,
 And blew into the floor, O. And then they ate the black O.
 Quoth our goodman, to our goodwife, Though muckle thought the goodwife to
 Gat up and bar the door O. Yet ne'er a word she spake O. (hersel,

"My hand is in my hus' if skap, Then said the one unto the other,
 Goodman, as ye may see O, 'Here, man, tak ye my knife O
 And it shoud nae be barr'd this hundred Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
 Its no be barr'd for me O" (year, And I'll kifs the goodwife. O

They made a paction 'tween them twa, "But there's nae water in the house,
 They made it firm and sure; O And what shall we do than." O
 That the first who should speak the foremost "What ails ye at the pudding broo,
 Shoud rise and bar the door O. (word, That boils into the pan O."

Then by there came two gentlemen, O up then statted our goodman,
 At twelve o'clock at night, O An angry man was he, O
 And they could neither see house nor "Will ye kifs my wife before my een,
 Nor coal nor candle light O. (hall, And scald me wi' pudding bree." O

Now, whether is this a rich man's house, Then up and started our goodwife,
 Or whether is it a poor. O Gied three skips on the floor, O
 But never a word wad ane o them speak, "Goodman, you've spoken the foremost
 For barring of the door, O. Get up and bar the door, O." (word,

END OF VOLUME THIRD

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
LYRIC POETRY AND MUSIC
OF
SCOTLAND.

PART III.

CCI.

TUNE YOUR FIDDLES.

THIS song was written by the late Reverend John Skinner, minister of the Episcopal Chapel at Longside, near Peterhead. The author, in his letter to Mr Burns, says, that this song was squeezed out of him by a brother parson in the Duchess of Gordon's neighbourhood, to accommodate a new Highland reel for the Marquis of Huntly's birth-day.

Mr Skinner was born at Balfour in the parish of Birse, Aberdeenshire, on the 3d of October 1721. At a very early period he displayed an uncommon genius in acquiring a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and other languages. When only thirteen years old, he appeared as a candidate at the annual competition in the Marischal College of Aberdeen, and gained a considerable bursary, which he enjoyed during the usual period of four sessions in that university. Having finished his academical studies, he was employed as a teacher of youth till November 1742, when the congregation of Episcopalians at Longside unanimously chose him to be their pastor. The duties of this sacred office he discharged from that period till his death, with such affectionate care and tender solicitude, as endeared him, almost beyond example, to his whole flock. Mr Skinner died on the 16th of June 1807, in the 86th year of his age. He was the author of an "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland," and of some poems, and several excellent songs, chiefly in the Scottish language, which were published in one volume after his decease, with a bio-

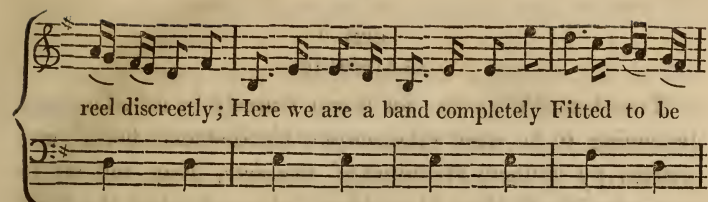
graphical sketch of the author's life prefixed by the editor. Mr Skinner was an eminent scholar, a faithful and pious minister, and a most worthy and honest man.

The tune to which Mr Skinner's verses are adapted in the Museum, is called "The Marquis of Huntly's Reel," which was composed by the late Mr William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon. Mr Marshall played the violin very prettily, and composed several other excellent strathspey and reel tunes. Burns, after giving it as his opinion, that Marshall was the first (i.e. best) composer of strathspeys of the age, says, "I have been told by somebody, who had it of Marshall himself, that he took the idea of his three most celebrated pieces, "The Marquis of Huntly's Reel," his "Farewell," and "Miss Admiral Gordon's Reel," from the old air, "The German Lairdie."—*Reliques*. Mr Marshall must certainly have been quizzing the gentleman who gave Burns this information, for there does not seem to be any resemblance whatever between the "German Lairdie," (*vide Hogg's Jacobite Reliques*, vol. i. p. 83.) and Marshall's "Marquis of Huntly's Reel," or his "Farewell." With regard to his "Miss Admiral Gordon's Reel," it is evidently taken from the old tune called "The Lowlands of Holland," (compare the tune, No 115, in vol. ii. of the Museum, with No 235, in vol. iii. of the same work.) In my opinion, "The Marquis of Huntly's Reel" is not only one of the best and most original airs, but likewise more free from plagiarisms than any other tune Marshall ever composed. The air in the Museum is very injudiciously altered and curtailed. A genuine set of the tune, with the first verse of Mr Skinner's song, is therefore annexed.

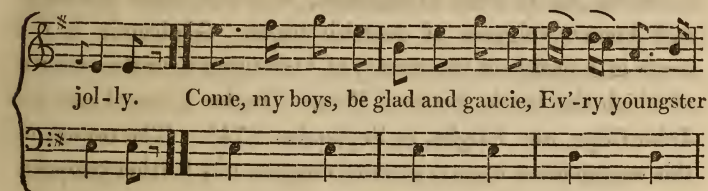
TUNE YOUR FIDDLES.

Written by the Rev. MR SKINNER. Air by WILLIAM MARSHALL.

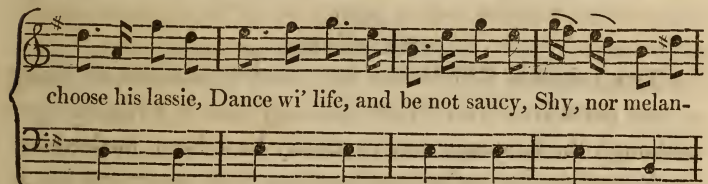
TUNE your fid-dles, tune them sweetly, Play the Marquis'



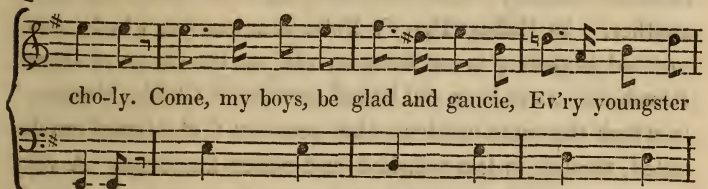
reel discreetly; Here we are a band completely Fitted to be



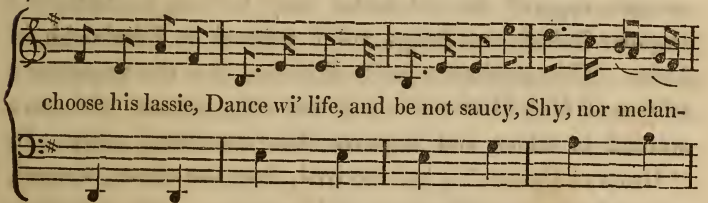
jol-ly. Come, my boys, be glad and gaucie, Ev'-ry youngster



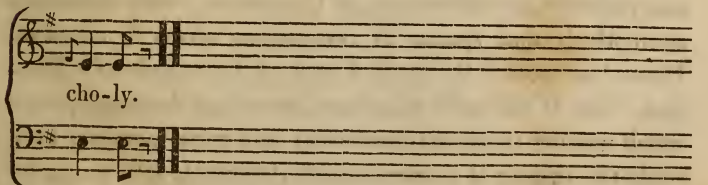
choose his lassie, Dance wi' life, and be not saucy, Shy, nor melan-



cho-ly. Come, my boys, be glad and gaucie, Ev'-ry youngster



choose his lassie, Dance wi' life, and be not saucy, Shy, nor melan-



cho-ly.

'The rest of this excellent song will be found in the third volume of the Scottish Musical Museum.

CCII.

GLADSMUIR.

THIS beautiful poem, for it can scarcely be called a song, beginning "As over Gladsmuir's blood-stain'd field," was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. and set to music by Mr William Macgibbon, who published the three well known volumes of Scottish tunes. Gladsmuir is the name of a parish in the county of Haddington, in the vicinity of which the battle between Prince Charles Edward and Sir John Cope was fought, in September 1745. The events of this engagement are too recent to require any further remarks.

CCIII.

GILL MORICE.

THE ballad of Gill Morice has every appearance of being a true narrative of an event that happened in a remote age, although the language may gradually have been modernized in descending, by oral communication, from one generation to another. In Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript, which, from internal evidence, is at least as old as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there is an old ballad, entitled "Childe Maurice," in which the same incidents that occur in Gill Morice are detailed, though in less polished and ruder language. A very accurate copy of this old ballad may be seen in Jamieson's Popular Ballads and Songs, vol. i. printed at Edinburgh in 1806. This gentleman justly observes, that the anonymous editors of Gill Morice are not the only persons who have studied to adorn and improve this interesting story. In "Owen of Carron," it has received, from the chaste, elegant, and pathetic, but diffuse pen of Langhorne, every embellishment which that species of composition seems to admit of. Home has made it the ground-work of the tragedy of "Douglas," one of the most pleasingly-interesting dramatic poems which modern times has produced; and it has moreover been made the subject of a dramatic entertainment, with songs, by Mr Rannie of Aberdeen, who is well known in the musical

world as the author of several very elegant and popular lyrical compositions."

Bishop Percy says, that the popular Scottish ballad of Gill Morice was printed at Glasgow, for the second time, in 1755, with an advertisement, stating, that its preservation was owing to a lady who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses; and any reader that could render it more correct or complete, was desired to oblige the public with such improvements. In consequence of this advertisement sixteen additional verses (lines he should have said) were produced. These lines were for sometime handed about in manuscript, previous to their being incorporated in the ballad by that learned prelate; but they are evidently modern interpolations. Gray, in one of his letters on Childe Maurice, says, "I have got the old Scotch ballad on which Douglas was founded; it is divine, and as long as from hence (Cambridge) to Aston. Have you never seen it? Aristotle's best rules are observed in it in a manner that shews the author had never read Aristotle. It begins in the fifth act of the play (viz. of Home's Tragedy of Douglas), you may read it two-thirds through without guessing what it is about; and yet, when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story."

As Johnson, from want of room in the Museum, left out the greater part of this very beautiful and justly celebrated ballad, it is here inserted entire, with the sixteen lines, or four stanzas, alluded to by Bishop Percy. These modern interpolations, however, are printed in *italics*, to distinguish them from the older verses.

GILL MORICE.

An old Scottish Ballad.

GILL MORICE was an erle's son,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor yet his meikle pride,
But it was for a lady gay
That liv'd on Carron side.

“ Whar sall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoen ;
That will gae to Lord Barnard’s ha’,
And bid his lady cum ?

“ And ye maun rin my errand, Willie,
And ye maun rin wi’ speed ;
Whan ither boys gang on their feet
Ye sall hae prancing steed.”

“ Oh no ! Oh no ! my master dear !
I dar nae for my life ;
I’ll no gae to the bauld baron’s,
For to tryst furth his wife.”

“ My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My dear Willie,” he sayd,
How can ye strive against the stream ?
For I sall be obey’d.”

“ But O, my master dear !” he cry’d,
In grene wode ye’re your lain ;
Gie owre sic thoughts, I wald ye rede,
For fear ye should be ta’en.”

“ Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha’,
Bid her cum here wi’ speid ;
If ye refuse my high command,
I’ll gar your body bleid.

“ Gae bid her take this gae mantel,
’Tis a’ gowd but the hem ;
Bid her cum to the gude green wode,
Ein by hirsell alane.

“ And there it is, a silken sarke,
Her ain hand sew’d the slieve ;
And bid her cum to Gill Morice,
Speir nae bauld baron’s leave.”

“ Yes ; I will gae your black errand,
Though it be to your cost ;
Sen ye will nae be warn’d by me,
In it ye sall find frost.

“ The baron he’s a man o’ micht,
He ne’er could bide to taunt,
And ye will see before it’s nicht
How sma’ ye’ll hae to vaunt.

“ And sen I maun your errand rin,
Sae sair against my will,
I’se mak a vow and keip it true,
It sall be done for ill.”

And whan he cam to broken brigg,
 He bent his bow and swam ;
 And when he cam to grass growing,
 Set down his feet and ran.

And whan he cam to Barnard's yette,
 Would neither chap nor ca' ;
 But set his bent bow to his breist,
 And lichtly lap the wa'.

He wald nae tell the man his errand,
 Though he stude at the yette ;
 But strait into the ha' he cam,
 Whar they were set at meat.

" Hail ! hail ! my gentle sire and dame !
 My message winna wait ;
 Dame, ye maun to the gude grene wode,
 Before that it be late.

" Ye're bidden tak this gay mantel,
 'Tis a' gowd but the hem ;
 Ye maun gae to the gude grene wode,
 Ein by yoursel alane.

" And there it is, a silken sarke,
 Your ain hand sew'd the sleive ;
 Ye maun gae speak to Gill Morice,
 Speir nae bauld baron's leave."

The lady stamped wi' her foot,
 And winked wi' her e'e ;
 But a' that she cou'd say or do,
 Forbidden he wadna be.

" It's surely to my bow'r-woman ;
 It neir cou'd be to me."

" I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady,
 I trow that ye be she."

Then up and spak the wylie nurse,
 (The bairn upon her knee)

" If ye be cum frae Gill Morice
 It's dear welcum to me."

" Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurse,
 Sae loud's I hear ye lie ;
 I brocht it to Lord Barnard's lady ;
 I trow ye be nae she."

Then up and spak the bauld baron, }
 An angry man was he,
 He's taen the table wi' his foot
 Sae has he wi' his knee ;
 Till crystal cup and ezar dish
 In flinders he gart flee.

“ Gae bring a robe of your cliding,
That hings upon the pin ;
And I’ll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speak wi’ your leman.”

“ O bide at hame, now Lord Bernard,
I rede ye bide at hame ;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wyte ye wi’ nane.”

Gill Morice sate in gude green wode,
He whistled and he sang,
“ O what means a’ the folk coming ?
My mother tarries lang.”

*His hair was like the threads of gold
Drawn frae Minerva’s loome :
His lips like roses drapping dew,
His breath was a’ perfume.*

*His brow was like the mountain sna’
Gilt by the morning beam :
His cheeks like living roses glow,
His een like azure stream.*

*The boy was clad in robes of grene,
Sweet as the infant spring ;
And like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the vullies ring.*

The baron to the grene wood came
Wi’ meikle dule and care,
And there he spied Gill Morice
Kaiming his yellow hair,

*That sweetly wav’d around his face,
That face beyond compare ;
He sang sae sweet, it might dispel
A’ rage but fell despair.*

“ Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Morice,
My lady lo’es you weel,
The fairest part of my body
Is blacker than your heel.

“ Yet ne’er the less now, Gill Morice,
For a’ thy great beautie,
Ye’se rew the day ye eir was born ;
That head sall gae wi’ me.”

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slait it on the strae,
And thro’ Gill Morice fair body
He gart cauld iron gae.

And he has tane Gill Morice head,
And set it on a speir ;
The meanest man in a' his train
Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has taen Gill Morice up,
Laid him across his steid,
And brocht him to his painted bow'r,
And laid him on a bed.

The lady, on the castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down ;
And there she saw Gill Morice's head
Cum trailing to the toun.

" Better I loe that bluidy head,
Botand that yellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard and a' his lands,
As they lig here and there."

And she has taen Gill Morice head,
And kiss'd baith cheek and chin ;
" I was ance as fow of Gill Morice
As the hip is o' the stane.

" I gat ye in my father's house
Wi' meikle sin and shame ;
I brocht ye up in the gude grene wode,
Ken'd to mysel' alane.

" Aft have I by thy cradle sate,
And fondly seen thee sleip ;
But now I maun gae 'bout thy grave,
A mother's tears to weip."

And syne she kiss'd his bluidy cheik,
And syne his bluidy chin ;
" O better I loed my son Morice
Than a' my kyth and kin."

" Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
An ill death may ye die ;
Gin I had ken'd he was your son,
He had ne'er been slain by me."

" Upbraid me not, my Lord Bernard !
Upbraid me not for shame !
Wi' that same speir, O pierce my heart !
And put me out o' pain.

" Since nothing but Gill Morice head
That jealous rage could quell,
Let that same hand now take her life,
That ne'er to thee did ill.

“ To me nae after days nor nichts,
Will e’er be saft or kind ;
I’ll fill the air wi’ heavy sighs,
And greet till I be blind.”

“ With waefu’ wae, I hear your plaint ;
Sair, sair, I rue the deid,
That eir this cursed hand of mine
Had gar’d his body bleid.

“ Dry up your tears, my winsome dame,
They neir can heal the wound ;
You see his head upon the speir,
His heart’s bluid on the ground.

“ I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill,
The feet that bore me wi’ sic speid
The comely youth to kill.

“ I’ll ay lament for Gill Morice,
As gin he were my ain ;
I’ll neir forget the driery day
On which the youth was slain.”

In singing, or rather chanting, this old ballad, the two last lines of every stanza are repeated. In 1786, I heard a lady, then in her 90th year, sing the ballad in this manner.

From the Reliques of Burns, it would appear, that his friend Captain Robert Riddel was of opinion, that the whole of the foregoing ballad was a modern composition, perhaps not prior to the year 1650, but he believed it might have been taken from an old ballad, called “ Child Maurice,” which he says is now lost, and that the beautiful plaintive air to which it is sung was composed by Mr M’Gibbon, the selector of a Collection of Scots Tunes. Captain Riddel was greatly mistaken in asserting, that “ Child Maurice was lost, as it is printed in Jamieson’s Old Scottish Songs and Ballads several years ago. The faulty measure of some of the stanzas of the ballad “ Gill Morice,” evinces, that it must have been greatly corrupted from the ignorance of the oral reciters. Those stanzas printed in italics, are obviously spurious modern interpolations. They are also very silly, and altogether unnecessary, as the story is complete without them. The air, it is believed, was composed some centuries

before Mr M'Gibbon had existence, who died so late as 3d October 1756. The late Mr William Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee, who knew M'Gibbon well, assured me, that Gill Morice was one of the oldest of our melodies; and indeed the wild, and peculiar structure of the air, carries internal evidence of its antiquity. This tune, which consists of one simple strain, is not to be found in any of M'Gibbon's publications; but it appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and in a Collection of Old Tunes published by Bremner.

CCIV.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET.

THIS ancient air is inserted in Mrs Crockett's MSS., written in 1709. It also appears in the Collections of M'Gibbon and Oswald. There are two songs to it in the Museum, the first, beginning "My Sandie gied to me a ring," was slightly altered by Burns, because it was rather inadmissible in its original state.

The other, beginning "The smiling plains profusely gay," was written by Mr William Falconer, the justly celebrated author of "The Shipwreck," and other poems.

Falconer was born about the year 1730, in Edinburgh, where his father carried on the humble occupation of a hair-dresser. At an early period, he went on board a Leith merchantman, in which he served his apprenticeship. But as true genius will rise superior to every obstacle, our author, by private study and incessant application, remedied the defects of a very limited education, and displayed his poetical powers in a work published at Edinburgh in 1751, entitled, "A Poem, sacred to the Memory of Frederic, Prince of Wales." This poem, though creditable to the genius of its youthful author, did not add much to the weight of his purse. He therefore again went to sea as a mariner, in a merchant ship named the *Britannia*, and continued in that situation till the unfortunate loss of this vessel, in a violent storm off the Cape of Colonne, on the coast of Greece, when every soul on board perished except our author and

two of the crew. On his return to Britain, he composed a work which afforded an ample display of nautical ability, combined with poetical merit. It was published in 1762, under the title of “The Shipwreck, a poem in three cantos, by a Sailor,” and was inscribed to his Royal Highness Edward, Duke of York.

The favourable reception which this poem so justly obtained from the public, soon raised its author from the obscurity of his former situation, and being patronized by the Duke of York, to whom he addressed an “Ode on his Second Departure from England as Rear Admiral,” he was appointed purser to the Royal George, one of the finest ships in the British Navy.

In 1764, he published a new edition of “The Shipwreck,” greatly improved and enlarged, and in 1769 appeared his “Marine Dictionary,” a work extremely ingenious and useful. In the course of the same year, he was appointed purser of the Aurora frigate, bound for India, which arrived in safety at the Cape of Good Hope. In December 1769, she left the Cape for her ulterior destination, but was never afterwards seen or heard of. It is generally supposed, that she took fire at sea, blew up, and all on board perished. None of Falconer’s family are now known to exist in Edinburgh. A sister, who was considered as the last surviving member, died some years ago in the charity work-house of that city. It is to be hoped, that the inhabitants of the Scottish metropolis will yet erect a monument to the memory of their fellow-citizen, Falconer, whose excellence as a poet, and worth as a man, justly merit such a tribute.

CCV.

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

THE words of this fine song were written by Mr John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk, in the county of Ayr. Mr Lapraik was under the necessity of selling his estate of Dalfram, in consequence of becoming security for some persons who were connected with the ruinous concern of the Ayr Bank.

“ He has often told me (says Burns), that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting over their misfortunes.”—*Reliques*.

This is the identical song which Burns alludes to in his poetical epistle to J. Lapraik.

THERE was *ae sang* amang the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
 That some kind husband had address
 To some sweet wife ;
 It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

Burns communicated the song to Johnson, and Mr Clarke adapted it to the air called “ The Scots Recluse,” one of the earliest compositions of Mr James Oswald, who published it in the first volume of his *Pocket Companion*, page 13th.

CCVI.

COLONEL GARDINER.

THIS song, beginning “ ’Twas at the hour of dark midnight,” is another production of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, Bart. ancestor of the present Earl of Minto. It was composed as a tribute of respect to the memory of the gallant Colonel James Gardiner, who fell at the battle of Prestonpans, in September 1745.

Colonel Gardiner was highly esteemed even by those who differed widely from him in their political creed. Skirvin, after lampooning some of the royal officers for their cowardice, says,

BUT Gard’ner brave did still behave
 Like to a hero bright, man ;
 His courage true, like him were few
 That still despised flight, man :
 For king and laws, and country’s cause,
 In honour’s bed he lay, man ;
 His life, but not his courage, fled,
 While he had breath to draw, man.

For a particular account of this brave soldier and pious christian, see his *Life*, by the Reverend Philip Doddridge. Mrs Richmond Inglis, one of the Colonel’s daughters, wrote a pretty poetical tale, called “ Anna and Edgar,” printed at Edinburgh, in 1781, and dedicated to the Queen. It was very favourably received.

Sir Gilbert's song is adapted to the tune of "Sawny's Pipes," published in Oswald's Pocket Companion and other old collections.

CCVII.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

THIS little song was written by Burns, in 1789, purposely for the Museum. The words are adapted to a Scottish jig, called *Johnny M'Gill*, from the name of its composer the late Mr John M'Gill, musician in Girvan, Ayrshire. Mr Hector M'Neil, author of "Will and Jean," a Poem, has also composed a fine ballad to the same air, beginning "Come under my plaidie," which the reader will find inserted in the sixth volume of the Museum, page 550.

CCVIII.

JENNY WAS FAIR AND UNKIND.

THIS song, beginning "When west winds did blow with a soft gentle breeze," is another production of Mr John Lapraik already noticed, and was likewise communicated by Burns to Johnson.—*See notes on Song, No 205.* The words are adapted to the tune called "Scots Jenny," composed by Oswald, and published in the fifth volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, page 7th.

CCIX.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

Tune, "*Highlander's Lament.*"

BURNS says, "the oldest title I ever heard to this tune, was 'The Highland Watch's Farewell to Ireland;' the chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane; the rest of the song is mine."—*Reliques.*

CCX.

THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

THIS excellent loyal Scottish song, beginning "In the garb of old Gaul," is the composition of the late Sir Harry Erskine of Torry, Bart. The air was composed by the late General John Reid, Colonel of the 88th regiment of foot, who has bequeathed a considerable sum for establishing a Professorship of Music in the University of Edinburgh.

The tune made its first appearance in a small Collection of Marches, Minuets, &c. composed by J. R. Esq. and dedicated to the Right Honourable Lady Catharine Murray. It is there titled "The Highland, or 42d Regiment's March." The song is printed in Herd's Collection, 1769 and 1776.

CCXI.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

THIS song, beginning "The morn was fair, saft was the air," set to the fine old air of "Leader Haughs and Yarrow," is taken from Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany. It is there published, anonymously, under the title of *Sweet Susan*, to the tune of "Leader Haughs;" but I have always heard it attributed to Crawford, author of the song of Tweedside.

Both the old ballad of "Leader Haughs and Yarrow," and the tune, are said to be the composition of Nicol Burn, a Border minstrel, who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century. As Thomson, in his *Orpheus Caledonius*, gave a preference to the original verses, they are also here inserted.

I.

WHEN *Phoebus* bright the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quick'neth:
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorow,
With radiant beams the silver streams
O'er *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

II.

When *Aries* the day and night
In equal length divideth,
Auld frosty *Saturn* takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth;
Then *Flora*, queen, with mantle green,
Casts off her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with *Ceres'* sel',
On *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

III.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending.

With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the sun good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasure yields
Than *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

IV.

An house there stands on *Leader-side*,
Surmounting my describing,
With rooms sae rair, and windows fair,
Like *Dedalus'* contriving;
Men passing by do often cry,
In sooth it hath nae marrow,
It stands as sweet on *Leader-side*
As *Newark* does on *Yarrow*.

V.

A mile below, wha lists to ride,
They'll hear the mavis singing,
Into Saint Leonard's banks she'll bide,
Sweet birks her head o'erhinging;
The lintwhite loud, and progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into Saint *Leonard's* banks they sing
As sweetly as on *Yarrow*.

VI.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
With nimble wing she sporteth,
But vows she'll flee frae tree to tree
Where *Philomel* resorteth:
By break of day the lark can say,
I'll bid you a good morrow,
I'll streak my wing, and, mounting, sing
O'er *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

VII.

Park, *Wanton-waws*, and *Wooden-cleugh*,
The east and western *Maineses*,
The wood of *Lauder's* fair enough,
The corns are good in *Blainshes*;
Where aits are fine and sold by kind,
That if ye search all thorow,
Mearns, *Buchan*, *Mar*, nae better are
Than *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

VIII.

In *Burmill Bog* and *Whiteslade Shaws*,
The fearful hare she haunteth;
Brighaugh and *Braidwoodshiel* she knows,
And *Chapel-wood* frequenteth;

Yet when she irks to *Kaidslie* birks,
 She rins and sighs for sorrow,
 That she should leave sweet *Leader Haughs*,
 And cannot win to *Yarrow*.

IX.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
 Than hounds and beagles crying?
 The started hare rins hard with fear,
 Upon her speed relying.
 But yet her strength it fails at length,
 Nae beilding can she borrow
 In *Sorrel's field*, *Cleckman* or *Hags*,
 And sighs to be on *Yarrow*.

X.

For *Rockwood*, *Ringwood*, *Spotty*, *Shag*,
 With sight and scent pursue her,
 Till, ah! her pith begins to flag,
 Nae cunning can rescue her:
 O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and syke,
 She'll rin the fields all thorow,
 Till fail'd, she fa's on *Leader Haughs*,
 And bids farewell to *Yarrow*.

XI.

Sing *Erslington* and *Cowdenknows*,
 Where *Homes* had ance commanding,
 And *Drygrange*, with the milk-white ewes,
 'Twixt *Tweed* and *Leader* standing.
 The bird that flees throw *Reedpath* trees
 And *Gledswood* banks ilk morrow,
 May chant and sing, sweet *Leader Haughs*
 And bonny *Howms* of *Yarrow*.

XII.

But minstrel *Burn* cannot assuage
 His grief, while life endureth,
 To see the changes of this age
 That fleeting time procureth;
 For many a place stands in hard case,
 Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,
 With *Homes*, that dwelt on *Leader-side*,
 And *Scotts*, that dwelt on *Yarrow*.

CCXII.

THE TAILOR FELL THRO' THE BED, THIMBLE AN' A'.

THIS ancient and beautiful air is the March of the Corporation of Tailors. It is generally played at the annual meetings for choosing the deacons, and other office-bearers of the so-

ciety. The popular air of "Logie o' Buchan," is only a slight variation of the "Tailor's old March." The second and fourth verses of the song were written by Burns, the rest of it is very old.

CCXIII.

AY WAKIN, O.

THE first stanza of this song, beginning "Simmer's a pleasant time," was written by Burns, and he even made some slight alterations on the very old fragment incorporated with his words. As the tune in the Museum is far from being genuine, the ancient air is here inserted, with all that is known to exist of the original verses.

AY WAKIN, OH!

WHEN I sleep I dream, When I wake I'm i-rie, Rest I can-na

get, For thinkin o' my dearie. Ay wakin, oh! Wakin aye and

i-rie; Sleep I canna get, For thinkin o' my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave are sleepin';
 I think o' my lad,
 And bleer my een wi' greetin.
Ay wakin, oh!
Wakin ay and irie;
Sleep I canna get
For thinkin o' my dearie.

It cam in my head,
To send my luvie a letter;
My lad canna read,
And I loe him the better.

*Ay wakin, oh !
Wakin ay, and irie ;
Sleep I canna get
For thinkin o' my dearie.*

In Mr George Thomson's Collection of Scottish Songs, the air of "Ay wakin, oh!" is enlarged so as to finish on the key-note, and the time is changed from treple to common. The tune, however, is far better in its native wildness and simplicity: both Tytler and Ritson were of opinion, that this air, from its intrinsic evidence, was one of our oldest melodies, and I see no reason to differ from them.

Burns was extremely fond of this tune. Besides the stanza already mentioned, he composed the following affecting verses to the same air, in May 1795.

CAN I cease to care ?
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish,
*Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow ;
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.*

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror !
Slumber, too, I dread,
Every dream is horror !
Long, long, &c.

Hear me, powers divine !
Oh ! in pity hear me !
Take aught else of mine,
But my *Chloris* spare me !
*Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow ;
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.*

CCXIV.

THE BREAST-KNOTS.

THE publisher of the Museum received this very humorous ballad, beginning "There was a bridal in this town,"

alongst with the sprightly air to which it is set, from an anonymous correspondent. The verses are written in the broad Buchan dialect; but their author is unknown to the Editor. The breast-knot was a fashionable piece of female dress upwards of a century ago, and continued to be worn to a late period, as appears from several of Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures.

CCXV.

BEWARE OF BONNIE ANN.

THIS air is the composition of Mr Allan Masterton, author of the tune called "Strathallan's Lament,"—*See Notes on Song 132, vol. ii.* The verses, beginning "Ye gallants bright, I rede you right," were written, in 1788, by Burns, in compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, daughter of the composer.

CCXVI.

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, prior to the year 1724; but he borrowed a line or two from the following old nursery ditty.

O THIS is no my ain house,
My ain house, my ain house;
O this is no my ain house,
I ken by the biggin o't;
For bread and cheese are my door cheeks,
Are my door cheeks, are my door cheeks;
For bread and cheese are my door cheeks,
And pancakes the riggin o't.

O this is no my ain wean,
My ain wean, my ain wean;
O this is no my ain wean,
I ken by the greetie o't.
I'll tak the curchie aff my head,
Aff my head, aff my head;
I'll tak the curchie aff my head,
And row't about the feetie o't.

In the Museum, Ramsay's verses are not set to the original tune of "This is no my ain House," but to a very old air, called *Diel stick the Minister*, from an old, but rather licentious song, beginning

If ye kiss my wife,
I'll tell the minister, &c. &c.

This tune is inserted in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, book vii. printed about the year 1743.

The following song was written by Burns in July 1795 to the same tune.

CHORUS.

*O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be ;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.*

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :—
It wants to me the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no, &c.

She's bonny blooming, straight and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall ;
And ay it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steel a blink by a' unseen ;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love in the e'e.

O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clarks ;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

O this is no, &c.

There is a set of the tune of "Deil stick the Minister," inserted in Fraser's Gaelic airs, under the title of "Sean Truid's Uillachan," printed in 1816, and the editor, in a note, informs us, that the tune "is the modelling of Mr Campbell of Budyet, and other Nairnshire gentlemen, formerly mentioned. The air is of considerable antiquity, but it was formed by them into *this standard*." Of course we must believe it to be of Gaelic extraction ; but the Gaelic title will not do : It is evidently a barbarous translation of *Willie's Shantrews*. The word *Shan*, is a common Scottish adjective, signifying poor or shabby, and *shantrews*, in the same dialect, literally means shabby or poor-looking trowsers, a name by which

the tune has been known in common, with its still more objectionable title, at all our dancing-schools for many generations.

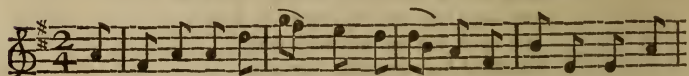
“OF Umquihile John to lie or bann,
Shaws but ill will and looks right shan.

Ye're never rugget shan nor kittle,
But blythe and gabby.

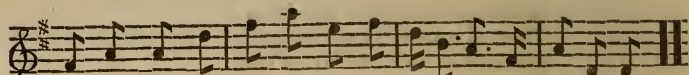
Ramsay's Poems.

As the reader may perhaps wish to see the original air of “This is no my ain House,” it is inserted from Mrs Crockat's book, written in 1709, with the first verse of the song afterwards written by Ramsay.

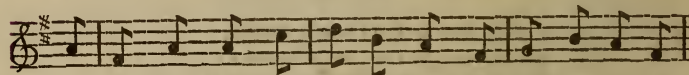
OLD AIR OF “THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.”



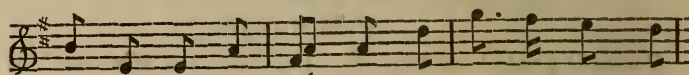
O THIS is no my ain house, I ken by the rigging o't; Since



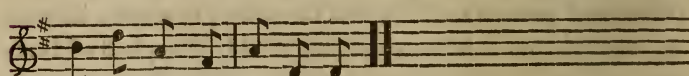
with my love I've changed vows, I dinna like the bigging o't.



For now that I'm young Robie's bride, And mistress too of



his fire-side, Mine ain house I'll like to guide, And



please me with the trigging o't.

CCXVII.

MY WIFE'S A WANTON WEE THING.

THIS sprightly old air is preserved in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and several other publications. It is frequently used as a dancing tune. There is only one verse of the song in Herd's Collection. The old verses are here subjoined.

My wife's a wanton wee thing,
 My wife's a wanton wee thing,
 My wife's a wanton wee thing,
 She winna be guided by me ;
 She play'd the loon ere she was marry'd,
 She play'd the loon ere she was marry'd,
 She play'd the loon ere she was marry'd,
 She'll do't again ere she die.

She sell'd her gown and she drank it,
 She sell'd her gown and she drank it,
 She row'd hersell in a blanket,
 She winna be guided by me ;
 She did it altho' I forbad her,
 She did it altho' I forbad her ;
 I took a rung and I claw'd her,
 And a braw gude bairn was she.

Burns composed a song of two stanzas to the same air ; but Mr George Thomson did not approve of the second, and altered it considerably, which Burns had the candour to admit was a positive improvement.

Stanza I. by Burns.

My wife's a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.
 I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And niest my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

Stanza II. as amended by G. Thomson.

O leeze me on my wee thing,
 My bonnie blythesome wee thing ;
 Sae lang's I hae my wee thing,
 I'll think my lot divine.
 Tho' world's care we share o't,
 And may see meikle mair o't ;
 Wi' her I'll blythly bear it,
 And ne'er a word repine.

CCXVIII.

LADDIE LIE NEAR ME.

THE first song in the Museum, set to the fine old air of "Laddie lie near me," was written by Dr Blacklock. It begins "Hark the loud tempest shakes earth to its centre." After the Doctor's song follow the old words, with one ver-

bal alteration, as Johnson thought it more decorous that the husband should be the prolocutor.

In September 1793, Mr Thomson transmitted to Burns a long list of such tunes as he conceived to be deserving of new verses, amongst which was the air of "Laddie lie near me." The Bard, in answer, wrote him that "*Laddie lie near me* must lie *by me* for some time. I do not know the air; and until I am complete master of a tune, in my own singing (such as it is), I never can compose for it. My way is: I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression; then choose my theme; begin one stanza: when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in nature around me, that are in unison and harmony with the cogitations of my fancy and workings of my bosom, humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fire-side of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper, swinging at intervals on the hind-legs of my elbow-chair, by way of calling forth my own critical strictures as my pen goes on. Seriously this, at home, is almost invariably my way."

It was accordingly nearly two years after this period that Burns wrote the following

SONG,

To the Tune of "Laddie lie near me,"

'TWAS na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing,
'Twas the dear smile, when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance of kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me;
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
But tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom forever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou has plighted me love the dearest!
And thou'rt an angel that never can alter,
Sooner the sun in his motion should falter.

CCXIX.

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

THIS very humorous song, beginning "There came a young man to my daddie's door," previously appeared in Herd's Collection, in 1776. The author is yet anonymous. In Gow's Complete Repository, vol. i. the tune is strangely denominated, "Bung your Eye."

CCXX.

THE GARDENER WI' HIS PAIDLE.

THIS fine song, beginning "When rosy May comes in wi' Flowers," was written by Burns purposely for the Museum. The old tune to which it is adapted is "The Gardener's March," some bars of which have a considerable affinity to the tune called "The March of Charles the 12th, King of Sweden."

CCXXI.

BARBARA ALLAN.

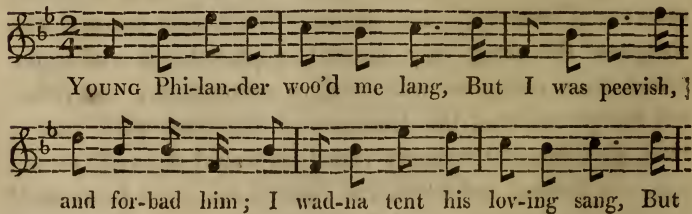
THIS ballad is ancient. Bishop Percy had an old printed copy in his possession, which was entitled "Barbara Allan's Cruelty, or the Young Man's Tragedy," reprinted in the third volume of his Ancient Songs and Ballads, at London, in 1767. It is evidently an embellished edition of the old Scottish ballad in the Museum, which is taken *verbatim* from that preserved in Ramsay's Miscellany in 1724. The learned prelate's copy makes the heroine's residence at *Scarlet Town*, (the city of Carlisle, perhaps;) and calls the hero *Jemmye Grove*. In other respects, the story is nearly the same in both ballads, and may possibly have had its origin from circumstances that really occurred. Be that as it may, it has been a favourite ballad, at every country fire-side in Scotland, time out of memory. The strains of the ancient minstrel who composed this song, may, indeed, appear harsh and unpolished when compared with modern refinements; nevertheless he has depicted the incidents of his story with such a bold, glowing, and masterly pencil, as would do credit to any age. A learned correspondent informs me, that he remembers having heard the ballad frequently sung in Dumfries-

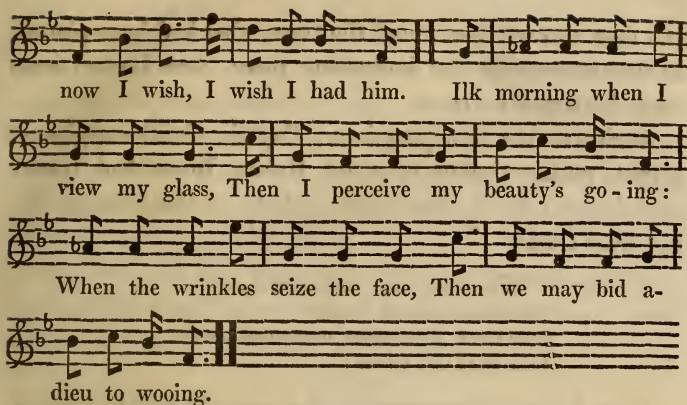
shire, where it was said the catastrophe took place—that there were people of the name of Allan, who resided in the town of Annan—and that, in some papers which he has seen, mention is made of a Barbara of that family—but he is of opinion she may have been baptized from the ballad.

CCXXII.

YOUNG PHILANDER.

THIS old song was printed in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724, where it is called "Cecilia's Reflections on herself for slighting Philander's love," to the tune of the "*Gallant Shoemaker*." It is followed by another song in the same work, by way of answer, entitled "The Young Ladies' Thanks to the repentant Virgin for her seasonable Advice." The first and third stanzas of "Young Philander," *Anglocized* by Thomas Durfey, and adapted to a tune composed by Daniel Purcell, brother of Henry Purcell the celebrated composer, were introduced in Durfey's Opera, entitled, *The famous History of the Rise and Fall of Massaniello*, acted at London 1699. In Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius* this ballad is adapted to a fine old air, called the "Pier of Leith." In the Museum, it is set to a modernized copy of the same tune, but the additions and alterations have nearly destroyed the simplicity of the original, and rendered it too long and tiresome. In Ramsay's days the ballad was sung to the "*Gallant Shoemaker*," an old Scottish air, which Charles Coffey selected from one of his songs, beginning "If you would true courage show," in his opera called *The Female Parson, or Beau in the Suds*, acted at Hay-market Theatre, in London, in 1730.





CCXXIII.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

THIS charming song was composed by Burns, in 1789, for the Museum, at the request of Mr Johnson, in place of a very indelicate one inserted in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, volume third, with the same title, and to the same tune.

CCXXIV.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

THIS song was likewise composed by Burns, as a tribute of gratitude and respect to one of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world, Robert Riddell, Esq. of Glenriddill, and his lady. "At their fire-side (says Burns) I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together—and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many of the happiest hours of my life." *Reliques*.

The tune was composed by Mr Riddell himself, and named the seventh of November, which was the anniversary of his marriage. Mr Cromek, editor of the *Reliques* of Burns, says, that when he visited Friar's Carse Hermitage, (on the late Mr Riddell's estate,) so much celebrated by Burns, he was greatly shocked to find this little spot, that ought to have been held sacred, almost gone to decay. The pane of glass, on which the poet had written his well-known "Lines," was removed; the floor was covered with straw;

the door thrown open; and the trees, that had been planted at the entrance to this interesting place, were broken down and destroyed by cattle.

Such was the late proprietor, Captain Smith's neglect of a spot, on the window of which Robert Burns had traced, with his own hand, this tender tribute to the memory of a departed friend.

“ To Riddell, much lamented man!
This ivied cot was dear;
Wanderer, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot *revere* !”

How different the *reverence* of a poor old female cottager, living in a wretched hut in the immediate neighbourhood of Ellisland. On being asked if she knew Burns:—“ Kend him! *Aye did I! He was a great man for poems and making of beuks, and the like o' that; but he's deed now, puir man!*”

CCXXV.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

THE title and the last half stanza of the song are old; therest was composed by Burns. The cheerful air to which the verses are adapted was also used as a dancing tune, under the name of “ Lady Badinscoth's Reel,” as appears from an old MS. copy of the tune, inserted in page 8, vol ii. of an original edition of Macgibbon's Scots Tunes, now belonging to Mr David Laing of Edinburgh, bookseller.

CCXXVI.

THE GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

THIS ballad, which for sterling humour cannot be surpassed, is attributed to James V., King of Scotland, about the year 1524. It is related, that this monarch, when a young man, used to stroll occasionally about the country, disguised as an itinerant mechanic or tinker, and to mingle with the meanest of his subjects. These frolicsome excursions often gave birth to curious adventures, which the witty monarch made the themes of his songs and ballads, most of which, it is believed, are now lost. He was second to none of his age both as a poet and a musician.

The tune to which the verses are set in the Museum, though ancient, is but ill adapted to the subject of the ballad. I have often heard it sung; but the singers uniformly used the same air that goes by the name of "Muirland Willie," which is at least as ancient as the ballad, and was, in all probability, the very tune to which it was originally, and still continues to be sung.

In 1782, the late Mr Callander of Craigforth published the ballad, with literary notes, and luminous observations. This work has now become pretty scarce.

CCXXVII.

THE CAULD FROSTY MORNING.

THIS fine old tune is claimed by the Irish and Scottish Highlanders, who call it "Tha mi mo chadal," or "I am asleep." Ramsay, about the year 1723, wrote a song beginning "When innocent pastime our pleasure did crown," which he directs to be sung to this air. The song to which it is set in the Museum, beginning "'Twas past twelve o'clock, on a cauld frosty morning," is marked with the letter Z., as being an old song with additions or corrections—but the air deserves much better words. The tune appears in Oswald's Collection, book iv. under the title of the "Cold Frosty Morning."

CCXXVIII.

THE BLACK EAGLE.

THIS beautiful song, beginning "Hark! yonder eagle lonely wails," was written and composed by the learned Dr David Fordyce, whose merits as a philosophical writer are well known. Dr Fordyce perished by shipwreck in 1755. See an account of his life prefixed to his Theodorus. There is a set of the tune in the fifth book of Oswald, published in 1742, but it is not so genuine as that in the Museum.

CCXXIX.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

THIS tune was composed by Oswald, and published with

*The air is in the Museum
It is also in the
Oswald's Collection*

*I like the words, not in the following. There
is in my opinion a fine ballad & song
up of the school. When I thought of writing on the m*

his name as the author, in the second volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, prior to the year 1742.

The verses in the Museum were written by Burns for that work, in the year 1789. I have never met with older verses.

CCXXX.

MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

To its ain Tunc.

RAMSAY, by the usual signature in his Tea-Table Miscellany, the letter Z., testifies that this ballad, beginning *The meal was dear short syne*, in his time was known to be very ancient. Thomson, his contemporary, published it with the original music in 1725.

A rich vein of genuine broad humour runs through the whole of the old song, and the air, although in a minor key, is remarkable both for its antiquity and sprightliness. The note D, in the middle of the second strain, answering to the word *syne*, ought to be an octave above; for, although the leap from the former note to its twelfth may do very well in instrumental music, it is very unsuitable for the voice.

CCXXXI.

MY BONNY MARY.

THIS fine old air, called "The Silver Tassie," was recovered and communicated by Burns, who wrote the whole of this song, beginning "Go fetch to me a pint o' wine," with the exception of the first four lines, which belonged to the original verses. This song which, in the Reliques, our bard acknowledges to be almost wholly his own composition, was first introduced by him in a letter to Mrs Dunlop, (dated 17th Dec. 1788, and printed in Dr Currie's edition of his works, vol. iii.) as two *old stanzas*.

CCXXXII.

THE LAZY MIST.

THE air and title of this song are taken from Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, volume xii. The words

were written by Burns in 1789, on purpose for the Museum. In his Reliques, the bard simply says, "This song is mine."

CCXXXIII.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

THIS curious old air may be seen in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, and other collections, under the title of "Mount your Baggage." In the Caledonian Country-dance Book, published about a century ago, by John Walsh of London, it is called "The Cadie laddie." The verses in the Museum, beginning "O mount and go," were communicated by Burns; and although he does not acknowledge them, I have good reason to believe they were his own.—The old ditty begins,

I will away,
And I will not tarry,
I will away
And be a captain's lady.
A captain's lady
Is a dame of honour—
She has her maids
Ay to wait upon her—
To wait upon her,
And get all things ready,
I will away
And be a captain's lady.
&c. &c. &c.

In the third volume of Gow's Complete Repository, the reader will find the subject of this curious old melody, with a slight variation, transformed into a strathspey, called "*Dalry-house*."

CCXXXIV.

JOHNIE COPE.

THIS old air, which originally consisted of one strain, was formerly adapted to some silly verses of a song, entitled "Fye to the Hills in the Morning." The chorus, or burden of the song, was the first strain repeated an octave higher. An indifferent set of the tune, under the title of "Johny Cope," appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, volume ix. The verses in the Museum were taken from

a sheet song, printed for A. Magowan, music-seller in Glasgow, interspersed with alterations and additions by Burns. A different set of verses, to the same air, may also be seen in Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, volume ii. But these two sets are merely variations of the original satirical song, which was written by Mr Skirven, author of the song, called "*Tranent Muir*," inserted in the second volume of the *Museum*, page 103. See the notes on that song. Both of Mr Skirven's songs allude to the same event; namely, the shameful defeat of General Sir John Cope, at the battle of Preston, on the 22d of September 1745, by Prince Charles Edward and the Highland clans who followed his standard. This information I obtained from one of Mr Skirven's relations, and from several gentlemen who were intimately acquainted with him.

ORIGINAL WORDS.

COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
 Charlie meet me an ye daur,
 And I'll learn you the airt o' war,
 If you'll meet wi' me in the morning.

CHORUS.—*Hey! Johnie Cope, are ye wakin' yet?
 Or are your drums a-beatin' yet?
 If ye were wakin' I would wait,
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.*

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,
 Come follow me, my merry men,
 And we'll meet Johnie Cope i' the morning.
Hey! Johnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnie, be as good as your word,
 Come let us try baith fire and sword,
 And dinna flee like a frightened bird
 That's chas'd frae it's nest i' the morning.
Hey! Johnie Cope, &c.

When Johnie Cope he heard of this,
 He thought it wadna be amiss
 To hae a horse in readiness,
 To flee awa i' the morning.
Hey! Johnie Cope, &c.

Fye now, Johnie, get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak a din;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluddie morning.

Hey! Johnie Cope, &c.

When Johnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They spear'd at him, where's a' your men?
The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.

Hey! Johnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnie, troth, ye were na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the morning.

Hey! Johnie Cope, &c.

In faith, quo' Johnie, I got sic flegs
Wi' their claymores and filabegs,
If I face them deil break my legs,
So I wish you a' good morning.

Hey! Johnie Cope, &c.

CCXXXV.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

THIS air was partly composed by Mr William Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon, by adding a second strain to the old air, called "The Lowlands of Holland has twin'd my Love and me," and was by him named "Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey." This song, beginning *Of a' the airts the wind can blaw*, "I composed," says Burns, "out of compliment to Mrs Burns. N.B.—It was during the honeymoon." *Reliques*.

CCXXXVI.

O, DEAR MOTHER, WHAT SHALL I DO?

THE fragment of this old song, beginning "O, dear minny, what shall I do," was transmitted in a letter from Burns to the publisher, wherein the bard says, "Dear Sir, the foregoing is all that remains of the old words. It will suit the tune very well.—R. BURNS."

The other verses to the same tune, beginning "O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling," were written by Ramsay as a song

for Jenny in his Scottish pastoral comedy of "The Gentle Shepherd."

The melody of this ancient song has latterly been modelled into a reel tune, in common time, now called "The Braes of Auchtertyre."—*See Gow's Repository, volume i. page 20.* The editor of the Repository, indeed, says that the reel tune is the progenitor of the melody of the song. A slight examination of facts, however, leads us to a very opposite conclusion. The melody of the song, even in Ramsay and M'Gibbon's days, was known to be very ancient, whereas the reel tune was modelled from the old air, about the year 1723, by James Crockat, son of the lady to whom the old manuscript Music-book originally belonged, which has been so frequently referred to in the course of this work. James Crockat gave his reel tune the strange title of "How can I keep my Maiden-head," which was the first line of an old indelicate song, now deservedly forgotten. The first attempt to make the old tune into a reel, in the hand-writing of James Crockat, is now in the possession of the Editor. Bremner altered the old title, and published the tune, about the year 1764, under the name of "Lennox's Love to Blantyre." It is now called "The Braes of Auchtertyre." Many of our modern reel tunes, strathspeys, jigs, &c. are indeed palpably borrowed from the subjects of our ancient vocal melodies. Several instances of this fact have already been pointed out in the preceding part of this work, and the reader will find more of them in the course of the sequel.

The old tune of "O, dear Minny, what shall I do," has been so loaded with modern alterations, that it can scarcely be recognized. The following set of the tune, from an ancient manuscript, is therefore annexed. I have adapted it to the first stanza of the original verses.

O DEAR MINNY, WHAT SHALL I DO?

O DEAR min-ny, what shall I do? O dear min-ny,
 what shall I do? O dear min-ny, what shall I do?
 Daft thing, doylt thing, do as I do. If I be black, I
 canna be lo'ed; If I be fair, I canna be gude; If I look
 lordly, the lads will look by me. O dear min-ny,
 what shall I do?

CCXXXVII.

THE LINKIN LADDIE.

THIS tune, together with the words adapted to it, were transmitted by Burns to the editor of the Museum, as an original song, and perhaps our bard really believed it to be so. But the first strain of the melody is almost note for note the same as that of the old air of "Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock," and the musical reader will have no difficulty in tracing the second strain to the latter part of the melody of "Saw ye Johnie coming, quo' she," thrown into slow jig time. This tune, therefore, is clearly a modern melody compiled from these two older airs. The anonymous writer of the Scottish words appears to have taken the hint from one of Ophelia's songs in the tragedy of Hamlet.

*7. This is the tune of
 "Blue Bells over the Border"*

CCXXXVIII.

ALLOA HOUSE.

THIS fine melody is the composition of Oswald, and appears in the first volume of his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, page 24, under the title of "Alloway House." In the original index to that volume, there is an asterisk (*) prefixed to the name of the tune, to denote that Oswald was the composer. The song, beginning "The spring returns, and clothes the green plains," was written by the late Reverend Dr Alexander Webster, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, who projected the praise-worthy scheme for providing a fund for the Widows of the established Clergy of Scotland, which has since been established with the most beneficial effects. I have hitherto been unable to ascertain the locality of this song, as the name is spelled in two different ways, *Alloway* by the composer of the air, and *Alloa* by the writer of the song. Alloway is a parish in Ayrshire, now of classical celebrity from its having given birth to Robert Burns, our great national bard. But Alloa House, or the Tower of Alloa, which is the scene of Dr Webster's song, is situated near a village of the same name in the county of Clackmannan. This tower was built about the 13th century, and was, along with the estate, exchanged by David II. in 1365, with Lord Erskine, progenitor of the Earls of Mar, for the lands of Stragarthney in Perthshire. It is still the favourite residence of the Erskines of Mar, who are descended of that ancient and noble family.

CCXXXIX.

CARL AN THE KING COME.

THERE are two songs to this old air in the Museum, the first, beginning "Peggy, now the King's come," was written by Ramsay for Mause, one of the characters in his *Gentle Shepherd*. The second song, beginning "Carl an' the King come," is partly old and partly modern, the second stanza being written by Burns. The remainder of the verses are said to have been composed during the usurpation of Crom-

well. A more complete, but modernized, copy of the song, however, may be seen in Hogg's *Jacobite Reliques*, vol. i.

CCXL.

THE SILLER CROWN.

THIS fine song was originally published by Napier as a single sheet song, from which it was copied into the Museum; but neither the author nor the composer are yet known. An excellent parody of the older verses, by a modern hand, and set to a beautiful tune, composed by Miss Grace Corbet, is inserted in the sixth volume of the Museum, see Notes on song No 583, entitled "O Mary, ye'se be clad in Silk." Urbani reprinted this latter song in his Collection, under the title of "I'll lay me down and die."

CCXLI.

ST KILDA SONG.

THIS song, beginning "By the stream so cool and clear," is a translation, by Mr M'Donald, of a favourite Gaelic song sung by the natives of St Kilda, the most remote of the Western Isles of Scotland, to the same air which is inserted in the Museum. Mr Charles Stewart reprinted the words and music from the Museum, in the second volume of his *Vocal Miscellany*, published in 1798.

CCXLII.

THE MILL, MILL O.

THIS beautiful Scottish Melody is very ancient, and is inserted in Mrs Crockat's MSS. written in 1709. The verses to which it was originally adapted, though still preserved, are too indelicate for insertion. It is one of those songs, with respect to which the Reverend William Geddes, in the preface to his *Saint's Recreation*, written in 1673, very pertinently observes, "it is alleged by some, and that not without some colour of reason, that many of our *airs* or *tunes* are made by good angels, but the lines of our songs by devils."

The verses adapted to the tune in the Museum, beginning "Beneath a green shade," were written by Ramsay as a sub-

stitute for the old words ; and Thomson, in his Orpheus Caledonius, adapted Ramsay's verses to the original air, in 1725. As Ramsay's verses were still considered by some people as partaking too much of the rude simplicity of the olden time, Burns endeavoured to supply the defect, in the composition of the following exquisite Scottish ballad to the same air, written in spring 1793.

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST.

Tune—THE MILL, MILL, O.

I.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning :
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

II.

A leal light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder ;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander :
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy :

III.

At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported ;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted :
Wha spied I, but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling !
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

IV.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O ! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom !
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger,
I've serv'd my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger.

V.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier was than ever:
 Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never:
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it;
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

VI.

She gaz'd—she reddened like a rose—
 Syne pale like ony lily;
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?
 By Him who made yon sun and sky—
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

VII.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish'd fairly;
 And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

VIII.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the sodger's prize;
 The sodger's wealth is honour:
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
 Remember he's his country's stay,
 In day and hour of danger.

Burns, in a letter to Mr George Thomson, dated June, 1793, and published in the fourth volume of Dr Currie's edition of his works, says, "I cannot alter the disputed lines in *The Mill, Mill, O!* What you think a defect, I esteem as a positive beauty; so you see how doctors differ." These lines were the third and fourth of stanza first.

*Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning.*

In place of these lines, Mr Thomson, in the first volume of

his Collection, and it seems by advice of William Erskine, Esq. substituted the following :

*And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,
That had been blear'd with mourning.*

These lines are much inferior to the original, and Mr Thomson, in a late edition of the same publication, saw the propriety of reprinting the ballad as the Bard originally wrote it. Mr Gay selected this tune for one of his songs in "Polly," beginning "When gold is on hand it gives us command;" printed, but not acted, in London, 1729.

CCXLIII.

THE WAEFU' HEART.

BOTH the words and music of this elegant and pathetic song were taken from a single sheet, printed at London about the year 1788, and sold by Joseph Dale, No 19, Cornhill, "*sung by* MASTER KNYVETT." From these circumstances, I am led to conclude that it is a modern Anglo-Scottish production, especially as it does not appear in any of the old collections of our songs. If it be an imitation of the Scottish style, however, it is a very successful one.

CCXLIV.

LASS, GIN YE LOE ME, TELL ME NOW.

Tune—Herring and Salt.

MR JOHN STAFFORD SMITH, in the first volume of his *Musica Antiqua*, published at London in 1812, gives us the following words of "A very Popular Song in the early part of Henry the Eighth's Reign."

Joan, quoth John, when wyll this be ?
Tell me when wilt thou marrie me,
My corne, and eke my calf and rents,
My lands, and all my tenements ?
Saie Joan, said John, what wilt thou doe ?
I cannot come every day to woe.

Mr Smith, in the same work, also gives the original air to these words, with a bass of his own composition, and affirms, that the Scots have borrowed their old song of "I canna come ilka Day to woo," from this English source. But there

is not the smallest ground for such a conjecture. The old Scottish air is totally different from the English one. The former, which is uncommonly cheerful and lively, and extremely well-adapted to the nature and spirit of the words, bears the marks of genuine antiquity: it commences on the third, and ends on the fifth of the key. The latter is a stiff and awkward tune, and is as opposite to the general style of the old Scottish airs as night is to day. The incidents in both songs are likewise totally different. The solitary line, "I cannot come every day to woo," is no doubt nearly the same in both copies; but if the composer of either of these songs did borrow a line at all, it is just as likely that the English poetaster took his line from the old humorous Scottish ballad, as that the minstrel who framed the latter borrowed a single phrase from such a composition as that published so lately for the first time by Mr Smith. Is it not absurd to affirm, that the Scots have laid claim to an English song, which has not the least affinity to their own Scottish song, either in sound or in sense?

David Herd has preserved a fragment of a song, apparently still older than that inserted in the Museum, which is here annexed.

I HAE layen three herring a' sa't;
Bonnie lass, gin ze'll tak me, tell me now;
And I hae brew'n three pickles o' ma t,
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.

Chorus—*To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo,
To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.*

I hae a wee calf that wad fain be a cow;
Bonnie lass, gin ze'll tak me, tell me now;
I hae a grice that wad fain be a sow,
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.

Chorus—*To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo,
To woo, to woo, to lilt and to woo,
And I cannae cum ilka day to woo.*

* * * *

Burns, in a letter to Mr George Thomson, dated Sept. 1798, and published in Dr. Currie's edition of his works, vol. iv. says, "What is your opinion of *I hae laid a Herring in Sawt?* I like it much." It does not appear that Mr Thomson gave the bard any answer to his question.

CCXLV.

THE LOVER'S ADDRESS TO A ROSE-BUD.

THIS beautiful song, beginning "Sweet nursling of the tears of morning," was written and composed by the late Mrs Scott of Wauchope. Johnson told me this himself.

CCXLVI.

CEASE, CEASE MY DEAR FRIEND TO EXPLORE.

BURNS, in his *Reliques*, says, "This song is by Dr Blacklock. I believe, but am not quite certain, that the air is his too."—*Reliques*.

Mr Johnson informed me, that both the air and words were composed by Dr Blacklock, on purpose for the Museum. Mr Clarke only added the bass part.

CCXLVII.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

THIS masterly ballad, beginning "When the sheep are in the fauld," is the composition of Lady Ann Lindsay, eldest daughter of the late James, Earl of Balcarras, by his Countess, Ann Dalrymple, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple of Castletoun, Bart. Lady Ann was born on the 8th of December 1750, and married in 1793 to Andrew Bernard, Esq. secretary to the colony at the Cape of Good Hope. She survived her husband, who died on the 27th October 1807, without issue.

The tune to which the verses were originally adapted is preserved in the Museum. It was formerly called "The Bridegroom greets whan the Sun gangs down," which was, in all probability, a line of an old song now lost or forgotten. A friend informs me, that he has heard two lines of it.

But, oh! quo' he, it's come o'er soon,
The bridegroom grat when the sun gaed down.

It is very remarkable, that such an exquisite ballad as Auld Robin Gray should have been produced by so young an authoress. It was written in the year 1770, when her ladyship was only in the twentieth year of her age.

There is a beautiful English air to the same ballad, which was composed by the Reverend William Leeves of Wrrington. This gentleman, in the preface to "Six Sacred Airs or Hymns, intended as a domestic Sunday-evening's recreation," composed by himself, acquaints us, that in the year 1770, when residing with his family at Richmond in Surry, he received, from the Honourable Mrs Byron, a copy of Lady Ann Lindsay's verses, which he immediately set to music. He then adds, "it may not be unsatisfactory to declare, which can be done with the clearest conscience, that he never heard of any other music than his own being applied to these interesting words, till many years after that was produced to which he now asserts an undivided claim: That his friend, Mr Hammersley, was well acquainted with this ballad, long before its surreptitious appearance in print; and the still more convincing testimony might be added of a respectable relation now residing at Bath, (12th June 1812) who was on a visit to the author's family at Richmond when the words were received, and the first manuscript (of the music) produced."

Mr Leeves has annexed a copy of the music, as originally composed by him, adapted to Lady Ann's verses, at the end of the above work, published by T. Birchall, New Bond Street, London, in 1812. On the title-page there is an engraved vignette, representing Jenny seated at her spinning-wheel in conversation with her mother. The old woman appears in a standing posture, supporting herself with a crutch in one hand, and pointing towards Heaven with the other, as if admonishing her daughter to submit with cheerfulness and becoming resignation to the Divine will. Jenny seems to listen attentively to her mother's affectionate advice, while her hand is directed to a book, which has the word

Bible on its cover, implying, no doubt, that she would humbly endeavour to make that sacred volume the constant rule of her faith and conduct. On an appropriate scroll are the following words:—

I darna think of Jamie,
For that wad be a sin!
Sae I'll do my best,
A gude wife to be;
For Auld Robin Gray
Is kind to me.

There is some ingenuity in the design of this little vignette. The reverend author probably intended to point out the moral of the song, viz. a pious resignation to the decrees of the Almighty; but the engraving is not well executed.

The celebrated Mrs Billington was very fond of this ballad, as set by Mr Leves. She used to sing it frequently in public, and was always rapturously encored. We shall conclude the remarks on this song with the following quotation:

“Mr Pinkerton, after observing, that none of the ‘Scotch amatory ballads,’ as he remembers, ‘are written by ladies,’ and that the ‘profligacy of manners, which always reigns before women can so utterly forget all sense of decency and propriety as to commence authors, is yet almost unknown in Scotland,’ adds, in a note, that ‘there is, indeed, of very late years, one insignificant exception to this rule: *Auld Robin Gray* having got his silly psalm set to soporific music, is, to the credit of our taste, popular for the day. But, after lulling some good-natured audiences asleep, he will soon fall asleep himself.’ Little Ritson, with a becoming boldness and indignation at the author of these ungracious and ungallant remarks, steps forward with his accustomed Bantam-cock courage, and thus strikes at the hard forehead of Pinkerton. ‘Alas! this *silly psalm* will continue to be sung, to the credit of our taste, long after the author of this equally ridiculous and malignant paragraph shall be as completely forgotten as yesterday’s ephemeron, and his printed trash be only occasionally discernible at the bottom of a pye. Of the

24 Scottish song-writers whose names are preserved, four, if not five, are females; and, as poetesses, two more might be added to the number."—*See Scottish Songs, with Remarks by Burns, edited by Cromek, vol. ii. p. 28. London, 1810.* From the kindness of Miss Dundas of St Andrew's Square, in this city, I am enabled to present the reader with a genuine copy of the music of this celebrated ballad, from the author's own work.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Words by LADY ANN LINDSAY. Music by the Rev. MR WILLIAM LEEVES of Wrington.

Recit.

WHEN the sheep are in the

fauld, and a' the kye at hame, And a' the wea-ry

warld to sleep are gane, The waes o' my

heart fa' in show-ers frae my e'e, While

my gude-man sleeps sound by me.

Air.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and ask'd me for his

:S:

bride, But, sav-ing a crown, he had naething else be-side; To

make the crown a pound, my Ja-mie gade to sea, And the

crown and the pound were baith for me. He had nae been

crown and the pound were baith for me. He had nae been

gane a year and a day, When my father brak his arm, and our

6 6 6 6 4+ 6

2

cow was stown a-way; My mi-ther she fell sick, and

6 6 4

Jamie at the sea, And auld Robin Gray came a-courting to me.

6 6 4 3 6 6 6 5 4 3

:S:

6 6 6 5 4 3 :S:

CCXLVIII.

LEITH WYND.

THIS song is improperly titled in the Museum. It ought to have been called, "Were I assur'd you'd constant prove," written by Allan Ramsay to the tune of "Leith Wynd." But the tune itself is in fact the identical melody of "Come, hap me with your Petticoat," which was the homely old title of the song.—*See Remarks on the Song No 139, in the Museum.*

About the year 1700, Adam Craig varied the old melody a little, and dignified it with the new title of "Leith Wynd," (a well-known street in Edinburgh), and he afterwards published it in his Collection of Scots Tunes, dedicated to the Lords and Gentlemen of the Musical Society in Mary's Chapel, in the year 1730.

The verses in the Museum, beginning "Were I assured you'd constant prove," were written by Ramsay as a song for Jenny and Roger, in his pastoral comedy of "The Gentle Shepherd."

CCXLIX.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

THIS fine air was formerly adapted to some witty, but indelicate verses, a fragment of which is preserved in Herd's Collection. The humorous song in the Museum, beginning "First when Maggie was my care," was written by Burns in 1789, as a substitute for the old verses.

The air was composed about the year 1720, by John Bruce, a musician in the town of Dumfries, and Oswald afterwards published it with variations in the last volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion.

CCL.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

THIS song, beginning "In winter when the rain rain'd cauld," had found its way into England as early as the commencement of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, if not before; for it was a common song in Shakspeare's time, who quotes a verse of it in the drinking scene in his tragedy of Othello, act ii. scene iii. An English version of the song is also inserted in the ancient manuscript belonging to Bishop Percy, who has favoured the public with a copy of it in his Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. p. 172, edition 1765. The Scottish song was first printed in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany.

The old air is admirably adapted to the words, and is undoubtedly coeval with them. Many of these ancient melo-

*Never liked these
Verses of Burns to this fine air*

dies have been preserved, and handed down from generation to generation by oral communication alone, long before the modern system of musical notation was perfected.

CCLI.

THE HAPPY CLOWN.

THIS song should have been titled "Hid from himself now by the Dawn," written by Allan Ramsay to the tune of "The Happy Clown." Ramsay wrote this song for Sir William Worthy, in his pastoral comedy of "The Gentle Shepherd." The tune is inserted in Mrs Crockat's MS. written in 1709. It was one of the airs selected by Mr Gay for his song in the Beggar's Opera, beginning *I'm like a skiff in the ocean tost*, acted at London in 1728. But, prior to this period, it had also been adapted to another song, beginning "One evening as I lost my way.

The original words of "The Happy Clown," are preserved in the Tea-Table Miscellany of 1724. As they possess no small share of poetic merit, we here annex them.

I.

How happy is the rural clown,
Who, far remov'd from noise of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown,
And in his safe retreat,
Is pleased with his low degree,
Is rich in decent poverty,
From strife, from care and business free,
At once baith good and great !

II.

No drums disturb his morning sleep,
He fears no danger of the deep,
Nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap
Vexation on his mind ;
No trumpets rouse him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, nor threats can dare ;
From state intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

III.

Like those in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His small paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds ;

Each season of the wheeling year,
 Industrious he improves with care;
 And still some ripened fruits appear,
 So well his toil succeeds.

IV.

Now by a silver stream he lies,
 And angles with his baits and flies;
 And next the silvan scene he tries
 His spirits to regale:
 Now from the rock or height he views
 His fleecy flock or teeming cows,
 Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
 That waits his honest call.

V.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
 No care his peace of mind destroys,
 Nor does he pass his time in toys
 Beneath his just regard:
 He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
 To plant and sned his tender trees;
 And for attending well his bees
 Enjoys the sweet reward.

VI.

The flow'ry meads, and silent coves,
 The scenes of faithful rural loves,
 The warbling birds in blooming groves,
 Afford a wish'd delight.
 But O! how pleasant is this life,
 Blest with a chaste and virtuous wife,
 And children prattling, void of strife,
 Around his fire at night.

CCLII.

DONALD AND FLORA.

THIS fine ballad is the composition of Hector Macneil, Esq. author of the celebrated poem of "Will and Jean," and other popular works. Mr Macneil told me, that he wrote this song to commemorate the death of his friend Captain Stewart, a gallant officer (betrothed to a young lady in Atholl) who fell at the battle of Saratoga in America, in the year 1777. On this unfortunate occasion, the British troops were commanded by General Burgoyne.

The words are adapted to a fine old Gaelic air.

In the Museum, the song is printed as it was originally written, but the author has subsequently altered and correct-

ed some of the stanzas. The reader is therefore presented with an accurate copy of this lyrical composition ; and, upon comparing it with the copy inserted in the Scots Musical Museum, he will be enabled to discover the late improvements made on it by its author.

I.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
Careless of aught but play,
Poor FLORA slipt away,
 Sad'ning to MORA* ;
Loose flow'd her yellow hair,
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
As to the troubled air
 She vented her sorrow.

II.

“ Loud howls the stormy west,
Cold, cold is winter's blast ;
Haste then, O ! DONALD, haste,
 Haste to thy FLORA !
Twice twelve long months are o'er,
Since on a foreign shore
You promis'd to fight no more,
 But meet me in MORA.

III.

“ ‘ Where now is DONALD dear ?’
Maids cry with taunting sneer,
‘ Say, is he still sincere
 To his lov'd FLORA ?’
Parents upbraid my moan ;
Each heart is turn'd to stone—
Ah ! FLORA thou'rt now alone,
 Friendless in MORA !

IV.

“ Come then, O, come away !
DONALD, no longer stay,
Where can my rover stray
 From his lov'd FLORA ?
Ah ! sure he ne'er can be
False to his vows and me :
O Heaven !—is not yonder he
 Bounding o'er MORA !

* Mora is the name of a small valley in Athole, so named by the two lovers.

V.

“ Never, ah, wretched fair !
 (Sigh’d the sad messenger,)
 Never shall DONALD mair
 Meet his lov’d FLORA !
 Cold as yon mountain snow,
 DONALD, thy love lies low,
 He sent me to sooth thy woe,
 Weeping in MORA.

VI.

“ Well fought our gallant men
 On *Saratoga’s* plain ;
 Thrice fled the hostile train
 From British glory.
 But, ah ! tho’ our foes did flee,
 Sad was each victory :
 Youth, love, and loyalty,
 Fell far from MORA.

VII.

“ ‘ Here take this love-wrought plaid,’
 Donald expiring said ;
 ‘ Give it to yon dear maid
 Drooping in MORA.
 Tell her, O ALLAN tell,
 Donald thus bravely fell,
 And that in his last farewell
 He thought on his FLORA.”

VIII.

Mute stood the trembling fair,
 Speechless with wild despair ;
 Then, striking her bosom bare,
 Sigh’d out—“ Poor Flora !
 Ah ! DONALD ! ah, well-a-day !”
 Was all the fond heart could say :
 At length the sound died away,
 Feebly, in MORA.

CCLIII.

BY THE DELICIOUS WARMNESS.

THIS song was written by Ramsay, for Patie and Peggy, in his pastoral comedy of “ *The Gentle Shepherd*.” The words and music were inserted in the *Orpheus Caledonius*.

CCLIV.

SUN GALLOP DOWN THE WESTLIN SKIES.

THIS is another production of Ramsay, inserted in the same comedy, and is, in fact, the chorus of the song last

mentioned. The airs to No 253 and 254 appear to have been composed expressly for Ramsay's verses, by one of his musical friends and contemporaries, as they do not appear in any collection prior to 1725. Both these songs were inserted, without music, in the pastoral of Patie and Peggy, which was published some years before Ramsay wrote his comedy of the Gentle Shepherd.

CCLV.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

THIS song was written by Burns in 1789, on purpose for the Museum. It is adapted to the fine plaintive tune of "My Love is lost to me," which was composed by Oswald, and published in the fifth volume of his Caledonian Pocket Companion, page 25. Mrs Burns is the lady alluded to by our poet.

CCLVI.

SONG OF SELMA.

THE words of this song, beginning "Ullin, Carill, and Ryno," are taken from the conclusion of the seventh book of *Temora*, an epic poem, by Ossian, translated by Macpherson. The music, which is extremely characteristic, was composed by Oswald.

CCLVII.

THE CAPTIVE RIBBAND.

THIS song, beginning "Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine," is another unclaimed production of Burns. The words are adapted to a Gaelic air, called "Robie donna gorrach," or "Daft Robin." This air is evidently a slight alteration of the fine old triple time tune, entitled "Earl Douglas's Lament," which may be seen in Oswald's Collection, book vii. page 30.

CCLVIII.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

"THIS air (says Burns) is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it the Lament for his Brother. The first half stanza of the song is old—the rest is mine." *Reliques*. Mr Cromek informs us, that he had a memorandum-book in his possession, in which the venerable portrait of this national

musician is thus drawn by Burns, with his usual characteristic strength and expression :—“ A short, stout-built, honest Highland figure, with his grayish hair shed on his honest social brow ; an interesting face, marking strong sense, kind open-heartedness, mixed with unmistrusting simplicity.”—Neil Gow was born in Strathbrand, Perthshire, in the year 1727, and died in the eightieth year of his age, at Inver, near Dunkeld, on the 1st of March, 1807. A writer in the Scots Magazine very justly observes, “ that although Mr Neil Gow had raised himself to independent and affluent circumstances in his old age, he continued free of every appearance of vanity or ostentation. He retained, to the last, the same plain and unassuming simplicity in his carriage, his dress, and his manners, which he had observed in his early and more obscure years. His figure was vigorous and manly ; and the expression of his countenance spirited and intelligent. His whole appearance, indeed, exhibited so characteristic a model of what national partiality conceives a Scottish Highlander to be, that his portrait has been repeatedly copied. An admirable likeness of him was painted, a few years ago, for the Honourable Mr Maule of Panmure, M. P. for Forfarshire, by Mr Raeburn ; and he has been introduced into the *View of a Highland Wedding*, by the late ingenious Mr Allan, to whom he was requested to sit for the purpose.” The late Rev. Mr Graham, author of *The Sabbath*, also published the following tributary verses to his memory :

“ The blythe strathspey springs up, reminding some
Of nights when Gow's old arm, (nor old the tale),
Unceasing, save when reeking cans went round,
Made heart and heel leap light as bounding roe.
Alas ! no more shall we behold that look
So venerable, yet so blent with mirth,
And festive joy sedate ; that ancient garb
Unvaried ; tartan hose and bonnet blue !
No more shall beauty's partial eye draw forth
The full intoxication of his strain
Mellifluous, strong, exuberantly rich !
No more amid the pauses of the dance
Shall he repeat those measures, that, in days

Of other years, could sooth a falling prince,
And light his visage with a transient smile
Of melancholy joy, like autumn sun
Gilding a sere tree with a passing beam !
Or play to sportive children on the green,
Dancing at gloamin' hours, on willing cheer,
With strains unbought, the shepherd's bridal day."

British Georgics, p. 81.

CCLIX.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE first half stanza of this song (says Burns) is old—the rest is mine. See *Reliques*. The words are adapted to a Gaelic air, called " Failte na moisg," or, " The Musket Salute," inserted in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, volume first, page 22.

CCLX.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

THE following original words of this very ancient song are preserved in Bishop Percy's old manuscript, written as early, if not before the year 1560.

Woman.

John Anderson, my jo, cum in as ze gae by,
And ze sall get a sheip's heid weel baken in a pye ;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat ;
John Anderson, my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

Man.

And how doe ze, cummer? and how doe ze thrive ?
And how mony bairns hae ze ?

Woman.

Cummer, I hae five.

Man.

Are they to your awin gudeman ?

Woman.

Na, cummer, na—

For three of tham were gotten quhan Willie was awa.

This John Anderson, if we may rely on an uniform and constant tradition, was, of old, the town-piper of Kelso, and an amorous wag in his day. About the period of the Reformation in Scotland, however, the last verse of the above song was slightly altered, and transferred from a real or supposed incident in private life, to the public tenets of the Catholic church. Luther, Calvin, Beza, and Knox, had already demonstrated and exposed the fallacy of any other sacraments

than those expressly authorized and sanctioned by Sacred Writ, namely, baptism and the Lord's supper. The church of Rome, nevertheless, had introduced five additional sacraments into her ritual list. 1. The sacrament of penitence. 2. The sacrament of confirmation. 3. The sacrament of extreme unction. 4. The sacrament of ordination. And, 5. The sacrament of marriage. These five sacraments were rejected by the reformed church as spurious and unauthorized. The stanza above alluded to ran thus :

Man.

And how doe ze cummer ? and how hae ze thriven ?
And how mony bairns hae ze ?

Woman.

Cummer, I hae seven.

Man.

Are they to your awin gudeman ?

Woman.

Na, cummer, na ;

For five o' them were gotten quhan he was far awa.

Bishop Percy, and Mr Tytler, who follows the prelate's opinion, were mistaken in asserting that the tunes to such songs, as *John Anderson—Green Sleeves—John, come kiss me now—Maggy Lauder—Kind Robin loes me*, &c. &c. originally belonged to the most favourite hymns in the Latin service, which had been burlesqued by the reformers. The fact is quite otherwise. The ancient humorous Scottish songs are not indebted to the Catholic church either for their words or their music. On the contrary, the earliest Scottish reformers called into their religious service the beautiful airs of that kingdom, and adapted them to *Godly and Spiritual Songs, collected out of sundrie parts of Scripture, for avoiding sinne and harlotrie*, in 1549. Nay, more, they even parodied and spiritualized some of the most favourite secular songs, such as *I'll never leave thee !—Low down in the Broom—Up in the Morning early—Hey now the Day dawns*, &c. &c. as we know, not only from the testimony of the Rev. William Geddes, but likewise from their own "*Compendious Booke*." The music of the ancient Latin service was strictly confined to what was denominated the eight modes of the church ;

four of which were reckoned *authentic*, and four *plagal*.—Now almost every old Scottish tune runs counter to these rules of church composition. Hence it may reasonably be inferred, that many of those old melodies existed, and were chanted by the natives of this part of the island, before the church of Rome existed. The hymns, and indeed the whole service of the Roman church, it will be recollected, were written in Latin, and it may be presumed that most of the reforming wits of that age were too imperfectly acquainted with this language to burlesque them. A copy of the Latin hymns set to music, which was used in the cathedral of Dunkeld, escaped the flames at the Reformation, and is preserved in the library of the college of Edinburgh. It consists of five thin quarto volumes. After having perused them with the most scrupulous care and attention, from beginning to end, I have been unable to detect a single musical phrase that has the smallest resemblance to any of our national tunes. The work is just now lying on my table, having been sent to me for examination and perusal by the very reverend Principal Baird. I have also examined a still more extensive Roman service-book, which formerly belonged to the abbey of Scone, now in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh, and do not find one church tune having the least resemblance whatever to any of our Scottish melodies.

The tune of "John Anderson, my Jo," though long handed down by oral communication, was committed to paper as early as 1578, in Queen Elizabeth's virginal-book, which is still preserved. Two beautiful stanzas, written by Burns in 1789 for the Museum, are adapted to the air in that work. Since the death of our lamented bard, four additional stanzas have appeared in a collection, entitled "Poetry original and selected," printed by Messrs Brash & Reid of Glasgow. With respect to these stanzas, Dr Currie justly remarks, "that every reader will observe they are by an inferior hand, and the real author of them ought neither to have given them, nor suffered them to be given to the world, as the production of Burns."

CCLXI.

AH! WHY THUS ABANDON'D TO MOURNING AND WOE.

THE words and music of this beautiful song were sent to Johnson by an anonymous correspondent. Burns considered it to be very deserving of a niche in the Museum, and Johnson accordingly inserted it in that work. The author is still unknown.

CCLXII.

DEIL TAK THE WARS.

THIS beautiful air was early introduced into England. Ritson says, that Dufey wrote the words, and sung them in "A Wife for any Man." If the words really are by Dufey, they do him little credit. But no such piece as this appears throughout the whole *Biographia Dramatica*, by Baker, Reed, and Jones, in 4 vols 8vo, London, 1812. In 1650, Dufey wrote "The Virtuous Wife," a very entertaining comedy, but not free from plagiarism, having borrowed several hints from Marston's *Fawn*, and the character of Beaufort from Palamede in Dryden's "Marriage a la Mode," and Beaumont and Fletcher, in 1647, wrote a very good tragi-comedy, entitled "A Wife for a Month;" but I have not been able to find the song in either of these plays. Both the words and the music appear in the first edition of the *Pills* in 1698, and the tune may be seen in a Collection of Original Scotch Tunes, published by Henry Playford the same year. Burns was uncommonly fond of this tune. In a letter to Mr Thomson, printed in the fourth volume of Dr Currie's edition of the bard's works, he says, "I am out of temper that you should set so sweet, so tender an air, as *Deil tak the Wars* to the foolish old verses. You talk of the silliness of *Saw ye my Father*? By Heavens! the odds is gold to brass! Besides, the old song, though now pretty well modernized into the Scottish language, is originally, and in the earlier editions, a bungling low imitation of the Scottish manner by that genius Tom Dufey; so it has no pretensions to be a Scottish production. There is a pretty English song by Sheridan,

in the *Duenna*, to this air, which is out of sight superior to Durfey's. It begins 'When sable night each drooping plant restoring.' The air, if I understand the expression of it properly, is the very native language of simplicity and love."

Burns wrote the two following stanzas to this tune, which he entitled "The Lover's Address to his Mistress."

I.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which Nature
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy.
 Now thro' the leafy woods,
 And by the reeking floods,
 Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower;
 The lavrock to the sky
 Ascends wi' songs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

II.

Phoebus gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning;
 Such to me, my lovely maid.
 When absent frae my fair,
 The murky shades o' care,
 With starless gloom, o'er cast my sullen sky;
 But when, in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravish'd sight;
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart,
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

Burns remarks upon it, "I could easily throw this (song) into an English mould; but, to my taste, in the simple and tender of the pastoral song, a sprinkling of the old Scotch has an inimitable effect."

CCLXIII.

AWA, WHIGS, AWA.

THIS is undoubtedly one of our oldest melodies. I have now lying before me a very ancient copy of it, in one strain, entitled "Oh, silly Soul, alace!" The second strain ap-

pears to have been added to it, like many other of this kind, at a much later period, by a slight alteration of the first. The Jacobites selected this air for a song called "The Earle of Mar's Men," and another entitled "Awa, Whigs, awa," a fragment of which, with two additional stanzas, namely, the second and fourth, written by Burns, are printed in the Museum.

A more complete copy of this Jacobite song may be seen in Hogg's Relics, vol. i.; but it owes its perfection to modern hands. The ancient air of "Oh, silly Soul, alace!" is evidently the progenitor of the popular tune, called "What ails this Heart of mine?" and "My Dearie an thou die."

CCLXIV.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

MR Stephen Clarke took down this song in 1787, when Burns and he were spending an evening with the Rev. Mr Clunie. Burns, however, added two stanzas to the song, and made several alterations on the old verses, but not in his happiest manner. The old verses follow:

*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather growes,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.*

*Will ye gang down yon water side,
That thro' the glen does saftly glide,
And I sall row thee in my plaid,
My bonnie dearie?*

Ca' the yowes, &c.

*Ye sall hae rings and ribbons meet,
Calf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my bosom ye sall sleep,
My bonnie dearie.*

Ca' the yowes, &c.

*I was brought up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
Nor sit the livelong day in dool,
Lanely and irie.*

Ca' the yowes, &c.

Yon yowes and lammies on the plain,
 Wi' a' the gear my dad did hain,
 I'se gie thee, if thou'lt be mine ain,
 My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

Come weel, come wae, whate'er betide,
 Gin ye'll prove true, I'se be your bride,
 And ye sall row me in your plaid,
 My winsome dearie.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

Although the tune is not to be found in any collection prior to 1787, it bears internal marks of antiquity. It only consists of one strain of eight bars, yet the air is uncommonly wild and pleasing. In the Museum, the note C, answering to the first syllable of the word *heather*, ought to be made sharp.

Burns, in one of his letters to Mr Thomson, dated in September 1794, says, "I am flattered at your adopting 'Ca' the yowes to the knowes,' as it was owing to me that it saw the light. About seven years ago, I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr Clunie, who sung it charmingly, and at my request Mr Clarke took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others, but still it will not do for you. In a solitary stroll which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the chorus, which I would preserve. Here it is, with all its crudities and imperfections on its head."

CHORUS.—*Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them where the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
 My bonnie dearie.*

Hark! the mavis' evening sang
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang;*

* Cluden, or Clouden, is a river in Dumfries-shire, which takes its rise near the base of the Criffal mountains, and after a course of about fourteen miles falls into the Nith, nearly opposite to Lincluden College. It abounds with excellent trout.

Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnied earie.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but cannot part,
My bonny dearie.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

CCLXV.

SE DE MHOLLA.

A Highland Song.

THE air and words of this Gaelic song, as well as the English translation, were copied from Sibbald's Edinburgh Magazine for 1785. The same song was reprinted in "Albyn's Anthology," published in 1816, with the following note, by Mr Campbell, the editor of that work.

"This original Hebridean air was noted down from the mouth of a young girl, a native of LEWIS, by an accomplished lady, (a namesake of the editor) in 1781. In the Edinburgh Magazine, for *anno* 1785, this fragment (for it is no more,) will be found as given by the present editor to the late Mr James Sibbald."

CCLXVI.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

THIS very humorous, though somewhat licentious ballad, (words and music) is uniformly attributed to James V. of

Scotland, about the year 1534. It is said, that he composed it on an amour with a farmer's daughter, in whose house he had been accommodated with a night's lodging, while strolling about the country in the disguise of a mendicant. The laird of Brodie, mentioned in the ballad, is understood to have been the progenitor of the Brodies of *that ilk*, one of the most ancient and respectable families in the north of Scotland. It is of this ballad that Horace Walpole (afterwards Lord Orford) in his Catalogue of Royal and Noble authors, has remarked, that there is something very ludicrous in the picture of the young girl's distress on imagining that her first favour had been thrown away upon a beggar. King James died 14th December 1542, in the thirty-first year of his age.

CCLXVII.

I LOE NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.

THE two first stanzas of this song, in the Museum, were written by Mr Clunie, according to the authority of Burns. —See *Currie's Edition of Burns, vol. i. Appendix, No 2.* But in Ritson's Collection, the reader will find the letters J. D. prefixed to the song, which is directed to be sung to the tune of "Happy Dick Dawson." If J. D. be the initial letters of the composer's name, Burns must have been misinformed.

The four supplementary stanzas, beginning "Let others brag weel o' their geer," were composed by Hector Macneil, Esq. before noticed. Mr Macneil told me this himself.

The musical reader will easily observe a striking affinity between the Scots air and the Irish tune called "My Lodging is on the cold Ground."

CCLXVIII.

I'LL MAK YOU BE FAIN TO FOLLOW ME.

RAMSAY inserted a song, by an anonymous hand, to this lively old tune, beginning "Adieu, for a while, my native green plains," in the second volume of his *Tea-Table Miscellany*; but he omitted the original song, beginning "As late by a soldier I chanced to pass," now inserted in the Mu-

seum. The tune appears in Oswald's Collection, and in many others.

CCLXIX.

THE BRIDAL O'T.

THIS song was written by Alexander Ross, late schoolmaster of Lochlee, in the county of Forfar. Mr Ross was born in the parish of Kincardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire, about the year 1700. His father, who was a farmer in that country, gave him a suitable education, and he had the pleasure to see it well bestowed on such a son. His first settlement was at Birse, as parochial schoolmaster. He afterwards removed to Lochlee, in the same capacity, about the year 1733, and here he continued, in the centre of the Grampians, almost secluded from the converse of men and books, for the space of fifty years. Mr Ross died in May 1783. He was an excellent Latin scholar, and a pious and worthy man. He wrote "The Fortunate Shepherdess," a poem, in the Scottish language, and some songs, which were published for the author's behoof in 1768. He must have commenced poet at an early period, for "The Rock and the wee pickle Tow," is referred to in the 2d volume of Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany in 1728. He is likewise the author of "The Orphan," a poem, still unpublished.

The verses, beginning "They say that Jock'll speed weel o't," are adapted to a well known Highland strathspey. In Angus Cumming's Collection of Old Reels and Strathspeys, it is called "Acharnac's Reel, or Bal nan Grantich;" but in Gow's Collection, it goes under the name of "Lucy Campbell's Delight."

CCLXX.

O MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHING A HECKLE.

THE original copy of this humorous song, in the handwriting of Burns, is now in my hands. It seems to be a whimsical allusion to his former occupation as a flax-dresser. "My twenty-third year (says he) was to me an important æra. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set

about doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in a neighbouring town (Irwin) to learn his trade. This was an unfortunate affair." After informing us, that their lint-shop took fire and was burnt to ashes, and that he was left, like a true poet, without a sixpence, he proceeds, "to crown my distresses, a *belle fille* whom I adored, and who had pledged her soul to meet me in the field of matrimony, jilted me with peculiar circumstances of mortification."—*See Currie's Life of Burns, vol. i.*

The tune to which the verses are set, by direction of the poet himself, on the top of the manuscript, is called "Boddich na 'mbrigis, or Lord Bredalbine's March," from Daniel Dow's Highland Airs.

CCLXXI.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

THIS elegiac song, beginning "Fate gave the word, the arrow sped," was written by Burns in 1789, and sent to Johnson for insertion in the Museum. Burns gave him, at the same time, positive instructions to set it to the air called "Finlayston House," which was composed by Mr John Riddel, and Mr Clarke accordingly did so.

In the *Reliques*, Burns says, "this most beautiful tune is, I think, the happiest composition of that bard-born genius, John Riddel, of the family of Glencarnock, at Ayr. The words were composed to commemorate the much lamented and premature death of James Fergusson, Esq. younger of Craigdarroch."

CCLXXII.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

THIS fragment of a Jacobite song, beginning "My love was born in Aberdeen," was published in Herd's Collection, vol. ii. page 170, printed in 1776. The verses in the Museum were retouched by Burns. The alterations are indeed few, yet they are evident improvements. A more complete version of the song, however, may be seen in the second volume of Hogg's Jacobite Relics. Mr O'Keefe selected

this air for one of his songs in the opera of “The Highland Reel,” first acted at Covent Garden in 1788.

CCLXXIII.

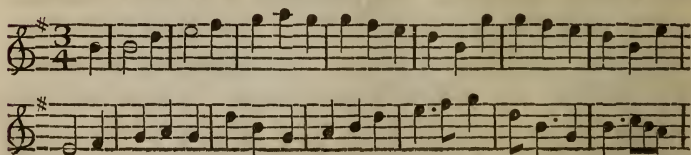
ORAN GAOIL.

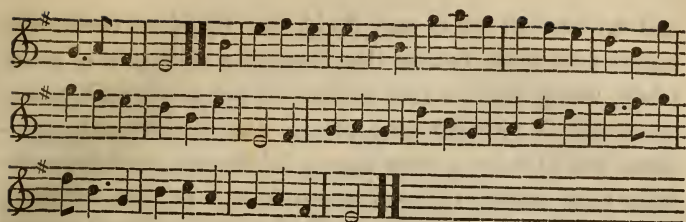
A Gaelic Song.

THIS is said to be an original Highland melody, and the verses, beginning “As on an eminence I stood musing,” are said to be a correct metrical translation of the Gaelic song, by a lady from the Highlands, who had the kindness to communicate them to Johnson, with the air.

The editor has never seen the original Gaelic song; but he has no reason to doubt that there may be such a one, and that the English version is correct enough. It may be remarked, however, that almost every Highland family of rank and fortune have long been in the habit of sending their children to the low country for their education, in which music has always been one of the principal ornamental branches. There cannot be a doubt, therefore, that the airs peculiar to Tweedside, Ettrick, Leader, Yarrow, Gala, &c. have long been as familiar to the Highlanders, as to the inhabitants of those Lowland pastoral districts where they had their origin. Many of them too, it is believed, have had the honour of being set to Gaelic verses. That the tune in question, however, is either of Gaelic or Irish extraction, seems to be very doubtful. For the editor has in his possession a very old manuscript, in square notes, in which this identical tune, or at least one so very similar to it, is inserted under the name of “Y^e Auld Jew,” of which a copy is subjoined.

THE AULD JEW.





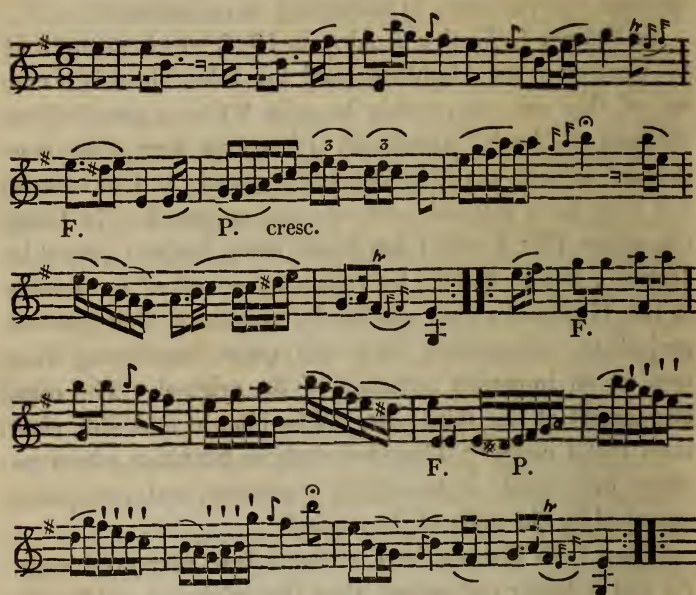
The same tune, under the title of “The Old Jew,” is printed in Oswald’s Pocket Companion, book v. published in 1742; but he has corrupted the melody in several bars with spurious interpolations, in attempting to embellish it.

In Fraser’s Collection of Airs, in 1816, which we are told are peculiar to the Highlands and the Isles, there is a new set of this old tune, which he calls “Cuir a ghaoil dileas tharrum do lamh,” translated, *Place true love thine arm around me*, with the following note annexed: “This melody has long been claimed, and by many supposed to be Irish, the editor (Mr Fraser,) has heard many harpers play it in Ireland; but on hearing his PROGENITOR’S set of it, as sung in the Highlands, they absolutely, in spite of their national prejudices, relinquished their own claim, considering their own as an imperfect imitation of the original. The commencement of the third part, ‘Tha binneas na bilibh, chan innis luchd cuil’e,’ ‘There is melody in her voice which no music can equal,’ is beautifully expressive, and perceptibly conveyed by the notes of the music.”

These Irish Harpers have certainly been very great wags. No fact is better understood, than that plainness and simplicity are the invariable characteristics of every old lyric melody. Many of the most ancient only consist of one simple strain, and very few, if any, have more than two.

Judging by this standard, the tune above inserted, as well as that in the Museum, with their kindred Irish air, are unquestionably old. But the same rule will not apply to the tune as given in this modern collection, which is indeed of a very different stamp. It consists of no less than four strains,

and the two last are so very florid, that Highland lasses, with organs even more flexible than those of a Billington or a Catalani, would find it a very difficult, if not an impossible matter, to sing it with any good effect. That it is not only a modern, but likewise a very clumsy fabrication, and quite foreign to the nature of vocal composition, the two following strains of it will sufficiently convince every intelligent musical reader; although, to use Mr Fraser's own words, they may be *beautifully expressive, and perceptibly conveyed by the notes of the music.*



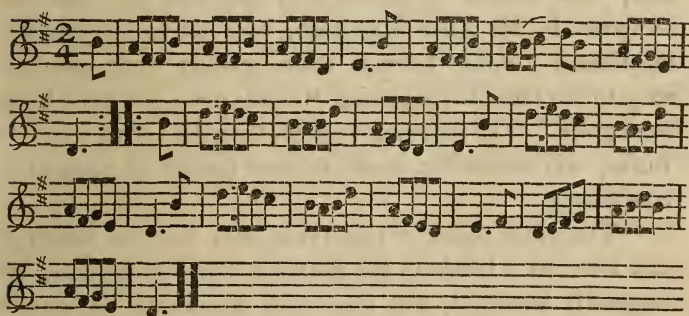
The Scots have often been sneered at by their Southern neighbours, for their credulity in matters of tradition; and it is much to be regretted, that attempts of this description should ever afford them a handle for such sarcastic ebullitions.

CCLXXIV.

SANDIE O'ER THE LEE.

THIS song, beginning "I winna marry ony man, but Sandie o'er the lee," is an Anglo-Scottish production. In 1776, Mr James Hook adapted the words to a new air composed by himself, which was published in 1777, in a collection of songs, sung at Vauxhall Gardens by Mr Vernon, Mrs Weichsell, Mrs Wrighten, and Mrs Warrell.

The Scots, however, have a pretty old song under the same title, and the words are nearly similar to those which Mr Hook had recourse to when he composed his air. The following is the Scottish melody, from one of the manuscript books which belonged to the late Mr Bremner, and after his decease, to his successor in business, Mr Brysson :

SANDIE O'ER THE LEE. *Scottish Air.*

In Gow's Complete Repository, part ii. is an air entitled "He's ay kissing me;" but it is quite different from the above, as well as Hook's melody. The first six bars of the second strain of Gow's tune, are in fact borrowed, note for note, from the air of "Saw ye Johnie comin, quo she." In Neil Gow & Son's Collection of Strathspeys, Reels, &c. dedicated to the members of the Caledonian Hunt, there is another tune, entitled "Sandie o'er the Lee, or Mr Baird's Favourite Reel," which is the old air with considerable alterations.

CCLXXV.

TODLEN HAME.

THE words of this ancient bottle song, beginning, "When I have a saxpence under my thumb," appear in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, and in the Orpheus Caledonius, from whence they were copied into the Museum. Burns was of opinion, that this was one of the best songs of the kind that ever was composed. The ancient air, to which the verses in the Museum are set, has been wrought into a variety of modern tunes, under different names; such as, Armstrong's Farewell—Robidh donna gorrah—The Days o' Langsyne—Lude's Lament—The Death of the Chief, &c.

CCLXXVI.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THIS song, beginning "The Catrine woods were yellow seen," was written by Burns in 1788; and the tune was composed by Mr Allan Masterton, who has been repeatedly mentioned. Burns likewise wrote another very beautiful song to the same air, beginning "'Twas even, the dewy fields were green." The following excerpt, from Dr Currie's Life of Burns, will enable the reader to trace the second song to its true source.

"The whole course of the Ayr is fine; but the banks of that river, as it bends to the eastward above Mauchline, are singularly beautiful, and they were frequented, as may be imagined, by our poet in his solitary walks. Here the muse often visited him. In one of these wanderings, he met among the woods a celebrated beauty of the west of Scotland—a lady, of whom it is said, that the charms of her person correspond with the character of her mind. This incident gave rise, as might be expected, to a poem, of which an account will be found in the following letter, in which he inclosed it to the object of his inspiration:—

“ To Miss ———

“ *Mossgiel*, 18th Nov. 1786.

“ MADAM,

“ POETS are such outré beings, so much the children of wayward fancy and capricious whim, that I believe the world generally allows them a larger latitude in the laws of propriety, than the sober sons of judgment and prudence. I mention this as an apology for the liberties that a nameless stranger has taken with you in the enclosed poem, which he begs leave to present you with. Whether it has poetical merit any way worthy of the theme, I am not the proper judge; but it is the best my abilities can produce; and, what to a good heart will perhaps be a superior grace, it is equally sincere as fervent.

“ The scenery was nearly taken from real life, though I dare say, Madam, you do not recollect it, as I believe you scarcely noticed the poetic *reueur* as he wandered by you. I had roved out as chance directed, in the favourite haunts of my muse, on the banks of the Ayr, to view Nature in all the gayety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills; not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart. I listened to the feathered warblers, pouring their harmony on every hand, with a congenial kindred regard, and frequently turned out of my path, lest I should disturb their little songs, or frighten them to another station. Surely, said I to myself, he must be a wretch indeed, who, regardless of your harmonious endeavour to please him, can eye your elusive flights to discover your secret recesses, and to rob you of all the property Nature gives you, your dearest comforts, your helpless nestlings. Even the hoary hawthorn-twigs that shot across the way, what heart, at such a time, but must have been interested in its welfare, and wished it to be preserved from the rudely browsing cattle, or the withering eastern blast? Such

was the scene, and such the hour, when, in a corner of my prospect, I spied one of the fairest pieces of Nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape, or met a poet's eye, those visionary bards excepted who hold commerce with aerial beings ! Had calumny and villany taken my walk, they had at that moment sworn eternal peace with such an object.

“ What an hour of inspiration for a poet ! It would have raised plain, dull, historic prose, into metaphor and measure.

“ The inclosed song was the work of my return home ; and perhaps it but poorly answers what might have been expected from such a scene.

ROBERT BURNS.”

I.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang ;
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along :
In every glen the mavis sang,
All Nature listening, seemed the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang,
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

II.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy ;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her hair like nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd passing by,
“ Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle.”

III.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in autumn mild ;
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wandering in the lonely wild :
But woman ! Nature's darling child !
There all her charms she does compile ;
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

IV.

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain !
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain ;

Through weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

v.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine ;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks or till the soil,
 And every day have joys divine,
 With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

In the manuscript book in which our poet has recounted this incident, and into which the letter and poem are copied, he complains that the lady made no reply to his effusions ; and this appears to have wounded his self-love.—It may be easily presumed, that the beautiful nymph of Ballochmyle, whoever she may have been, did not reject with scorn the adoration of our poet, though she received them with silent modesty and dignified reserve." *See Dr Currie's Life of Burns, vol. i.*

The above incident gave birth to the song in the Museum, beginning "The Catrine woods were yellow seen," which is a counter part to "The Lass of Ballochmyle." Mr Allan Masterton, of whom notice has been taken in a former part of this work, composed the beautiful air to which it is adapted.

N.B. Catrine, in Ayrshire, is the seat of Dugald Stewart, Esq. formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Ballochmyle is the residence of Boyd Alexander, Esq. in the same county.

CCLXXVII.

THE RANTIN' DOG, THE DADDIE O'T.

THIS humorous effusion of Burns, beginning "O wha my baby clouts will buy?" alludes to a well-known incident in his history. The verses are adapted to the old tune, called "The East Nook of Fife," but they were originally intended for the air of "Whare will our Gudeman lie," which

would have suited them better. In the *Reliques*, Burns says, "I composed this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud."

CCLXXVIII.

THE SHEPHERD'S PREFERENCE.

THIS song, beginning "In May when the daisies appear on the green," is another production of the worthy Dr Blacklock. It was originally composed by him for the purpose of filling up a corner in a small volume of poems, chiefly written by Mr Michael Bruce, a native of Kinross-shire, a young man of uncommon genius, and of the most flattering hopes, but who fell an early victim to a consumption on the 6th July, 1767, in the twenty-first year of his age. This benevolent scheme was chiefly promoted by the Very Reverend Dr Baird, Principal of the University of Edinburgh. Its object was, to rescue from oblivion such of Mr Bruce's unpublished pieces as were sufficiently correct to meet the public eye; and, at the same time, to procure some small supply for the aged mother of an ingenious youth, Mrs Ann Bruce, who was unable to provide for herself. It may gratify the reader to learn, that this object was fully accomplished. Mrs Bruce has since paid the debt of nature. She died 3d August, 1798, in the 88th year of her age.

In the *Reliques*, Burns says, "this song is Blacklock's. I don't know how it came by that name, but the oldest appellation of the air was *Whistle and I'll come to you, my Lad*. It has little affinity to the tune commonly known by that name." This single line had very probably suggested to our bard the idea of composing the excellent song of "O whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad," which is inserted in the second volume of the *Museum*. Vide song No 106.

CCLXXIX.

O MARY, DEAR DEPARTED SHADE.

THIS is the sublime and pathetic ode, beginning "Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray," which Burns composed in

1789, on the anniversary of Mary Campbell's death. This interesting and amiable young girl was the early object of our poet's affections. In one of his songs, he says, in allusion to her,

“ SHE has my heart, she has my hand,
By secret truth and honour's band;
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine my own Highland lassie, O.”

But the unexpected and premature death of poor Mary, prevented the intended matrimonial union between her and the bard. The reader will find several interesting particulars respecting this fine lyric elegy, in the notes on song 117, entitled “ The Highland lassie, O.”

The verses were transmitted by Burns, in a letter to Johnson, with a request that they should be set to a simple and plaintive air, called “ The Death of Captain Cook.” This was accordingly attended to.

Upon comparing the original manuscript of the ode, now lying before me in Burns' own hand-writing, with the printed copy in the Museum, I do not observe one word, or even a single letter, changed. He must therefore have conceived the whole of it perfectly in his mind, before he put pen to paper. It would however appear, from Dr Currie's Life of Burns, that he afterwards altered the title as it stands in the Museum, and called it “ An address to Mary in Heaven.”

CCLXXX.

HARDYKNUTE; OR, THE BATTLE OF LARGS.

AT the accession of Alexander III. to the Scottish throne, in July 1249, Orkney, Shetland, and the whole Hebrides, or Western Islands of Scotland, were subject to the crown of Denmark and Norway, with the exception of Bute, Arran, and the two Cumbras. Haco, the Danish monarch, at length laid claim to these likewise, as well as the peninsula of Kintyre, on pretence, as our own historians assert, that they formed part of the territories which had long before been ceded to his predecessors by Donald Bayne, commonly called

the usurper. Such ill-founded, and ridiculous pretensions, could not for a moment be listened to by the young and gallant Scottish monarch. Haco therefore sought to obtain by force what he could not impetrate by fraud and intrigue.

Preparations were accordingly made by the Danes and Norwegians for the invasion of Scotland. A large and powerful army was raised, and a numerous fleet, for their reception, began to assemble at Bergen. The ship that was destined to convey Haco was entirely composed of oak, and ornamented with the heads and necks of dragons overlaid with pure gold. It contained no less than twenty-seven benches for the rowers, and every accommodation necessary for the king and his attendants.*

About the beginning of summer 1263, the troops were embarked to the number of about 25,000,† and the expedition being ready to set sail, Haco assembled a council of war, at which he declared, that “it was intended against Scotland in the western seas, to revenge the inroads which the Scots had made into his dominions.” The signal to weigh anchor was then given, and this mighty and splendid armament at length left the Norwegian shore.‡

Having touched at Orkney, where he received a considerable reinforcement, Haco proceeded on his expedition. Arriving off Caithness, he sent a large body of his troops ashore, who pillaged the country, levied heavy contributions on its inhabitants, and returned on board loaded with spoil. He again set sail for the west coast of Scotland, and speedily subdued Bute, Arran, and the adjacent isles. Having ravaged the peninsula of Kintyre, and burned the hamlets of its inhabitants, Haco despatched a squadron of sixty ships up the Frith of Clyde to Lochlong. “When they came to the inlet,” says the Danish historian, “they took their boats, and drew them up to a great lake, which is called Lochlomond. In the lake were many islands well inhabited, which the Norwegians wasted with fire.”

* Danish Account.

† Hollinshead.

‡ Danish Account.

Emboldened by his various successes, Haco determined to carry his arms into the heart of Scotland. Having collected his fleet, he accordingly set sail, and came to anchor off the coast of Ayrshire. On the 1st of October 1263, a tempest arose, which drove several of the ships ashore near the village of Largs, where the van of the Scottish army had already arrived to watch the motions of the enemy. These vessels were immediately attacked by the Scots, and defended with great gallantry by the Danes, who, being successively reinforced from their fleet, maintained their ground in spite of every opposition.

A calm took place, which enabled Haco to land the whole of his troops, and to push forward a considerable way into the country. At length the main body of the Scottish army came in sight, drawn up in order of battle. The right was commanded by Alexander, Lord High Stewart of Scotland; the left by Patrick Dunbar, Earl of March; and the centre by King Alexander. Haco instantly prepared for the fight. His right wing was committed to Thorgoil Gloppa, his kinsman; his left to Haco of Steini, his own nephew; whilst the main body, in which were his choicest warriors, was under the command of Haco himself, and Nicholson his great chieftain. Previous to the onset, both leaders employed every argument that ingenuity could suggest, to animate and encourage their soldiers. The stake at issue was of the first magnitude. With the Danes, it was conquest and military glory. With their opponents, liberty or death.

Now began the long and bloody conflict. The gallant Stewart, by a desperate charge, overthrew the left wing of the Danes, killed young Haco their leader, and pursued the fugitives with terrible slaughter. In the mean time, King Haco was straining every nerve to pierce the centre of the Scottish army, and victory for a while was doubtful. The Stewart observing the perilous situation of his sovereign, recalled his troops from the pursuit, and, wheeling to the left, fell upon the rear of Haco's centre division, who, being thus furiously

attacked on all sides, soon gave way, and fled with trepidation, leaving the field covered with the slain. The right wing of the enemy, who had hitherto maintained the contest with great bravery, now began to waver. Dunbar, observing this, although severely wounded, instantly charged the enemy with unabated courage, threw them into disorder, and put them to the flight. In this charge, Thorgoil Gloppa, who had the command of the right wing of the Danes, also fell. The rout now became general. The remains of the beaten army fled in confusion towards the coast, and were pursued with great slaughter by the victorious Scots, till night put an end to the conflict. Haco and the wreck of his army, having with difficulty reached their ships, weighed anchor, and immediately set sail. But his misfortunes were not yet ended. A short time thereafter, a violent tempest arose, which annihilated the greater part of his fleet. Many of his ships foundered at sea, others were dashed in pieces against the rocks, and the helpless inmates, who had escaped shipwreck, found no mercy from the relentless inhabitants, but were put indiscriminately to the sword, in revenge for the cruelties which the Scots had so recently suffered at the hands of their invaders. Haco, with four of his ships, at length got into Orkney. Here his disappointed and disgusted followers began to tease him for permission to return home. To some he gave liberty, and those who could not obtain it deserted, or, as his historian has it, "they took leave for themselves."

In this forlorn state, Haco became a prey to violent grief and dejection of spirits, which wasted his health, and impaired a constitution naturally vigorous and active. Home appeared to have lost its relish, and he continued in this solitary abode to bewail his unhappy fate. Towards the close of the following autumn, he felt symptoms of approaching dissolution. His latter days were employed in devotional exercises, and in drawing up instructions for his son and successor, Magnus. About the beginning of December he became dangerously ill, and after receiving extreme unction, took an affectionate fare-

well of his attendants. On the feast of St Lucy, speech wholly failed him, and on the Saturday following, about midnight, death put an end to his earthly sorrows. His body was afterwards removed to Norway, and placed in the dormitory of his royal ancestors.*

The great battle of Largs was fought on the 2d day of October 1263. The total loss of the Danes and Norwegians in this eventful expedition was computed at 20,000 men. That of the Scots 5000. The bodies of the slain were interred in deep pits, dug on purpose to receive them, and a rude obelisk of granite was placed as a mark of distinction at the grave of Haco of Steini.

This glorious and decisive victory not only brought to conclusion a negotiation with Magnus IV. who, in 1266, relinquished to Alexander III. of Scotland all right to the Hebrides and the Isle of Man, but likewise put an effectual stop to the future invasions of these northern powers, whose descendants, to this day, call Scotland "The grave of the Danes."

Among the Scottish chiefs who particularly distinguished themselves on this memorable occasion, was Sir Alexander, the High Stewart, (and Hardykycht) of Scotland, who was great-grandfather to the first king of the illustrious and royal house of Stewart. Dunbar, Earl of March, likewise behaved with great spirit and gallantry ; and Hugh de Douglas, ancestor of the noble family of Douglas, had also the honour, while yet young, to contribute to the defeat of the Danes. This Hugh died in 1288 without issue, and was succeeded by his brother William de Douglas, who, by the voice of flattery, was called "Hardihood."

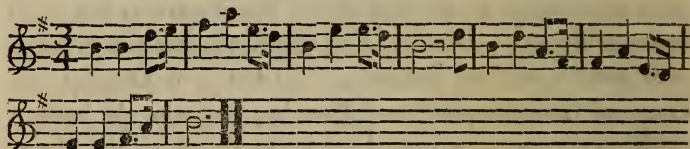
Having thus given a short description of the battle of Largs and its consequences, it may now be requisite to say a few words with regard to the ballad of Hardyknute. That such a celebrated personage as "Lord Hardyknute" ever existed in Scotland, has not yet been discovered in any

* Danish Account.

part of her annals ; the name, therefore, must either be fictitious or corrupted. There was indeed such a person as “Hardicanute,” who succeeded his half-brother Harold on the *English* throne, in 1039, and who, after a brutal and inglorious reign of two years, died of a surfeit at the palace of Lambeth. But the actions of such a detestable tyrant as Hardicanute, could never become the subject of praise for any minstrel.

It is equally improbable that so important a battle as that of Largs, and the actions of those gallant heroes who obtained so signal a victory, remained unnoticed and unsung by the Scottish bards of that æra. That such a ballad indeed did exist, there seems little reason to doubt ; for Mr William Thomson, who was one of the performers at Edinburgh in 1695, and afterwards settled in London, solemnly assured both Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee and Dr Clarke, that he had heard several stanzas of it sung long before its first appearance in print in 1719. Nay more, Oswald, who was born about the beginning of last century, has, in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, preserved the very tune. It is here annexed.

HARDIE KNUTE.



But the history of the modern ballad of Hardyknute is better known ; it was chiefly composed from some imperfect fragments of the old ballad by Elizabeth Halket, second daughter of Sir Charles Halket of Pitferran, Bart. This lady was baptised 15th April, 1677 ; on the 13th June, 1696, she married Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie, in the county of Fife, by whom she had a family. She died in 1727, and was interred in the family vault within the church of Dunfermline.

Lady Wardlaw's improved ballad was long handed about in manuscript among the domestic circle of her friends and acquaintance for their amusement. It at length happened to attract the notice of the late Lord President Forbes and Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Lord Justice Clerk, both good poets, and these gentlemen, conceiving the *whole* poem to be a genuine production of antiquity, were at the expense of publishing it in a small folio tract of 12 pages, in the year 1719. The secret was at length divulged, and Lady Wardlaw favoured Allan Ramsay with a new and enlarged copy, which was printed in his *Evergreen*, at Edinburgh, in 1724.

In 1781, Mr John Pinkerton gave to the world a volume of "Scottish Tragic Ballads," in which a second part of the fragment of Hardyknute first saw the light. It was now said to be "given in its original perfection," and, with equal truth and modesty, pronounced to be "the most noble production in this style that ever appeared in the world." The editor professed himself to be "indebted, for the most of the stanzas now recovered, to the memory of a lady in Lanarkshire," and asserted, that the common people of that province could "repeat scraps of both parts." "A few other monuments of ancient poetry, (he adds) are now first published from tradition." These are, *The Laird of Woodhouslee*, *Lord Livingston*, *Binnorie*, *The Death of Monteith*, and *I wish I were where Helen lyes*—of the forgery of which pieces, as well as of the second part of Hardyknute, Pinkerton, in a subsequent publication, but not till he had been directly accused by a letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for November 1784, confessed himself guilty. "This man, (says Ritson) is what the courtesy of the age calls a gentleman, and yet, to borrow his own words, if he had used the same freedom in a private business, which he has in poetry, he would have been set on the pillory; and, in fact, to call such an infamous impostor by his very worst, but true title, were but justice to society."—*Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, p. 76.

Ritson, however, goes too far in asserting, that even in the *first* part of Hardyknute, "there is not a single line which is not stolen from some old ballad, that has the most distant appearance of having existed before." There are not only lines, but whole stanzas too, of undoubted antiquity, and which are not to be found in the whole multifarious ballads, English or Scottish, ancient or modern, that have yet come from the press. The anachronisms which occur in the original printed ballad, such as "Hardyknute" for "Hardy knycht;" Queen "Elenor" for "Margaret," her daughter, &c. tend to show that the ancient ballad had been corrupted in passing by oral communication from ancient to modern times. Lady Wardlaw was too elegant and accomplished a writer to have committed such blunders, had she been the author of the whole of this historical fragment, although several of the stanzas are undoubtedly hers.

CCLXXXI.

EPPIE ADAIR.

THIS pretty air appears in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. xii. under the title of "My Eppie." Burns supplied the words for the Museum.

CCLXXXII.

THE BATTLE OF SHERRA-MOOR.

THE battle of Dunblane, or Sheriff-Muir, between the Earl of Mar for the Chevalier, and the Duke of Argyle for Government, was fought on the 13th November, 1715. Both sides claimed the victory.

Several songs were composed to commemorate this battle, such as "Up and warn a', Willie,"—"There's some say that we wan, some say that they wan." There was another which was entitled "A Dialogue between Will Lickladle and Tom Cleancogue, Twa Shepherds, wha were feeding their flocks on the Ochil-Hills on the day the battle of Sherrieff-Muir was fought. The chorus to be sung after every verse to the tune of the Cameron's March." This

dialogue, however, was written by the late Mr Barclay, the Berean minister in Edinburgh, many years after the event to which it alludes. It is annexed.

I.

- W. PRAY came you here the fight to shun,
Or keep the sheep wi' me, man?
Or was ye at the Sheriff-moor,
And did the battle see, man?
Pray tell whilk of the parties won;
For weel I wat I saw them run,
Both south and north, when they begun
To pell and mell, and kill and fell,
With muskets snell, and pistols knell,
And some to hell

Did flee, man.

Fal, la, la, &c.

II.

- T. But, my dear Will, I kenna still,
Whilk o' the two did lose, man;
For, well I wat, they had good skill
To set upo' their foes, man:
The red-coats they are train'd, you see—
The clans always disdain to flee—
Wha then should gain the victory?
But the Highland race, all in a brace,
With a swift pace, to the Whigs' disgrace,
Did put to chace

Their foes, man.

Fal, la, la, &c.

III.

- W. Now how deil, Tam, can this be true?
I saw the chace gae north, man;
T. But, weel I wat, they did pursue
Them even unto the Forth, man.
Frae Dunblane they ran, in my own sight,
And got o'er the bridge with all their might,
And those at Stirling took their flight;
Gif only ye had been wi' me,
You'd seen them flee, of each degree,
For fear to die

Wi' sloth, man.

Fal, la, la, &c.

IV.

- W. My sister Kate came o'er the hill
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw them running still
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:

The left wing general hadna skill,
 The Angus lads had nae good will,
 That day their neighbour's blood to spill;
 For fear by foes that they should lose
 Their cogues o' brose, all crying woes,
 Yonder them goes,

D'ye see, man;

CHORUS.—*Fal, la, la, &c.*

V.

T. I see but few like gentlemen
 Amang yon frightened crew, man;
 I fear my Lord Panmure be slain,
 Or that he's ta'en just now, man:
 For tho' his officers obey,
 His cowardly commons run away,
 For fear the red-coats them should slay;
 The sodgers' haill make their hearts fail;
 See how they skail, and turn the tail,
 And rin to flail

And plow, man.

Fal, la, la, &c.

VI.

W. But now brave Angus comes again
 Into the second fight, man;
 They swear they'll either die or gain,
 No foes shall them affright, man;
 Argyle's best forces they'll withstand,
 And boldly fight them sword in hand,
 Give them a general to command,
 A man of might, that will but fight,
 And take delight to lead them right,
 And ne'er desire

The flight, man.

Fal, la, la, &c.

VII.

But Flandrekins they have no skill
 To lead a Scottish force, man;
 Their motions do our courage spill,
 And put us to a loss, man.
 You'll hear of us far better news,
 When we attack in Highland trews,
 And hash and slash, and smash and bruise,
 Till the field, tho' braid, be all o'erspread,
But coat or plaid, wi' corpse that's dead,
 In their cold bed,

That's moss, man.

Fal, la, la, &c.

VIII.

- T. Twa gen'ral's frae the field did run,
 Lords Huntley and Seaforth, man;
 They cry'd and run, grim death to shun,
 Those heroes o' the north, man;*
 They're fitter far for book or pen,
 'Than under Mars to lead on men;
 Ere they came there they might weel ken,
 That female hands could ne'er gain lands,
 'Tis Highland brands that countermands
 Argathlean bands

Frae Forth, man.

Fal, la, la, &c.

IX.

- W. The Camerons scour'd as they were mad,
 Lifting their neighbours' cows, man.
 M'Kenzie and the Stewart fled,
 Without phil'beg or trews, man;
 Had they behaved like Donald's core,
 And kill'd all those came them before,
 Their king had gone to France no more;
 Then each Whig saint wad soon repent,
 And strait recant his covenant,
 And rent

It at the news, man.

Fal, la, la, &c.

X.

- T. M'Gregors they far off did stand,
 Badenoch and Athol too, man;
 I hear they wanted the command,
 For I believe them true, man.
 Perth, Fife, and Angus, wi' their horse,
 Stood motionless, and some did worse,
 For, tho' the red coats went them cross,
 They did conspire for to admire
 Clans run and fire, left wings retire,
 While rights intire

Pursue, man.

Fal, la, la, &c.

XI.

- W. But Scotland has not much to say,
 For such a fight as this is,
 Where baith did fight and run away,
 The devil take the miss is,

* The insurgents reckoned, likewise, that some noblemen and chiefs from the north did not act so honest a part; or at least did not shew so much courage as the zeal they expressed or the cause required.—Campbell's Life of J. D. of Argyle, page 205.

That ev'ry officer was not slain
 That run that day and was not ta'en,
 Either flying from or to Dunblane,
 When Whig and Tory, in their fury,
 Strove for glory, to our sorrow
 The sad story

Hush is.

Fal, la, la, &c.

This song did not quite please Burns. He thought the author had treated the behaviour of the clans, as well as some of their chieftains, rather too severely. Johnson, however, who was a member of Mr Barclay's congregation, seemed to be of opinion, that the song would do well enough, and as he was fond of the tune, which is called "The Camerons' March," and sometimes, "The Cameronians' Rant, or Reel," he wished to insert it in the Museum. But Burns promised to furnish him with a similar song for his work, which perhaps might please him still better. He accordingly produced the parody, beginning "O cam ye here the fight to shun," which is inserted in the Museum.

With respect to this parody, as well as its prototype, Cromek, the editor of Burns' Reliques, makes the following remarks. Speaking of the original, he says, "The mode of narration is well chosen, but the poem has little other merit, except as being a circumstantial, and a sort of gazette account of the affair." Doctors differ;—the original contains many flashes of genuine wit and keen sarcastic humour, and has a great deal of *truth* in the narrative to recommend it.

Alluding to Burns' parody of the Battle of Sherriffmuir, Mr Cromek observes, "So fine a subject could not escape the muse which immortalized the fight of Bannockburn, and in the accompanying stanzas (the reader will find them in the Museum) we have an additional proof of the ardent and inexhaustible mind of Burns, which, when roused in the cause of *patriotism*, could invest the rudest materials with the riches of its own genius. Most imitations are only foils to the original; but here, the model is like a tree in the bare poverty of winter, and the copy is the same

tree, warmed with the life, and clothed with the genuine verdure, of spring. This is one, among innumerable instances, in which he has displayed the versatility of his powers in new-modelling the ancient ballads of his country—

“Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.”

This panegyric is all very fine and well; but the reader will not, it is believed, be displeased that Mr Barclay's original verses are preserved, by which he has it in his power to form a judgment of the respective merits of the two ballads himself.

CCLXXXIII.

SANDIE AND JOCKIE.

NEITHER the music nor words of this song are indigenous to Scotland. It is merely a modern *travestie* of part of a *pseudo* Scottish song, entitled “Jenny's Lamentation,” consisting of five eight-line stanzas, which is inserted in Roberts' *Calliope*, or *English Harmony*, vol. i.—London, in 1739.

CCLXXXIV.

THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR.

THE words of this song, beginning “The gloomy night is gathering fast,” were written by Burns in 1786, and set to music by his friend Mr Allan Masterton. “I composed this song, (says Burns) as I convoyed my chest so far on the road to Greenock, where I was to embark in a few days for Jamaica. I meant it as my farewell dirge to my native land.”
—*Reliques*.

In a letter to Dr Moore, dated 2d August 1788, inserted in Dr Currie's *Life of Burns*, vol. i. our poet again alludes to this song. He says, “As soon as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage-passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde; for

‘Hungry ruin had me in the wind.’

“I had been for some days skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail; as some ill-advised people had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was

on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, "The gloomy Night is gathering fast," when a letter from Dr Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion, that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star, that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith, for once made a revolution to the nadir; and a kind Providence placed me under the patronage of one of the noblest of men, the Earl of Glencairn. *Oublie moi, grand dieu, si jamais je l'oublie!* I need relate no farther. At Edinburgh, I was in a new world; I mingled among many classes of men, but all of them new to me, and I was all attention to *catch* the characters and *the manners living as they rise.*"

CCLXXXV.

JOHN O' BADENYOND.

THIS excellent song, beginning "When first I cam to be a man," is another production of the Reverend Mr John Skinner, of whom mention has been made in a former part of this work.—*See Notes on song* 201. The words are adapted to a fine old Highland strathspey.

CCLXXXVI.

FRENNET HALL.

THE subject of this ballad is related by W. Gordon, in his "History of the illustrious House of Gordon," 1726, vol. ii. p. 135, in the following words:—

"*Anno*, 1630, there happened a melancholy accident to the family of Huntly thus.—First of January there fell out a discord betwixt (Sir James Crichton) the laird of Fren-draught and some of his friends, and William Gordon of Rothemay and some of his, in which William Gordon was killed, a brave and gallant gentleman. On the other side was

slain George Gordon, brother of Sir James Gordon of Lesmore, and divers others were wounded on both sides. The Marquis of Huntly, and some other well-disposed friends, made up this quarrel; and Frendraught was appointed to pay fifty thousand merks *Scots*, in compensation of the slaughter; which, as is said, was truly paid.

“ Upon the 27th of September this year (1630) Frendraught, having in his company Robert Crichton of Condlaw, and James Lesly, son to the laird of Pitcaple, Crichton shot Lesly through the arm, who was carried to his father's house, and Frendraught put Crichton out of his company. Immediately thereafter he went to visit the Earl of Murray, and on his return came to the Bog of Gight, now Castle Gordon, to visit the Marquis of Huntly; of which Pitcaple getting notice, convenes about thirty horsemen fully armed and with them marches to intercept Frendraught, and to be revenged of him for the hurt his son had got. He came to the Marquis's house, October 7. Upon which the Marquis wisely desired Frendraught to keep company with his lady, and he would discourse Pitcaple, who complained to him grievously of the harm he had done his son, and vowed he would be revenged of him ere he returned home. The Marquis did all he could to excuse Frendraught, and satisfy Pitcaple, but to no purpose; and so he went away in a chaff, still vowing revenge.

“ The Marquis communicated all that had passed to Frendraught, and kept him in his house a day or two; and even then would not let him go home alone, but sent his son, John Gordon, viscount of Melgum and Aboyne, with some others, as a safeguard to him, until he should be at home (among whom was John Gordon of Rothemay, son to him lately slain) lest Pitcaple should lye in ambush for him.

“ They conveyed him safely home, and after dinner Aboyne pressed earnestly to return; and as earnestly did Frendraught press him to stay, and would by no means part with him that night. He at last condescended to stay, though

unwillingly. They were well entertained, supped merrily, and went to bed joyful. The Viscount was laid in a room in the old tower of the hall, standing upon a vault, where there was a round hole under his bed. Robert Gordon and English Will, two of his servants, were laid beside him. The laird of Rothemay, and some servants by him, in an upper room above Aboyne. And, above that, in another room, George Chalmers of Noth, and another of the Viscount's servants; all of them lodged in that old tower, and all of them in rooms, one above the other. All of them being at rest, about midnight the tower takes fire, in so sudden and furious a manner, that this noble lord, the laird of Rothemay, English Will, Colin Ivat, and other two, being six in number, were cruelly burnt to death, without help or relief being offered to be made; the laird and lady looking on, without so much as endeavouring to deliver them from the fury of those merciless flames, as was reported.

“ Robert Gordon, who was in Aboyne's chamber, escaped, as ('tis said) Aboyne might have done if he had not rushed up stairs to awake Rothemay; and while he was about that, the wooden passage and the lofting of the room took fire, so that none of them could get down stairs. They went to the window that looked into the court, and cried many times help, for God's sake, the laird and lady looking on, but all to no purpose. And finally, seeing there was no help to be made, they recommended themselves to God, clasped in one another's embraces.

“ And thus perished in those merciless flames, the noble Lord John Gordon, viscount of Melgum and Aboyne, and John Gordon of Rothemay, a very brave youth. This viscount was a very complete gentleman, both in body and mind, and much lamented by the whole country, but especially by his father, mother, and lady, who lived a melancholy retired life all her time thereafter. And this was all the reward the Marquis of Huntly got for his good will to Frendraught,

says my author, Spalding, who lived not far from the place, and had the account from eye witnesses."

This ungrateful villain, and inhuman murderer, was nevertheless raised to the peerage by the title of James Crichton, Viscount Frendraught, in 1642. His wife, who might have been a fit companion for such a wretch as Lady Macbeth, was Elizabeth Gordon, daughter of John, Earl of Sutherland, and near cousin to the Marquis of Huntly. Gordon adds, "The family of Frendraught was then very opulent. They had a great land-estate and much money; and after that it soon went to ruin, and was sometime ago extinct." No wonder.

The ballad, as printed in the Museum and other collections, is not supposed to be so old as the date of the event. The Rev. Mr Boyd, translator of Dante, remembered a few stanzas of an older ballad, composed, it is said, at the time, which J. C. Walker, Esq. obligingly communicated to Mr Ritson. They are here annexed.

THE reek it rose, and the flame it flew,
And oh! the fire augmented high,
Until it came to Lord John's chamber window,
And to the bed where Lord John did lye.

O, help me, help me, Lady Frennet!
I never ettled harm to thee,
And if my father slew thy Lord,
Forget the deed and rescue me!

He looked east, he looked west,
To see if any help was nigh,
At length his little page he saw,
Who to his lord aloud did cry,

Loup down, loup down, my master dear,
What tho' the window's dreigh and hie,
I'll catch you in my arms twa,
And never a foot from you I'll flee.

How can I loup, ye little page?
How can I leave this window hie?
Do you not see the blazing low,
And my twa legs burnt to my knee?

Ritson adds, "There are some intermediate particulars, Mr Boyd says, respecting the lady's lodging her victims in a

turret, or flanker, which did not communicate with the castle. This I have only from tradition, as I never heard any other stanzas besides the foregoing." The author of the above five stanzas, either through ignorance or design, has committed an egregious mistake, in representing the Marquis of Huntly, Lord John's father, as the murderer of Lady Frennet's husband, Sir James Crichton. In place of dying that way, or even by the gallows, which both he and his wicked strumpet so richly deserved, we find him twelve years thereafter elevated to the *peerage* by King Charles I.!

Neither is the author of the more modern ballad correct, in supposing Lord John and John Gordon of Rothemay to have been *brothers*, as in the following passage,

"FULL weel ye ken your husband dear
Was by our father slain."

The actual cause of Sir John and Lady Crichton of Frennet's provocation appears to have been, the 50,000 merks Scots, about L.2777:15:6 Sterling, which the Marquis of Huntly had awarded Sir John to pay, in compensation for the slaughter of old Gordon of Rothiemay. Poetical fictions must always yield to historical evidence.

CCLXXXVII.

YOUNG JOCKEY WAS THE BLYTHEST LAD.

THIS air, with a slight alteration, was published in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, vol. vii. page 8, under the title of "Jocky was the blythest Lad in a' our Town." The song was marked by Johnson with the letter Z, to denote that it was an old one with additions. But the whole of it, excepting three or four lines, is the production of Burns.

CCLXXXVIII.

A WAUKRIFE MINNIE.

THIS song, beginning "Whare are you gaun my bonnie lass," is not to be found in any collection prior to the Museum. In Burns Reliques, he says, "I picked up this old song and tune from a country girl in Nithsdale—I never met with it elsewhere in Scotland."

TULLOCHGORUM.

THIS fine song, beginning "Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried," is another production of the Reverend Mr John Skinner; the verses are adapted to the charming strathspey, called *The Reel of Tullochgorum*. Burns, in his *Reliques*, gives us the following account of the song of Tullochgorum:

"THIS FIRST OF SONGS is the master-piece of my old friend SKINNER. He was, I think, passing the day at the town of Cullen; I think it was, (he should have said *Ellon*) in a friend's house, whose name was Montgomery. Mrs *Montgomery* observing, *en passant*, that the beautiful reel of *Tullochgorum* wanted words; she begged them of Mr Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad. These particulars I had from the author's own son, Bishop Skinner, at Aberdeen. *Reliques*. The following is an extract of a letter from Mr Burns to the author of Tullochgorum.—

"Reverend and venerable Sir,—Accept, in plain dull prose, my most sincere thanks for the best poetical compliment I ever received. (Burns here alludes to the poetical epistle he had received from Mr Skinner.) I assure you, Sir, as a poet, you have conjured up an airy demon of vanity in my fancy, which the best abilities in your *other* capacity will be ill able to lay. I regret, and while I live shall regret, that, when I was north, I had not the pleasure of paying a younger brother's dutiful respect to the author of the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw—'Tullochgorum's my delight!' The world may think slightly of the craft of song-making if they please; but, as Job says, 'O! that mine adversary had written a book!' Let them try."

Mr Cromeke adds the following note respecting the words "Whig-mig-morum," which Mr Skinner introduces in the first stanza. "Whig-mig-morum occurs in Habbie Simpson's Epitaph.—

"Sae weill's he keipit his decorum,

"And all the stotis of Quhip Meg morum."

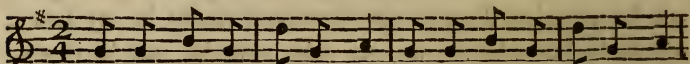
“*Stotis* means notes of music—*Quhip Meg morum*, the name of an old air; therefore the sense is, *Notes of Whip-mig-morum*.”—See Cromeek’s Select Scottish Songs. London, 1810.

The word *Stotis*, however, evidently implies certain *steps* used in the dance called “*Quhip-meg-morum*,” long since laid aside. But the word *Quhip-meg-morum*, in Francis Semple’s Epitaph on Habbie Simpson, does not appear to have any connection with *Whig-mig-morum*, as used in Mr Skinner’s ballad, which clearly signifies *political wrangling* or controversy, and was probably coined by himself, merely for rhyme’s sake, from the term *Whig* used in a jocular sense.

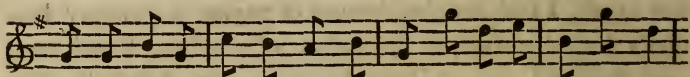
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their Whig-mig-morum.

I have never been able to discover who framed the reel of Tullochgorum; but the composer has evidently taken the subject of it from the old Scottish song tune, called “*Jockie’s fow and Jenny fain*,” which may be seen loaded with variations in Craig’s Select Tunes, printed in 1730, and the words in Ramsay’s Tea-Table Miscellany. The following is a genuine copy of the old air, and the first stanza of the ballad.

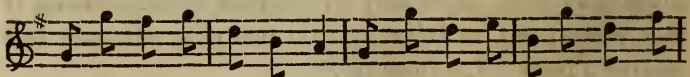
JOCKIE’S FOW AND JENNY’S FAIN.



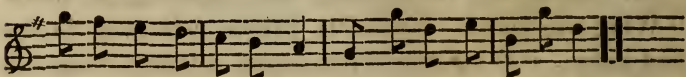
JOCKIE’S fow and Jenny’s fain; Jenny was nae ill to gain:



She was couthy, he was kind, And thus the wooer tell’d his mind:



Jenny, I’ll nae mair be nice, Gie me love at o-ny price; I



winna prig for red or whyt, Love alane can gie delight.

Ramsay wisely suppressed the rest of this old ditty, and

added three verses of his own, which were less objectionable, and printed with the letter Q, as an old song with additions.

As the song of "Tullochgorum" in the Museum contains several variations from the Rev. Author's own copy, it is annexed, with his last corrections.

I.

COME, gie's a sang, Montgomery cry'd,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what was done before them :
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their Whig-mig-morum ;
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night in mirth and glee,
And cheerful sing along wi' me
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

II.

O' Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps a spite,
In conscience I abhor him :
For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
Blythe and cheerie, blythe and cheerie,
Blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
And make a happy quorum ;
For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

III.

What needs there be sae great a fraise
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie our aih strathspeys
For half a hunder score o' them ;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum ;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
They canna' please a Scottish taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

IV.

Let wardly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,

And sullen sots themsell distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum:
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky?
 Sour and sulky shall we sit,
 Like old Philosophorum!
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 Nor ever try to shake a fit
 To th' Reel o' Tullochgorum?

v.

May choicest blessings aye attend
 Each honest, open-hearted friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 And a' that's good watch o'er him;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 Peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' them;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious spot,
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond o' 'Tullochgorum!

vi.

But for the sullen frumpish fool,
 That loves to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him;
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 Dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And nane say, wae's me for him!
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
 Wha e'er he be that winna dance
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

CCXC.

FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT.

THIS humorous song, beginning "Tho' women's minds, like winter winds," was wholly written by Burns, in 1789, for the Museum, except the two first lines of the chorus, which are taken from the old song to the same tune.

In 1794, Burns wrote the following capital verses to the same air, which were handed about in manuscript a considerable time before they appeared in print. They unfortunate-

ly came out at a period when political disputes ran very high, and his enemies did not fail to interpret every sentence of them to his prejudice. That he was the zealous friend of rational and constitutional freedom, will not be denied; but that he entertained principles hostile to the safety of the state, no honest man that knew him will ever venture to maintain. In fact, what happened to Burns has happened to most men of genius. During times of public commotion, there are always to be found vile and dastardly scoundrels, who, to render themselves favourites with those in power, and push their own selfish views of interest and ambition, are ever ready to calumniate the characters, and misrepresent the motives and actions of their neighbours, however good, innocent, or meritorious.

Burns introduced the verses to Mr Thomson in January 1795, with this note: "A great critic (Aikin) on songs says, that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently is no song; but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme:"

I.

O WHA, for honest poverty,
Wad hang his head an' a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by—
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

II.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel shaw, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

III.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, an' a' that,

Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that :
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His ribband, star, an' a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

IV.

A king can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he manna' fa' that !
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their dignities, an' a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

V.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

CCXCI.

O, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

THIS song was written by Burns, and set to music by Allan Masterton, in 1789. The "Willie," who brew'd a peck o' maut, was Mr William Nicol of the High School, Edinburgh; and Rob and Allan, were our poet and his friend Masterton. The occasion of it was this:—Mr Nicol had purchased the farm of Laggan, in Nithsdale, by the advice of Burns, and during the autumn vacation, 1789, he went to look after his new purchase. Mr Masterton, who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton, and our poet, went to pay Nicol a visit, and *warm his new house*. "We had such a joyous meeting," says Burns, "that Mr Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business."* Accordingly, Burns produced the words, and Masterton the music.—These three honest fel-

* See *Reliques*.

lows, and men too of uncommon talents, are all now numbered with the dead.

CCXCII.

KILLIECRANKIE.*

THE chorus of this song is old. The rest of it, beginning "Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad," was written, in 1789, by Burns, on purpose for the Museum. This tune is mentioned in the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence, written in 1692; as the writer tells us, that "the death of Lawderdale and Sir George Mackenzie happened last year," viz. 1691.

CCXCIII.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

THIS excellent song, beginning "O were I able to rehearse," is another production of the Reverend Mr John Skinner. The verses are adapted to a fine lively Highland reel, of considerable antiquity, which received its name from a "Ewie" of a very different breed; namely, the whisky-still, with its *crooked*, or rather spiral, apparatus.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN;

With the Author's last Corrections.

I.

WERE I but able to rehearse
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce,
As ever piper's drone could blaw :

CHORUS.

*The ewie wi the crookit horn,
Wha had kent her might hae sworn,
Sic a ewe was never born
Hereabout, nor far awa.*

* Killiecrankie is a noted pass in the Highlands of Athol, near the junction of the Tummel river with that of the Garry. It is formed by the lofty mountains impending over the river Garry, which rushes below in a dark, deep, and rocky channel, overhung with trees that grow out of the clefts of the rock. The river is in most places invisible to the traveller, who only hears its deafening roar; and where it is seen, the water appears pouring over a precipice, forming a scene of awful magnificence. Near the north-end of this pass was fought the battle of Killiecrankie, on 27th July, 1689, in which the Dutch and English forces of King William, under the command of General Mackay, were almost instantaneously defeated by the Highland clans, commanded by James Graham of Claverhouse, (Viscount Dundee) who adhered to King James; but Claverhouse received his death-wound in this battle, which event blasted the hopes of the royal family of Stuart.

II.

I never needed tar nor keil,
 To mark her upo' hip or heel,
 Her crookit horn did as weel
 To ken her by amo' them a'.

The ewie wi', &c.

III.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
 But keepit ay her ain jog-trot,
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
 Was never sweirt to lead nor ca'.

The ewie wi', &c.

IV.

Could nor hunger never dang her,
 Wind nor wet could never wrang her ;
 Anes she lay an ouk and langer,
 Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

The ewie wi', &c.

V.

Whan ither ewies lap the dyke,
 And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
 My ewie never play'd the like,
 But tyc'd about the barn wa'.

The ewie wi', &c.

VI.

A better, or a thriftier beast,
 Nae honest man could weel hae wist,
 For, silly thing, she never mist
 To hae, ilk year, a lamb or twa.

The ewie wi', &c.

VII.

The first she had I gae to Jock,
 To be to him a kind o' stock,
 And now the laddie has a flock
 O' mair nor thirty head ava.

The ewie wi', &c.

VIII.

I lookit aye at even for her,
 Lest mishanter shou'd come o'er her,
 Or the fowmart might devour her,
 Gin the beastie bade awa.

The ewie wi', &c.

IX.

My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Weel deserv'd baith gerse and corn,
 Sic a ewe was never born
 Hereabout, or far awa.

The ewie wi', &c.

X.

Yet last ouk, for a' my keeping,
 (Wha can speak it without greeting?
 A villain cam when I was sleeping,
 Sta' my ewie, horn and a'.
The ewie wi', &c.

XI.

I sought her upo' the morn;
 And down aneath a buss o' thorn,
 I got my ewie's crookit horn,
 But my ewie was awa.
The ewie wi', &c.

XII.

O! gin I had the loun that did it,
 Sworn I have as well as said it,
 Though a' the warld should forbid it,
 I wad gie his neck a thra'.
The ewie wi', &c.

XIII.

I never met wi' sic a turn
 As this, sin ever I was born,
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Silly ewie, stown awa.
The ewie wi', &c.

XIV.

O! had she deid o' crook or cauld,
 As ewies do when they are auld,
 It wadna been, by mony fauld,
 Sae sair a heart to nane o's a'.
The ewie wi', &c.

XV.

For a' the claith that we hae worn,
 Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,
 The loss o' her we cou'd hae born,
 Had fair strae-death taen her awa.
The ewie wi', &c.

XVI.

But thus, poor thing, to lose her life
 Aneath a bluidy villain's knife,
 I'm really fley't thou't our gudewife
 Will never win aboon't awa.
The ewie wi', &c.

XVII.

O! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
 Call your muses up and mourn,
 Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Stown frae's, an' fell't an a'.
The ewie wi', &c.

The reverend author, in a letter to Burns, dated 14th November 1787, alluding, with great modesty, to his own poetical compositions, says, "While I was young, I dabbled a good deal in these things; but, on getting the black gown, I gave it pretty much over till my daughters grew up, who, being all tolerably good singers, plagued me for words to some of their favourite tunes, and so extorted those effusions, which have made a public appearance beyond my expectations, and contrary to my intentions. At the same time, I hope that there is nothing to be found in them uncharacteristic or unbecoming the cloth, which I would always wish to see respected."

CCXCIV.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

THIS song, beginning "I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen," was written, in 1789, for the Museum. The heroine was Miss J**** of Lochmaben. This lady, now Mrs R*****, after residing sometime in Liverpool, is settled with her husband in New-York. The air to which the verses are adapted in the Museum, was composed by the late Robert Riddel of Glenriddel, Esq. It is very pretty, no doubt, but its compass is beyond the reach of many singers. A slight alteration of the first and two concluding bars of the second strain would both remedy this defect and improve the melody.

CCXCV.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

THIS song, beginning "The Thames flows proudly to the sea," is another production of Burns for the Museum. The tune in the Museum is erroneously called "Robie donna gorrach," in place of a new air by R. Riddel of Glenriddel, Esq. The song was intended to depict the feelings of an inhabitant of Nithsdale, then residing in London, reflecting upon the innocent scenes of his youthful days on the banks of the river Nith.

CCXCVI.

TAM GLEN.

THIS fine comic song, beginning "My heart is a-breaking,

dear tittie," is one among many of the happy effusions of Burns' fertile muse. In the Museum, the verses are adapted to a very ancient air, of which the title "Tam Glen" is all that remains of the old song. The tune and words were both transmitted by Burns to Johnson, expressly for his Museum. The verses, however, are more generally sung to the air called "The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre," an excellent set of which will be found in vol. i. p. 97, of that work.

CCXCVII.

THE DRAP O' CAPIE, O.

THIS comic old ballad, beginning "There lived a wife in our gate end," was rescued from the stalls, and placed in a regular Collection of Songs and Ballads, by David Herd, in 1776. It contains a lively and humorous description of the rough, but, as it would seem, very efficacious means employed by an humble villager to reclaim his unhappy spouse from the pernicious habits of intoxication; an advice to husbands who may happen to be similarly situated; and concludes with an appropriate epitaph. It has long been a favourite at every country fireside, and may be read with pleasure in the closet. Nevertheless, the refined manners of modern life will be a bar, perhaps, to its general reception in the fashionable circle of a drawing-room. The tune to which it is adapted, is known by the name of "The Ranting Highlandman."

CCXCVIII.

THE RESTORATION OF THE FORFEITED ESTATES.

THIS congratulatory song, on the restoration of the forfeited estates in Scotland to their original proprietors, in 1784, is the production of the late Rev. Mr William Cameron, minister of Kirknewton, near Edinburgh. The verses, beginning "As o'er the Highland hills I hied," are adapted to the fine old air, called "The Haughs o' Cromdale."

CCXCIX.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING, OHO, OHO.

IN the index to the third volume of the Museum, this song is said to have been composed on the imprisonment of

the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, in the castle of Lochleven, in 1567. The Earl of Argyle was on the queen's party at the battle of Langside, in 1568, and, perhaps, the tune may have been the Campbells' quick-march for two centuries past. But, nevertheless, the words of the song contain intrinsic evidence, that it is not much above a century old. In all probability it was written about the year 1715, on the breaking out of the rebellion in the reign of George I. when John Campbell, the great Duke of Argyle, was made commander in chief of his Majesty's forces in North Britain, and was the principal means of its total suppression. I have seen the *tune*, however, in several old collections.

CCC.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

THIS exceedingly humorous Scottish ballad was recovered by old David Herd, and inserted in his Collection, vol. ii. p. 159, *anno* 1776. It appears to be an amplification of the fine old song, called "Johnnie Blunt," which will be found in the fourth volume of the Museum, p. 376, song 365.

It is a curious circumstance, that this ballad furnished Prince Hoare with the incidents of his principal scene in his musical entertainment of "No Song, no Supper," acted at Drury-Lane, London, 1790, (the music by Storace) and since, at all the theatres of the united kingdom, with great success. It still continues a favourite on the acting list. Mr Hoare was also indebted to another old Scottish ballad for several other material incidents in the same piece, namely, "The Freirs of Berwik," written by Dunbar prior to the year 1568, as it is inserted in the Bannatyne Manuscript, in the library of the Faculty of Edinburgh, of that date, and which Allan Ramsay afterwards modernized in a poem, called "The Monk and the Miller's Wife."

END OF PART THIRD.

ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART III.

CCII.

GLADSMUIR.

WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour, Esq., is a name too well known, although his poems are less esteemed than formerly, to require any detailed notice. He was born in the year 1704, and long enjoyed life in the fashionable circles of Edinburgh. Having involved himself in the Rebellion of 1745, he lurked for some time in the Highlands, and at length escaped to the Continent. After three years' exile, he died at Lyons, 25th of March, 1754. In the *Archæologia Scotica*, vol. iii. p. 255—266, there is a minute and accurate account of his life and writings, communicated by James Chalmers, Esq. London.

Hamilton's "Ode on the Battle of Gladsmuir, 1745," was originally printed for private distribution, and was set to music by Macgibbon.

CCIV.

THE SMILING PLAINS.

IN Ruddiman's *Edinburgh Weekly Magazine*, Dec. 1773, vol. xxiii. p. 306, where this song first appeared, it is entitled "An Address to his Mistress, by the late William Falconer, Esq." It was copied at the time into several of the other Magazines.

CCV.

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

THIS song, to the tune of "*Johnny's Gray Breeks*,"

is included in the "Poems on Several Occasions, by JOHN LAPRAIK. Kilmarnock, printed by John Wilson, 1788," 8vo. pp. 240. The author, whom Burns styles "a very worthy, facetious old fellow," was born at Laigh Dalquhram (commonly pronounced Dalfram) about three miles from Muirkirk, Ayrshire, in the year 1727. He was thus Burns' senior by thirty-two years. Having become involved as security to some persons connected with the Douglas and Heron Bank, upon its failure, in 1769, which occasioned so much distress in the West of Scotland, Lapraik's property was sold, and he himself reduced to poverty and landed in jail. He turned farmer, but afterwards settled at Muirkirk, where he died on the 7th of May, 1807, in the eightieth year of his age. These particulars are derived from an account of Lapraik, contained in the first number of "The Contemporaries of Burns."

Burns's admiration of this song, (which probably contains a few touches by his masterly hand, where it differs from the author's publication in 1788,) led him to cultivate an acquaintance with Lapraik, who was encouraged to venture on printing a collection of his verses. He was a modest man, and if, as the Ettrick Shepherd characterises him, he was "a very indifferent poet; *indeed no poet at all*;" he at least put forth no extravagant pretensions. In the preface to the volume above mentioned, he states, that, "In consequence of misfortunes and disappointments, he was some years ago, torn from his ordinary way of life, and shut up in retirement" (in jail?); and that his poems were composed to amuse his solitude, and with no design of publishing them. Or, as he elsewhere expresses it, in one of his epistles to Burns,—

O, far-fam'd Rab! my silly muse,
That thou sae praised langsyne,
When she did scarce ken verse by prose,
Now dares to spread her wing;
Unconscious of the least desert,
Nor e'er expecting fame,

I sometimes did myself divert
 Wi' jingling worthless rhyme,
 When sitting lanely by myself,
 Just unco griev'd and wae,
 To think that Fortune, fickle joe,
 Had kick'd me o'er the brae.

CCVI.

COLONEL GARDINER.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT of Minto, Baronet, the writer of these elegiac verses on Colonel Gardiner, was the eldest son of Sir Gilbert Elliot, the second Baronet, who was one of the Senators of the College of Justice, and Lord Justice-Clerk. He was born in September 1722, and being educated for the Scottish Bar, he passed as member of the Faculty of Advocates, 10th of December, 1743. He was early distinguished by his taste for elegant literature, and long continued a leading member in the literary circles of Edinburgh. 'Mr Gilbert Elliot, younger of Minto,' married Miss Murray Kynnynmound, 15th of December 1746. (*Scots Mag.* 1746, p. 598). In 1754, he was elected Member of Parliament for Selkirkshire; and was again returned in 1761. In 1765, on a vacancy occurring in the representation of Roxburghshire he resigned his seat for Selkirkshire, and was returned as member for his native county; and also during the successive Parliaments in 1768 and 1774. On the death of his father, the Lord Justice-Clerk, in April 1766, he succeeded to the baronetcy and estates, and was successively one of the Lords of the Admiralty, Keeper of the Signet, and Treasurer of the Navy. He died at Marseilles, whither he went for the recovery of his health, in January 1777. His son, Sir Gilbert, the fourth Baronet, born in 1751, and for some time Governor-General in India, was raised to the Peerage by the title of Earl of Minto.

In his literary character, there have not been many acknowledged compositions of Sir Gilbert Elliot's given to the world. He is best known as the author of the pastoral song '*My sheep I neglected*,' inserted in this work, as No.

xciv. In the *Censura Literaria*, vol. viii. p. 409, 1808, Sir Egerton Brydges published the following lines, "found among the papers of an eminent literary person, lately deceased," and said to be written 'By the late Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart.' The Editor adds, "I will not venture to say that they have never been printed before, though I do not recollect to have met with them." The lines, however, were printed in the *Scots Magazine*, October 1766, p. 543, where they are attributed "to a person of distinction;" but they merit to be better known.

The occasion was the affecting one of the funeral of the Earl and Countess of Sutherland, who died within fifteen days of each other, at Bath. The Earl was seized with fever, and his lady died before him, in consequence of her unremitting care in attending him for twenty-one successive days and nights. Their remains arrived at Edinburgh on the 4th of July, were laid in state for some time in the Abbey of Holyroodhouse, and buried in one grave in the Abbey Church, on the 9th of July, 1766.

THOUGHTS occasioned by the Funeral of the Earl and Countess of SUTHERLAND, at the Abbey of Holyroodhouse.

[Composed, we have reason to believe, by a Person of distinction.]

SEE where the Forth, by many a winding shore,
Still undiminish'd, holds his way ; and see
Yon Mountain hoar, a stranger to decay,
Still as of old, o'erlooks the walled City,
Her dwellings, spires, and rocky battlement ;
E'en that proud Palace, rear'd by human toil,
Still braves the stroke of Time, though long untrod
The paved court, and silent be the hall.
These all remain : yet in the mould'ring vault
Sleep Scotland's boasted Kings, their ancient line
Extinct, and all their long-descended sway
Shrunk to this little measure : O ! farewell,
Farewell, ye mighty names, for high exploits
And warlike prowess fam'd ; intreated oft,
And oft assail'd, by French or English monarch.
Such are thy triumphs, and thy victory such,
O Death, relentless ! whom no charm can soothe,—

Thy valour, Bruce, nor all the civil lore
 Of the first James, nor Mary's matchless bloom,
 Ill-fated Queen! Then wipe your tears away;
 I'll weep no more: let the long funeral pass,
 And darken all around: I'll weep no more.—
 True, they were young; and noble was thy birth,
 O SUTHERLAND! and in thy manly mind,
 An inmate there, was seated sweet affection.
 Yet wherefore mourn? In pity Heav'n bestow'd
 An early doom: lo! on the self-same bier
 A fairer form, cold by her husband's side,
 And faded every charm. She dy'd for thee,
 For thee, her only love. In beauty's prime,
 In youth's triumphant hour, she dy'd for thee.
 Bring water from the brook, and roses spread
 O'er their pale limbs; for ne'er did wedded love
 To one sad grave consign a lovelier pair,
 Of manners gentler, or of purer heart!

Nor man alone decays: this antique tomb,
 Where mix'd with Kings they lie; yon mountain hoar,
 And rocky battlement, one awful day
 Shall give to ruin; while alone survives,
 Bright and unquenchable, the vital flame,
 Portion of Heav'n's own fire, which once illum'd
 High-minded virtue, or with milder glow
 Warm'd the pure breast of lovers and of friends.

“MRS RICHMOND INGLIS, the daughter of Colonel Gardiner, was the ‘Fanny fair, all woe begone,’ of Sir Gilbert Elliot’s song, which was originally set to the tune of Barbara Allan.”—(C. K. S.) This lady is numbered among the poetesses of Scotland, having published “Anna and Edgar, or Love and Ambition, a tale, by Mrs Richmond Inglis, daughter of Colonel James Gardiner, who fell at the battle of Preston, 1745. Edinburgh, 1781,” 4to. “Mrs Richmond Gardiner relict of Mr Lawrence Inglis, Depute-Clerk of Bills, died at Edinburgh, 9th of June, 1795.”

CCVIII.

JENNY WAS FAIR AND UNKIND.

THIS song, by Lapraik, occurs at p. 193, of his volume of poems, mentioned in a preceding note. It is there directed to be sung to the tune, “*Lochaber no more*,” and has three more stanzas than are given in the “Museum.”

CCX.

THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

THE writer of this song was Lieut.-General SIR HENRY ERSKINE, Baronet, but not "of Torry," as erroneously stated at page 202. He was the second son of Sir John Erskine of Alva, and succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his elder brother. He was Deputy Quartermaster-general, and succeeded his uncle, the Hon. General St Clair, in the command of the Royal Scots, in 1762. He was long a distinguished member of the House of Commons. He died at York, when on his way to London, 9th of August 1765. His eldest son, Sir James Erskine, who was also in the army, assumed the name of St Clair; and on the death of his uncle, Alexander, Earl of Rosslyn, in 1805, he became second Earl of Rosslyn, and died in 1831.

Mr S. mentions, that this song appeared in Herd's Collection, 1769 and 1776. It was previously printed in "The Lark," 1765. A letter of Sir Henry Erskine to Mr Oswald of Dunikeer, chiefly relating to local improvements in Fife, dated 23d of July 1754, is printed in Oswald's Correspondence, p. 326. There is a scarce portrait of him, etched by David Martin, an eminent portrait-painter of the last century.

CCXI.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

THERE is no evidence for giving "Minstrel Burn," the Christian name of Nicol, or making him flourish about the middle of the sixteenth century. His ballad, belongs to the first half, or perhaps the middle, of the following century. Mr S. evidently had confounded him with Nicol Burne, a Roman Catholic priest, the author of a work called "The Disputation concerning the Controversit Headis of Religion, holden in the realme of Scotland, &c. Imprinted at Parise, 1581." 8vo.; and also of a scurrilous poem, entitled "Ane Admonition to the Antichristian Ministers in the Deformit Kirk of Scotland, 1581." 8vo.

CCXIII.

AY WAKIN, O.

“MR STENHOUSE’S copy of the old words seems to me very lame and imperfect. Here follows the ballad that I remember many people sang in my youth :

When first scho cam to toon,
 They ca’d her Jess Macfarlan.
 But now scho’s come an’ gane,
 They ca’ her the wanderin’ darlin’.
 Ay wakin’, Oh !
 Wakin ay, an’ wearie,
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinkin’ o’ my dearie !

Whan I sleep, I dream,
 Whan I wake I’m eerie ;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking o’ my dearie !
 I took it in my head
 To write my love a letter ;
 My lassie couldna read,
 And I loed her a’ the better.
 Ay wakin, Oh, &c.

“I have been informed that Miss Macfarlan was a great beauty in Edinburgh, nearly ninety years ago—but met with a sad misfortune, which much diminished the train of her admirers. Seated at a ball supper, on a bench, with her back to the wall, a long crowded table before her, and many people on each side, she was suddenly seized with a sick qualm of the stomach, when it was almost impossible to remove her—*horresco referens*—the reader must guess the rest.”—(C. K. S.)

CCXV.

BEWARE OF BONNIE ANN.

“THESE verses, to the tune, ‘Ye gallant bright,’ were written in honour of Ann Masterton, daughter of Allan Masterton, author of the air of ‘Strathallan’s Lament.’ She is now (says Mr Cunningham, in 1834) Mrs Derbi-

shire, and resides in London. In her father's house the poet passed many happy evenings."

CCXXI.

BARBARA ALLAN.

"IN this note Mr S. alludes to me. Unluckily I lost the paper I found at Hoddam Castle, in which Barbara Allan was mentioned. I remember that the peasantry of Annandale sang many more verses of this ballad than have appeared in print, but they were of no merit—containing numerous magnificent offers from the lover to his mistress—and, among others, some ships, in sight, which may strengthen the belief that this song was composed near the shores of the Solway.

"I need scarcely add, that the name of Grahame, which the luckless lover generally bears, is still quite common in and about Annan. Grove, in Bishop Percy's copy of the ballad, is probably a corruption of Grahame."—(C. K. S.)

The following very clever parody of 'Barbara Allan,' by Sir Robert Murray Keith, (in 1752), is copied from a collection entitled "The Caledoniad," London, 1775, 3 vols. 12mo; which contains several other poems by the same hand, and written about the same time.

"A Paraphrase of the first four verses of Barbara Allan; made on Lord D[ouglas]'s regiment receiving orders to march from Maestrecht to Sas van Ghent, in Dutch Flanders. By Sir R——t M——y K——h.

It fell about the month of June,
Or in the month of July,
That Jan de Back,* in the Low Countrie,
Did use us very cruelly.

A letter by the post he sent
With news that was right dreary,
That we must march to *Sas van Ghent*,
Of which we'll soon be weary.

* Secretary at War.

" Rise up, Rise up, young men," he said,

" 'Tis time that ye were stepping ;

" Of the bad air be not afraid,

" Take aye the t'other chappin.

" For dinna ye mind as well as me,

" Breda, where ye were lying ;

" The lads that drank came off Scot free,

" When the sober folk lay dying ?"

SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH was the eldest son of Robert Keith, Esq. of Murrayshall, in the county of Peebles, and was born about the year 1732. In the Statistical Account of the Parish of Prestonpans (1796), it is stated, that among "some gentlemen of the first merit, in their several lines of life, who were educated at the school there, were Sir Robert Murray Keith, and his brother Sir Basil Keith; the last of whom, after an honourable life in the navy, died governor of Jamaica. The first still survives, an honour to the *corps diplomatique*, as a member of which he has done eminent services to his king and country."—(Vol. xvii. p. 81). He early entered the military profession, as appears from the following notice, in July 1747, "Robert Keith Murray, of Murrayshall, a cornet of Rothes's dragoons was appointed a captain in the regiment of foot, now raising in Scotland, for the service of the States-General."—(Scots Mag. 1747, p. 351.) He remained in the Dutch service for some years, "greatly esteemed by his brother officers for his skill and judgment, as well as for his politeness and learning." It was during this period that he wrote a number of poetical pieces, which appeared in the above-mentioned collection, "The Caledoniad." His verses display a rich vein of humour, and evince that he was capable of higher exertions than such *jeux d'esprit* to amuse his companions. He afterwards obtained a commission in the English army; and in 1760, we find him styled Robert Murray Keith, Esq. commander of a battalion of Highlanders, which distinguished themselves during the German campaigns.

He was successively employed as minister in Saxony, "where he was greatly caressed by the ladies at the Court of Dresden;" and at Copenhagen, where his spirited conduct, in rescuing the unfortunate Queen of Denmark, (who was sister of George III.), obtained for him great praise, and his honorary title. On a vacancy in Peebles-shire, in 1775, Sir Robert Murray Keith of Murrayshall, K.B., was elected M.P. for that county. In the Town and Country Magazine, and in Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine, for August 1772, there appeared an article, called "Memoirs of Sir R—— M—— K——, and Madame P——lle," which contains some anecdotes of his private life. His sister, Miss Anne Keith, has been noticed in these Illustrations, at p. * 136. The following extract is made from the obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1795:—"June 22, died at Hammersmith, in his 63d year, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Murray Keith, K.B., one of his Majesty's most honourable privy-council, lieutenant-general in the army, colonel of the 10th regiment of foot, and formerly ambassador-extraordinary to the Court of Vienna. He was placed in the diplomatic line by General, now Marshal, Conway, when Secretary of State. Twenty-two years ago he was sent to the Court of Vienna, and his brother, Sir Basil, was soon afterwards appointed Governor of Jamaica. His sisters received pensions; and that of his father, who also had been a foreign envoy, was increased. Sir Robert was corpulent, with a short neck. He died in the arms of his servant, immediately after entertaining company at dinner. His father, Ambassador Keith, as he was called at Edinburgh, died [21st of September 1774] almost as suddenly."—(Gent. Mag. 1795, P. I., p. 535.)

CCXXIV.

THE DAY RETURNS.

SOME notice of Mr Riddell of Glenriddell, a musical amateur, and eminent antiquary, will be found in another

part of this work. The lady to whom Burns alludes in his note to this song (see p. 215), was the sister-in-law of his friend Mrs Riddell, with whom he had had a quarrel, but who visited him during his last illness. In addition to the note respecting her at page * 208, it may be mentioned, that her first husband was Captain Walter Riddell, a younger brother of Glenriddell, and that, on his return from the West Indies, he purchased a property in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, which, in honour of his wife, he named Woodley Park. He died at his estate in Antigua, and his widow consoled herself, in March 1808, by marrying, as her second husband, P. L. Fletcher, Esq., an Irish gentleman of fortune. She resided latterly at Hampton Court, and died in 1812.

CCXXV.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

“THE old title of this air was, ‘Put up your dagger, Jamie.’ The words to this air are in ‘Vox Borealis, or the Northern Discoverie, by way of dialogue between Jamie and Willie,’ 1641.

Put up thy dagger, Jamie,
And all things shall be mended,
Bishops shall fall, no not at all,
When the Parliament is ended.

Which never was intended
But only for to flam thee,
We have gotten the game.
We'll keep the same,
Put up thy dagger, Jamie.

‘This song,’ says the author, ‘was plaid and sung by a fiddler and a fool, retainers of General Ruthven, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, in scorn of the Lords and the Covenanters, for surrendering their strong holds.’”—(C.K.S.)

CCXXVIII.

THE BLACK EAGLE.

BURNS correctly ascribes this song to Dr Fordyce ; but Stenhouse, in his additions, and Allan Cunningham after him, fall into the mistake of confounding Professor David Fordyce with his brother, the Rev. Dr James Fordyce. David Fordyce, who was born at Aberdeen, in March 1711, studied at Marischal College, and was licensed to preach, but was never ordained. In September 1742, he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in Marischal College, and was the author of some philosophical works, which afforded the promise of his rising to eminence in the literary world, had he not been cut off by a premature death, on the coast of Holland, 7th of September 1751, when on his return from his travels in France and Italy. (*Scots Magazine*, 1751, pp. 453 and 536 ; *Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary*, vol. xiv. p. 469). His younger brother, James, was born about the year 1720, and pursued the same academical course ; and was successively minister of Brechin, and of Alloa, previous to his settling in London, as the minister of a Presbyterian Chapel there. He it was who obtained distinction for his pulpit eloquence, and who was the writer of the song, "The Black Eagle," which gives occasion for this note. It is printed at page 105, of "Poems, by JAMES FORDYCE, D.D. London: T. Cadell, 1786," 12mo., with this note : "Intended for a pathetic Air of that name, in Oswald's Collection of Scotch Tunes." He died at Bath, 1st of October 1796, in his 76th year. (*Chalmers' Biogr. Dict.* vol. xiv. p. 470).

CCXXXI.

MY BONNY MARY.

"THE first half stanza of this song is old ; the rest mine." — (Burns). "That half stanza was probably the same with the following, which occurs near the close of a homely ballad, printed in Hogg and Motherwell's edition of Burns,

as preserved by Mr Peter Buchan ; who further communicates that the ballad was composed, in 1636, by Alexander Lesly of Edinburgh, on Doveranside, grandfather to the celebrated Archbishop Sharpe.

Ye'll bring me here a pint of wine,
A server, and a silver tassie ;
That I may drink, before I gang,
A health to my ain bonnie lassie.

The fact of Burns pitching upon this one fine stanza of an old ballad, as a foundation for a new song, shows expressively the apt sense he had of all that was beautiful in poetry, and how ready his imagination was to take wing upon the slightest command."—(Note, Mr R. Chambers).

CCXXXIV.

JOHNNIE COPE.

AT page 220, the original words of this inimitable song, are ascribed to ADAM SKIRVING, of whom some account has been already given. (See p. * 189). Notwithstanding his son's silence respecting the authorship of this song, there is no reason for calling in question Mr Stenhouse's assertion, as the local character of the verses, and their caustic spirit and resemblance to his "Tranent Muir," would place this point, I think, beyond all reasonable doubt.

This song, and its lively air, have always been popular. Mr Cunningham says, "The variations are numerous: I once heard a peasant boast, among other acquirements, that he could sing Johnnie Cope with all the nineteen variations."

CCXXXV.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

BURNS has styled Marshall, of whose life some particulars will be given in the Introduction to this work, "The first composer of strathspeys of the age. I have been told by somebody, who had it of Marshall himself, that he took the idea of his three most celebrated pieces, 'The Marquis of

Huntley's Reel, His Farewell, and Miss Admiral Gordon's Reel,' from the old air 'The German Lairdie.'"

CCXXXVI.

O, DEAR MOTHER.

"THE notes of '*How can I keep, &c.*,' appear in the second of Walsh's Caledonian Country Dances, and are exactly the same with those of 'The Wren she lies in Care's bed,'—otherwise Lennox's Love to Blantyre, an air said to have been composed on the considerable legacy, including Lethington, the ancient seat of the Maitland family, then re-baptized Lennox Love, which the beautiful Miss Stewart, celebrated by Count Hamilton, bequeathed to her cousin, Lord Blantyre.

"I have always heard, '*How can I keep,*' sung to this air. The verses, which possess considerable humour, are to be found in a small volume, entitled '*A Ballad Book,*' printed in Edinburgh, and dedicated, by permission, to Sir Walter Scott. On the head of '*How can I keep,*' we may observe, that the extreme indecency of the names given in former days to fashionable dances, is scarcely now to be believed.—*Vide* Walsh's Caledonian Country Dances, where the original jig of Nancy Dawson in particular bears a name too gross to be repeated.† See also '*The Dancer's Pocket Companion.*' Edinb. 1774. No. 16."—(C. K. S.)

CCXXXVIII.

ALLOA HOUSE.

"THERE is an amusing anecdote concerning the author of '*The Spring returns, and clothes the green plains,*' in an

† "I believe it is not generally known that Nancy Dawson, the celebrated dancer, was a native of Scotland. She cut her first capers near Kelso, where she was born, the daughter of an humble cottager. This information I had from a lady connected with Dr Smollett. Miss Nancy's relatives continued farmers in the same vicinity forty years ago."—(C. K. S.)

unpublished letter from the Countess of Kintore, daughter of the Lord Grange to Lady Francis Erskine, daughter of the Earl of Mar, without date of place or year— ‘ Since I’m speaking of strange stories, I’ll tell you one I had wrote me from Edinburgh this week. A lady of the name of Grahame, sister, they call her, to the Earl of Monteith, threatened to shoot Sandie Webster, the minister, for hindering Michael Menzies (Jemmy will tell you what he is) from marrying her. Having sent Webster a letter to that purpose on the Saturday, it made him stick his preaching on the Sunday, on her appearing in the kirk.’ ”— (C. K. S.)

Another song by Dr Webster “ *Oh! how could I venture to love one like Thee,*” also to the same tune, “ *Alloa House,*” is printed in “ *The Charmer,*” vol. i. p. 214, with the signature “ A. W—r.” It had previously appeared in the *Scots Magazine* for November 1747.

ALEXANDER WEBSTER, D.D. was born at Edinburgh in 1707, and died there 25th of January, 1784, in the 77th year of his age, and 51st of his ministry. An excellent portrait of him, and a sketch of his life, appeared in the *Scots Magazine* for April 1802. See also Kay’s *Portraits*, vol. i. No. 10.

CCXLI.

ST KILDA DAY.

THE translator, or author, of this song, is merely called Mr Macdonald in Mr S.’s note. There is no doubt, however, in regard to the person, as the song occurs at page 123, of “ *The Miscellaneous Works of A. Macdonald*; including the *Tragedy of Vimonda*, and those productions which have appeared under signature of Matthew Bramble, Esq.” London, 1791, 8vo.

This author, ANDREW MACDONALD, was the son of George Donald, a gardener near Leith, where he was born in the year 1757. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, and having received deacon’s orders in the Scot-

tish Episcopal Church, in 1775, the Mac was prefixed to his surname. For some time he was minister of an Episcopal chapel in Glasgow, but the inability of the congregation to give him any adequate support, led him to relinquish his ecclesiastical functions; and he finally settled in London, as a literary character.

In Alex. Campbell's "Introduction to a History of Poetry in Scotland," p. 317, &c., will be found an account of Macdonald's life. He is also noticed in D'Israeli's *Calamities of Authors*, and in Chalmers's *Biogr. Diet.*, vol. xxi. p. 49. Mr Chalmers says, "His works were lively, satirical, and humorous, and were published under the signature of Matthew Bramble. He naturally possessed a fine genius, and had improved his understanding with classical and scientific knowledge; but for want of connexions in this southern part of the United Kingdom, and a proper opportunity to bring his talents into notice, he was always embarrassed, and had occasionally to struggle with great and accumulated distress. He died in the 33d year of his age, at Kentish Town, in August 1790, leaving a wife and infant daughter in a state of extreme indigence."

CCXLV.

THE LOVER'S ADDRESS TO A ROSE-BUD.

THE authoress of this song, as stated at p. 230, was Mrs Scott of Wauchope. She was the niece of Mrs Cockburn, who wrote the set of the *Flowers of the Forest*, beginning "I've seen the smiling;" and the following particulars are partly derived from a biographical sketch prefixed to a posthumous volume of her poems.

ELIZABETH RUTHERFORD was born at Edinburgh in the year 1729. Her father, David Rutherford of Capehope, passed as advocate in 1716, and died 8th of April 1763. "She was early taught the Latin and French languages, and became a ready proficient in many branches of the *belles lettres*." Having shown an early predilection for

poetry, it is stated, that she was benefited by the advice of Allan Ramsay, and that she was intimate with Dr Blacklock, who "constantly mentioned Miss Rutherford as a writer whose talents were superior, and whose poetry was deserving of praise."

"Our poetess was no less celebrated for her personal attractions than for her intellectual endowments. The youth who shared her affections, and with whom she was supposed to have consented to pass the remainder of her days, was unfortunately drowned in his passage from Edinburgh to Ireland. The recollection of his disastrous fate clouded her future prospects." At rather an advanced period of life, she married Mr Walter Scott, whom her biographer styles "a country gentleman, of considerable property in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh." He was a farmer and proprietor of Wauchope, near Jedburgh; and it was from thence that she dated the rhyming epistle in Scottish verse, under the name of "The Guidwife of Wauchope-House to Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Bard," in February 1787. This will probably be that lady's surest claim for future notice, as it called forth that reply in which Burns so finely expresses the ardent feelings of his youth,—

When first amang the yellow corn
 A man I reckoned was,
 And wi' the lave ilk merry morn
 Could rank my rig and lass,
 * * * * *

Ev'n then, a wish, I mind its pow'r,
 A wish that to my latest hour
 Shall strongly heave my breast,
 That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
 Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
 Or sing a sang at least.

The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
 Amang the bearded bear,
 I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
 And spar'd the symbol dear.

Burns, in his Border Tour, May 1787, paid a short visit to his poetical correspondent, without apparently having the effect of increasing their mutual regard. He says, "Set out next morning for Wauchope, the seat of my correspondent, Mrs Scott." "Wauchope.—Mr Scott, exactly the figure and face commonly given to Sancho Panza—very shrewd in his farming matters, and not unfrequently stumbles on what may be called a strong thing, rather than a good thing. Mrs Scott, all the sense, taste, intrepidity of face, and bold, critical decision which usually distinguish female authors." Burns, in short, appears not to have been much taken with this lady. At Dunbar, mentioning "Mrs Fall, a genius in painting," he adds, "fully more clever in the fine arts and sciences than my friend Lady Wauchope, without her consummate assurance of her own abilities." Mrs Scott did not long survive this visit. "Mrs Elizabeth Rutherford, wife of Mr Walter Scott of Wauchope, died at Wauchope, 19th of February 1789." (Scots Magazine, 1789, p. 104). Several years afterwards, under the care of an anonymous editor, who dates the volume from Northampton, there was published "Alonzo and Cora, with other original Poems, principally Elegiac. By Elizabeth Scot, a native of Edinburgh. To which are added, Letters in verse, by Blacklock and Burns."—London, 1801, 8vo, pp. 168.

CCXLVII.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

"I had heard the two lines quoted here long ago, but since have met with a copy of the ballad, which, if genuine, could never have been sung to the air now called 'Auld Robin Gray.'—Lady Anne Bernard's Ballad was first published, very lamely, in Herbert Croft's novel of Love and Madness, in (1780), founded on the murder of Miss Rae, by Mr Hackman, and filled with false statements, and all manner of absurdities.

“ The following little poem, attributed to Lady Anne Lindsay, was copied from the London Monthly Magazine, into the Scots Magazine for May 1805.”—(C. K. S.)

Why tarries my love ?
Ah ! where does he rove ?
My love is long absent from me.
Come hither my dove,
I'll write to my love,
And send him a letter by thee.

To find him, swift fly !
The letter I'll tye
Secure to thy leg with a string.
Ah ! not to my leg,
Fair lady, I beg,
But fasten it under my wing.

Her dove she did deck,
She drew o'er his neck
A bell and a collar so gay,
She tied to his wing,
The scroll with a string,
Then kissed him and sent him away.

It blew and it rain'd
The pigeon disdained
To seek shelter, undaunted he flew,
Till wet was his wing,
And painful his string,
So heavy the letter it grew.

He flew all around,
Till Colin he found,
Then perched on his head with the prize
Whose heart while he reads,
With tenderness bleeds,
For the pigeon that flutters and dies.

LADY ANNE BARNARD died at her house in Berkely Square, London, 6th of May 1825, aged seventy-five. Her ladyship communicated to Sir Walter Scott, a revised copy of ‘ Auld Robin Gray,’ with two versions of a continuation or second part, which he printed, in a thin 4to volume, and presented to the members of the Bannatyne Club, in

1824. In the preface is inserted an interesting letter from Lady Anne, detailing the incidents that led to the composition of this very popular ballad, "soon after the close of the year 1771." The two versions of the second part form no exception to the character of continuations in general, as they are much inferior to the original ballad.

"Lady Anne Barnard's face was pretty, and replete with vivacity; her figure light and elegant; her conversation lively; and, like that of the rest of her family, peculiarly agreeable. Though she had wit, she never said ill-natured things to show it; she gave herself no airs, either as a woman of rank, or as the authoress of 'Auld Robin Gray.'

"She resided many years in London with her sister, Lady Margaret Fordyce, whose beauty had been very uncommon. When Sir W. S. projected his contribution of a book to the Bannatyne Club, he requested Lady Anne to allow him to republish her celebrated song, to which she consented, and afterwards sent him numerous other poems by herself and her family, which he printed in a quarto volume, with the title of 'Lays of the Lindsays.' Unluckily, before the book was circulated, the lady and her friends changed their minds, and all was suppressed save the song of Robin Gray and its continuation. When Lady Anne died, she bequeathed to Sir Walter the sum of fifty pounds, probably as a compensation for the expense he had incurred respecting 'The Lays.' It is much to be regretted that this volume was buried in oblivion."—(C.K.S.)

CCXLIX.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

"I WAS once gravely told by an old woman, that, in her youth, a person crossing the churchyard of Glasgow in a moonshine night, saw a male acquaintance of his own, a sailor, who had been some time dead, and the devil dancing round the tombstone of the former, the fiend playing

“ Whistle o'er the lave o't,” on a kit, or fiddle. She added, that “ the drum gaed through the town” the next day, forbidding every body to sing, whistle, or play the tune in question.”—(C. K. S.)

CCLI.

THE HAPPY CLOWN.

“ THE original words of this song,” which Mr S. has inserted at page 237, from “ The Tea-Table Miscellany,” were probably imitated from Sir Henry Wotton's beautiful verses in praise of a Happy Life.—See “ Reliquiae Wottonianæ,” edit. 1685, p. 383, and Percy's Reliques, vol. i.

CCLII.

DONALD AND FLORA.

THERE is an old stall-copy of this ballad, with the title “ Donald and Flora. On the late misfortune of General Burgoyne, and his gallant army.” The author, HECTOR MACNEILL, Esq., was born at Rosebank, near Roslin, 22d of October 1746, and died at Edinburgh, 15th of March 1818. An interesting account of his life, derived from the autobiography of the poet, appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, December 1818; where it is said to be “ a very entertaining and instructive work, and which, we understand, will probably be given to the public.” This work, however, remains still unpublished. The account given by Mr R. Chambers, in his Scottish Biography, of Mr Macneill's destitute circumstances, towards the close of his life, is far from being correct.

CCLIX.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

“ I SUBJOIN the pretty words of the old song, which was a favourite with Sir Walter Scott, from a stall copy in my possession.”—(C. K. S.)

THE STRONG WALLS OF DERRY.

The first day I landed, it was on Irish ground,
 The tidings came to me from fair Derry town,
 That my love was married, and to my sad woe ;
 And I lost my first love by courting too slow.

CHORUS.

Let us drink and go hame, drink and go hame,
 If we stay any longer, we'll get a bad name ;
 We'll get a bad name, and we'll fill ourselves fou,
 And the strong walls of Derry it's ill to go through.

When I was in the Highlands it was my *use*,
 To wear a blue bonnet, the plaid, and the trews,
 But now since I'm come to the fair Irish shore,
 Adieu to Valendery and bonny Portmore.

+ Custom -
 or
 it was my
 wont - "y

Let us, &c.

O, bonny Portmore, thou shines where thou stands,
 The more I look on thee, the more my heart warms,
 But when I look from thee, my heart is full sore,
 When I think on the lilly I lost at Portmore.

Let us, &c.

O, Donald, O, Donald, O ! where have you been ?
 A hawking and hunting ; gar make my bed clean,
 Go make my bed clean, and stir up the straw,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Let us, &c

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands, a chasing the deer ;
 A chasing the deer, and following the doe ;
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Let us, &c.

There is many a word spoken, but few of the best,
 And he that speaks fairest lives longest at rest ;
 I speak by experience—my mind serves me so,
 But my heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

* Due, in the original.—Sir W. S. has written on the margin, "use, perhaps."

Let us drink and go hame, drink and go hame,
 If we stay any longer well get a bad name ;
 We'll get a bad name, and we'll fil' ourselves fou,
 And the strong walls of Derry it's ill to go through.

FINIS.

CCLX.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

“ THE verses printed by Bishop Percy belong to another air, well known in Scotland, and lately much in fashion. I never heard the country people sing more of the song than this :

Hoo are ye, kimmer,
 An' hoo do ye thrive ?
 Hoo mony bairns hae ye ?
 Kimmer, I hae five.

An' we're a noddin,
 Nid, nid, noddin ;
 An' we're a noddin
 At our house at hame.

Are they a' Johnnie's bairns ?
 Na, kimmer, na !
 For three o' them were gotten
 Whan Johnnie was awa !
 An' we're a,' &c.

Cats like milk,
 And dogs like broo ;
 Lads like lasses,
 And lasses lads too.
 An' we're, &c.

(C. K. S.)

CCLXIV.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

BURNS says, “ This beautiful song is in the true old Scotch taste, yet I do not know that either air or words were in

print before." And Cromek adds, on the authority of Mrs Burns, that the last verse, '*While waters wimple to the sea,*' was written by her husband. See what he himself has said at p. 249. "This song (says Mr Allan Cunningham) is partly old and partly new; what is old is very old, what is new was written by a gentleman of the name of Pagan."

In Ayrshire, however, the song has been assigned to a different person, named ISABEL PAGAN, who kept a kind of low tippling house in the neighbourhood of Muirkirk, and who published a small volume, "A Collection of Songs and Poems," at "Glasgow, printed by Niven, Napier, and Khull, Trongate," (about the year 1805?) 12mo, pp. 76. The following lines are part of what she calls, "An Account of the Author's Lifetime:"—

I was born near four miles from Nith-head,
Where fourteen years I got my bread;
My learning it can soon be told,
Ten weeks, when I was seven years old,
With a good old religious wife
Who liv'd a quiet and sober life, . . .
But a' the whole tract of my time
I found myself inclin'd to rhyme.
When I see merry company,
I sing a song with mirth and glee,
And sometimes I whisky pree;
But 'deed it's best to let it be.

CCLXVII.

I LO'E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.

THE REVEREND JOHN CLUNIE, whom Burns celebrated (see page 249), for his vocal skill, and to whom he attributes this song, was minister of Borthwick, Mid-Lothian. He had been schoolmaster and precenter at Markinch, previously to his being ordained. He died at Greenend, near Edinburgh, 13th of April 1819, in the 62d year of his age, and the 29th of his ministry.

CCLXIX.

THE BRIDAL O'T.

It is a mistake to suppose that Ramsay's song in the Tea-Table Miscellany, "I have a green purse," to the tune of "A rock and a wee pickle tow," has any reference to a song under that title, by Ross of Lochlee. His song was founded upon one of a much earlier date. See page 391, and the additional Note to song CCCCXXXIX.

CCLXX.

O MERRY HA'E I BEEN TEITHEN A HECKLE.

"O MERRY *hae I been teithen a heckle—alias*, the Bob of Dunblaine—and now said, but I believe falsely, to be the jig which Prince Charles Stuart danced with the Countess of Wemyss at Holyroodhouse."—(C. K. S.)

CCLXXV.

TODLIN HAME.

THE following excellent song, to this air, by JOANNA BAILLIE, was written for Mr George Thomson's collection of the Select Melodies of Scotland.

When white was my o'erlay as foam on the linn,*
 And siller was chinking my pouches within;
 When my lambkins were bleating on meadow and brae,
 As I gaed to my love in new cleeding so gay:
 Kind was she, and my friends were free,
 But poverty parts good company.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight,
 When piper play'd cheerly, and cruisy burnt bright;
 And link'd in my hand was the maiden so dear,
 As she footed the floor in her holy-day gear.
 Woe is me! and can it then be,
 That poverty parts sic company!

We met at the fair, and we met at the kirk;
 We met i' the sunshine, we met i' the mirk;

* *O'erlay*, a neckcloth.

And the sound o' her voice, and the blinks o' her ey'n,
 The cheering and life o' my bosom ha'e been.
 Leaves frae the tree at Martinmas flee,
 And poverty parts sweet company.

At bridal and infare I've braced me wi' pride,*
 The bruse I ha'e won, and a kiss of the bride ;†
 And loud was the laughter gay fellows among,
 When I utter'd my banter, or chorus'd my song.
 Dowie and dree are jesting and glee
 When poverty spoils good company.

Wherever I gaed the blyth lasses smiled sweet,
 And nithers and aunties were anco discreet,
 While rebbuck and beaker were set on the board,
 But now they pass by me, and never a word !
 So let it be—for the warldly and slee
 Wi' poverty keep na company.

But the hope of my love is a cure for its smart ;
 The spae-wife has tell'd me to keep up my heart,
 For wi' my last saxpence her loof I ha'e cross'd :
 And the bliss that is fated can never be lost.
 Cruelly, though we ilka day see,
 How poverty parts dear company.

CCLXXIX.

O MARY ! DEAR DEPARTED SHADE.

“ IN the table of contents, the music of this pathetic address is said to have been composed by Miss Johnston of Hilton. This lady, Lucy Johnston, was subsequently the wife of Richard Oswald, of Auchincruive, Esq. Burns has celebrated her in a song of less merit than usual : according to Dryden,

Whate'er *she* did was done with so much ease,
 In *her* alone 'twas natura! to please :
 Her motions all accompanied with grace ;
 And Paradise was open'd in her face.

* *Infare*, the entertainment made for the reception of a bride in the house of the bridegroom.

† *Bruse*, a race at country weddings, the winner of which has the privilege of saluting the bride.

“None who ever had the delight of seeing her in the ball-room, giving double charms to a minuet, or dignifying a country-dance, can question the truth of this feeble encomium.”—(C. K. S.)

Mr Stenhouse’s remark on Burns’ MS., at the end of this note, is not quite appropriate, inasmuch as he was in the habit of sending copies of his verses to different correspondents, and retaining the original draughts. Thus, for instance, that fine song, CCXXXI., ‘*Go fetch to me a pint of wine,*’ was transmitted to Johnson, but Cromek afterwards obtained another “among his MSS., in his own [Burns’] hand-writing, with occasional interlineations, *such as occur in all his primitive effusions.*”—(*Reliques*, p. 412.)

CCLXXX.

HARDYKNUTE.

ELIZABETH HALKET, second daughter of Sir Charles Halket of Pitferran, and wife of Sir Henry Wardlaw of Pitreavie and Balmule, near Dunfermline, was the authoress of this noble ballad. She was born in April 1677; became, by marriage, Lady Wardlaw, in June 1696, and died in 1727.—See p. 268, or rather the *Life of Allan Ramsay*, by Geo. Chalmers, prefixed to his edition of Ramsay’s Poems. London, 1800, 2 vols. 8vo. It is much to be regretted that we have less information than could be desired respecting a person who was possessed of unquestionable genius. From Mr Chalmers’s inquiries it appeared that Lady Wardlaw was the undoubted author of *Hardyknute*, although her brother-in-law, Sir John H. Bruce of Kinross, was employed in its publication; and that her friends concurred in saying that Lady W. “was a woman of elegant accomplishments, who wrote other poems, and practised drawing, and cutting paper with her scissors; and who had much wit, and humour, with great sweetness of temper.” The song, or ballad, of ‘*Gilderoy*,’ is the only other composition hitherto attributed to her; but, notwithstanding the great antiquity that has been claimed for

“ Sir Patrick Spence,” one of the finest ballads in our language, very little evidence would be required to persuade me that we were not also indebted for it to Lady Wardlaw.

In the Museum, the well-known song “ *Ah, Chloris! could I now but sit.*” To the tune of Gilderoy,” is printed under the title of ‘ Gilderoy ;’ and in the original table of contents, the name of “ Sir Alex. Halket ” is added as its author. Ritson, by some most unusual oversight, refers to this work as his authority for ascribing the ballad itself of Gilderoy to Sir Alexander Halket. The original ballad, which refers to “ the arch-rebel, Patrick Macgregor *alias* Gilleroy,” who was executed at Edinburgh in 1636, has been often printed and altered :—it is the copy that appears in Percy’s Reliques, Ritson’s Scottish Songs, &c., which was remodelled by Lady Wardlaw.

The song in the Museum, to the tune of Gilderoy, has latterly been confidently ascribed to Duncan Forbes of Culloden. —See Culloden Papers, Chambers’s Songs, vol. i. p. 1, and p. 70 of this work. It has been shown, however, at p. * 133, that the actual author was Sir Charles Sedley, the English dramatic poet. Since that sheet was printed I find the song occurs at p. 221 of “ The New Academy of Complements, &c. Compiled by L. B., Sir C. S., Sir W. D., and others, the most refined Wits of this Age. London, printed for Thomas Rooks, 1671.” 18mo. The first line reads, “ *Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit ;*” and it contains the following concluding stanza, omitted in the Tea-Table Miscellany, and in various subsequent collections of songs.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
 Uncertain of my fate,
 If your fair self my chains approve,
 I shall my freedom hate.
 Lovers, like dying men, may well
 At first disorder’d be,
 Since none alive can truly tell
 What fortune they must see.

To return to the immediate subject of this note. Hardyknute was greatly admired by Sir Walter Scott, and he used frequently to quote passages from it. On the fly-leaf of his copy of Ramsay's "Evergreen," 1724, in which the ballad appeared in an amended form, he says, "Hardyknute was the first poem I ever learnt—the last that I shall forget." Alluding to Pinkerton's attempt to complete this "most spirited and beautiful imitation of the ancient ballad," he remarks, "that, in order to append his own conclusion to the original tale, Mr P. found himself under the necessity of altering a leading circumstance in the old ballad, which would have rendered his catastrophe inapplicable. With such license, to write continuations and conclusions would be no difficult task."—(Poetical Works, 12mo edition, vol. i. p. 73). Pinkerton's imitations are deservedly held in little estimation; but it is somewhat amusing to see with what indignation they were treated by Ritson, who wound up the whole, by exclaiming, "Thou write Pindarics, and be d—d!"—(Scotish Songs, 1794, vol. i. p. 66).

CCLXXXII.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR.

THERE is some confusion in Mr Stenhouse's note on this song. The original ballad was written before either Barclay or Burns were born. Burns did little more than abridge it, in his version, printed in this Work. See Motherwell's edition of Burns, vol. ii. p. 164–177.

The old ballad on the battle of Sheriffmuir, to the tune "We ran and they ran," is ascribed by Burns to the Rev. MURDOCH M'LENNAN, minister of Crathie, Dee-side. (Reliques, p. 245.) It will be found in Herd's, Ritson's, and subsequent collections, and also in Hogg's Jacobite Relics, second series. The author, to whom it is thus assigned, was settled as minister of Crathie, in 1749, but he had been previously ordained. He died there 22d of July 1783, in the 50th year of his ministry, and 32d of his age.

The Reverend JOHN BARCLAY, the author of the song printed at page 271, and founder of the religious sect named Bereans, was born in the parish of Muthill, in the year 1734. He studied at St Andrews for the church, and was licensed to preach 27th of September 1759, and was for several years assistant minister of Fettercairn. It would be out of place, however, to enter upon his subsequent history, or to enumerate his writings, of which a very full account will be found in Chambers's Scottish Biography, vol. i. p. 127-135, contributed by the late Mr Bower, historian of the University of Edinburgh.

Mr Barclay died at Edinburgh, 29th of July 1798. He was the uncle of Dr John Barclay, the eminent anatomist, in Edinburgh, who occasionally wrote verses: witness his song, "A hundred years hence," written for the "Gymnastic Club."

CCLXXXVI.

FRENNET HALL.

"A COMPLETE copy of this ballad is printed in Mr Motherwell's Minstrelsy, with one small error. The second stanza should run thus—

When steeds was saddled and well bridled,
And ready for to ride;
Then out it came her false Frendraught,
Inviting them to bide.

"In the Kirk Session Records of Perth, is the following entry respecting this tragical event:—'July 8 (1631), fifteen shillings given by Andrew Bell, Master of Hospital, to an Northland gentlewoman, become frantic through tining of her husband, burnt in the place of Frendraught.'"
—(C. K. S.)

CCLXXXIX.

TULLOCHGORUM.

THIS song appeared in the Scots Weekly Magazine, for

April 1776. As some account of the author is given by Mr S. in the note to song CCI., it may be mentioned that the “Theological Works of the late Rev. JOHN SKINNER, Episcopal clergyman in Longside, Aberdeenshire: to which is prefixed, a Biographical Memoir of the Author,” were printed at Aberdeen, 1809, 2 vols. 8vo. The Memoir, which is anonymous, was written by the author’s son, Bishop Skinner of Aberdeen. It was speedily followed by the publication of “A Miscellaneous Collection of Fugitive Pieces of Poetry, by the late Rev. John Skinner, at Longside, Aberdeenshire, (being) Vol. III. of his Posthumous Works.” Edinburgh, 1809, 8vo.

CCXCI.

O, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

DR CURRIE, in his Life of Burns, has given an account of William Nicol, one of the masters of the Grammar High School of Edinburgh, and the Poet’s companion in his Tour to the Highlands. He says, “Mr Nicol was of Dumfriesshire, of a descent equally humble with our poet. Like him, he rose by the strength of his talents, and fell by the strength of his passions. He died in the summer of 1797.” —(vol. i. p. 177.) Allan Masterton, the other person to whom this first rate convivial song relates, was a writing-master in Edinburgh, and did not long survive his companions. He died in or about the year 1800.

CCXCIV.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

“THE heroine of this song, ‘*I gaed a’ waefu’ gate yestreen,*’ was Miss Jean Jeffrey, daughter of the minister of Lochmaben. The lady, now Mrs Renwick, after residing some time in Liverpool, ultimately settled with her husband in New-York, North America. Mr Riddell, of Glenriddell, composed the air.” —(Motherwell’s edition of Burns, vol. ii. p. 133.)

CCXCVIII.

THE RESTORATION OF THE FORFEITED ESTATES.

THE REVEREND WILLIAM CAMERON, died at the manse of Kirknewton, in the 60th year of his age, and the 26th of his ministry, on the 17th of November 1811. He was an assiduous, and not an unsuccessful wooer of the muses. His first work, a Collection of Poems, printed at Edinburgh, 1780, 12mo, was anonymous. In 1781, along with the Rev. John Logan of Leith, and the Rev. Dr. John Morison, minister of Canisbay, in the county of Caithness, (who died in 1798), Mr Cameron rendered material assistance in preparing the admirable collection of Paraphrases now in use in our Established Church. A posthumous volume of Poems was published by subscription. Edinburgh: 1813. 8vo.

